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THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM BLAKE

II

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Reunion of the Soul & Body.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WILLIAM BLAKE

EDITED AND ANNOTATED BY

EDWIN J. ELLIS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

'Seeking the eternal, which is always present to the wise.
'Vala,' Night IX., line 170.

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1906

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VALA

NIGHT THE FIRST

The song of the aged mother which shook the heavens with wrath,
Hearing the march of the long-resounding, strong heroic verse
Marshalled in order for the day of Intellectual battle.
The heavens quaked, the earth was moved and shuddered, and the mountains
With all their woods and streams and valleys wailed in dismal fear.

Four Mighty Ones are in every Man. A perfect Unity
Cannot exist but from the Universal brotherhood of Eden.
The Universal Man, to whom be glory, evermore; Amen,
Which on the nature of the Lamb's creation the Lamb's Father only,
No Individual knoweth, nor can know in all Eternity.

Los was the fourth immortal starry one, and in the Earth
Of a bright Universe, Empery attended day and night,—
Days and nights of revolving joy,—Urthona was his name.

In Eden, in the Auricular Nerves of Human Life,
Which is the Earth of Eden, he his emanations propagated
Like sons and daughters. Daughters of Beulah, sing
His fall into Division and his resurrection into Unity.
His fall into the generation of decay and death and his
Regeneration by resurrection from the dead.
Begin with Tharmas, Parent power, darkening in the West.

Lost, lost, lost are my Emanations! Enion, O Enion,
We are become a victim to the living,—we hide in secret.
I have hidden thee, Enion, in a jealous despair; O pity me.
I will build thee a labyrinth where we may dwell for ever alone.
Why wilt thou take Jerusalem from my inmost Tir(i)el?
Let her lay secret in the soft recesses of darkness and silence.
It is not love I bear to Enitharmon, it is Pity;
She hath taken refuge in my bosom and I cannot cast her out.

Enion said: Thy fears have made me tremble, thy terrors have surrounded me.
All love is lost, Terror succeeds, and hatred instead of love,
And stern demands of Right and Duty, instead of Liberty.
Once thou wast to me the loveliest son of heaven, but now
Why art thou terrible? Yet I love thee in thy terror still.
I am almost extinct, and soon shall be a shadow in Albion,
Unless some way can be found that I can look upon thee and live,

Hide me in some shadowy semblance, secret, whispering in my ear
In secret of soft wings, in mazes of delusive beauty.
I have looked into the secret soul of him I love,
And in the dark recesses have found sin, and cannot return.

Trembling and pale sat Tharmas, weeping into his cloud.

Sometimes I think thou art a flower expanding,
Sometimes I think thou art a fruit, breaking from its bud
In dreadful dolour and pain; and I am like an atom,—
A nothing, left in darkness; yet I am an identity.
I wish, and feel, and weep, and moan! Ah, terrible! terrible!
Why wilt thou examine every little fibre of my soul,
Spreading them out before the sun like stalks of flax to dry?

The Infant Joy is beautiful, but his anatomy
Horrible, ghast, and deadly. Nought shalt thou find in it
But dark despair and ever-brooding melancholy.
Thou wilt go mad with horror if thou examine thus
Every moment of my secret hours. Yea, I know
That I have sinned, and that my emanations are become harlots.
I am already distracted at their deeds, and if I look
Upon them more, Despair will try self-murder on my soul.
O Enion, thou art thyself a lost power in hell,
Though Heavenly beautiful to draw me to destruction.

She drew the Spectre forth from Tharmas in her shining loom
Of Vegetation, weeping in wayward infancy and sullen youth,
Listening to her soft lamentations. Soon his tongue began

To lisp out words, and soon in masculine strength augmenting he
Reared up a form of gold and stood upon the glittering rock
A shadowy human form winged, and in his depths
The dazzling gems shone clear. Rapturous in fury,
Glorying in his own eyes, exalted in terrific pride,
Searching for glory, wishing that the heavens had eyes to see,
And wishing that the earth could ope her eyelids and behold
Such wondrous beauty opening in the midst of all his glory,
That might but Enion could be found to praise, admire, and love.

Three days in self-admiring raptures on the rock he flamed,
And three dark nights repined in solitude, but the third morn
Astonished he found Enion hidden in the darksome cave.

She spoke: What am I? Wherefore was I put forth on these rocks,
Among the clouds, to tremble in the wind, in solitude?
Where is the voice that lately woke the desert? Where the face
That wept among the clouds, and where the voice that shall reply?
No other living thing is here, the sea, the earth, the heaven,
And Enion, desolate? Where art thou, Tharmas? O return.

Three days she wailed, and three dark nights sitting among the rocks,
While the bright spectre hid himself among the darkening clouds.
Then sleep fell on her eyelids in a chasm of the valley.

The seventh morn the spectre stood before her manifest.

The spectre thus spoke : Who art thou, diminutive husk and shell
Broke from my bonds? I scorn thy prison, I scorn, yet I love.
Art thou my slave? and shalt thou dare
To smite me with thy tongue? Beware lest I sting also thee.
If thou hast sinned and art polluted, know that I am pure
And unpolluted, and will bring to rigid strict account
All thy past deeds. Hear what I tell thee, mark it well, remember.
Thy world is thine in which thou dwellest. That within thy soul,
That dark and dismal infinite where thought roams up and down,
Is mine, and there thou goest when with one sting of my tongue
Envenomed thou roll'st inward to the place whence I emerged.

She, trembling, answered : Wherefore was I born, and what am I?
A sorrow, a fear, a living torment, and a naked victim.
I thought to weave a covering for my sins from wrath of Tharmas :
Examining the sins of Tharmas, I soon found my own.
O slay me not! Thou art his wrath embodied with deceit.

In Eden, females sleep the winter in soft silken veils
Woven by their own hands to hide them in the darksome grave.

But Males immortal live renewed by Female deaths. In soft
Delight they die, and they revive in spring with music and songs.
Enion said: Farewell, I die, I hide from thy searching eyes.

So saying, from her bosom weaving soft in sinewy threads
A tabernacle of delight she sat among the Rocks
Singing her Lamentation. Tharmas groaned among his clouds,
Weeping; then, bending from his clouds he stooped his innocent head,
And stretching out his holy hand on the vast deep, sublime,
Turned round the circle of Destiny with tears and bitter sighs
And said: Return, O wanderer, when the day of clouds is o'er.

So saying, he sunk down in the sea, a pale white corpse.
In torment he sunk down and flow'd among her filmy woof,
His spectre issuing from his feet in flames of fire,
In gnawing pain drawn out by her fair fingers. Every nerve
She counted, every vein and lacteal, threading them among
Her woof of terror, terrified, and drinking tears of woe:
Shuddering she wove nine days and nights, sleepless; her food was tears.
Wondering she saw her woof begin to animate, and not
As garments woven, subservient to her hand, but having a will
Of its own, perverse and wayward. Enion stood and wept.

Nine days she laboured at her work, and nine dark sleepless nights;
But the tenth trembling morn, the circle of Destiny complete
Rolled round the sea, englobing, in a mighty globe self-balanced.
A frowning continent appeared, where Enion in the desert,
Terrified in her own creation, viewing her woven shadow,
Sat in a dread intoxication of Repentance and contrition.

What have I done, said Enion, accursed wretch—what deed?
Is this a deed of love? I know what I have done, I know
Too late now to repent. Love is changed to deadly hate,
And life is blotted out, and I remain possessed with tears.
I see the shadow of the deed within my soul wandering,
In darkness and solitude, forming seas of doubt and rocks of repentance.
Already are my eyes reverted. All that I behold
Within my soul has lost its splendour, and a brooding fear
Shadows me o'er and drives me outward to a world of woe.
I thought Tharmas a sinner, I withstood his emanation,
His secret loves and graces. Wretched me! what have I done?
For now I find those emanations were my children's souls,
And I have murdered them with cruelty above atonement.
Those that remain have fled from my cruelty into the desert,

And thou the delusive tempter to these deeds sitt'st before me.
And art thou Tharmas? All thy soft delusive beauty cannot
Tempt me to murder my own soul. I wipe my tears and smile
In this thy world, not mine: though dark I feel thy world within.

The Spectre said: Thou sinful woman, was it thy desire
That I should hide thee with my power and delight with beauty?
And now thou darkenest in my presence. Never from my sight
Shalt thou depart to weep in secret. In my jealous wings
I evermore hold thee when thou goest out or comest in;
'Tis thou hast darkened all my world, oh woman, lovely bane.

Thus they contended all the day among the caves of Tharmas,
Twisting in fearful forms and howling,—howling harsh, and shrieking,
Howling harsh, shrieking—mingling their bodies join in burning anguish.
Mingling his brightness with her tender limbs, then high she soared,
Half woman and half spectre. All his lovely changing colours mix
With her fair crystal clearness. In her lips and cheeks his poisons rose
In blushes like the morning, and his scaly armour softening,
A monster lovely in the heavens or wandering in the earth,
With spectre voice incessant wailing in incessant thirst,
Beauty all blushing with desire, mocking her fell despair,

Wandering desolate, a wonder abhorr'd by gods and men,
Till, with fierce pain, she brought forth on the rocks her sorrow and woe;—
Behold two little infants wept upon the desolate wind.

The first state weeping they began, and helpless as a wave
Beaten along its sightless way, growing in its motion
To its utmost goal, till strength from Enion like rich summer shining
Raised the bright, fierce boy and girl with glories from their heads out-beaming,
Drawing forth drooping mother's pity, drooping mother's sorrow.

But those in great Eternity met in the council of God
As one Man, hovering over Gilead and Hermon.
He is the good Shepherd, He is the Lord and Master
To create man morning by morning,—to give gifts at noonday.

Enion brooded over the rocks. The rough rocks groaning vegetate.
Such sorrow was given to the solitary wanderer.
The barked oak, the long-limned beech, the chestnut-tree, the pine,
The pear-tree mild, the frowning walnut, the sharp crab, apple sweet,
The rough bark opens, twittering peep forth little beaks and wings,
The nightingale, the goldfinch, robin, lark, linnet and thrush.
The goat leaped from the craggy cliff, the sheep awoke from the mould,
Upon its green stalk rose the corn, waving innumerable,
Infolding the bright infants from the desolating winds—

They sulk upon her breast, her hair became like snow
on mountains,
Weaker and weaker, weeping, woeful, wearier and
wearier,
Faded, and her bright eyes decay'd with pity and love.
And then they wandered far away, she sought for
them in vain.
In weeping blindness, stumbling, she followed them
o'er rocks and mountains,
Rehumanizing from the Spectre in fury of maternal
love.
Ingrate they wandered, scorning, drawing in her
spectrous life,
Repelling her away, away, by a dread repulsive power
Into Non-Entity, revolving round in dark despair,
And drawing in her spectrous life in pride and
haughty joy.
Thus Enion gave them all her spectrous life in deep
despair.

Till Eno, a daughter of Beulah, took a moment of
time
And drew it out to seven thousand years with much
care and affliction,
And many tears, and in evening years made windows
into Eden.
She also took an atom of space, and opened its centre
out
Into infinitude, and ornamented it with wondrous care.
Astonished sat her sisters of Beulah to see her soft
affection
To Enion and her children, and they pondered these
things wondering,
And they alternate kept their watch over the youthful
terrors.
They saw not yet the Hand Divine, for it was not
revealed,
But they went on in silent hope and feminine repose.

There is from Great Eternity a mild and pleasant rest

Named Beulah, a soft, moony universe, feminine, lovely,
Pure, mild and gentle, given in Mercy to all those who sleep,
Eternally created by the Lamb of God around
On all sides, within and without the Universal Man.
The Daughters of Beulah follow after sleepers in their dreams,
Creating spaces, lest they fall into Eternal Death.
The circle of Destiny complete, they gave to it a space,
Named the space Ulro, brooded over it in care and love.
They said: The Spectre is in every man insane, and most
Deformed. Through the three Heavens descending in fury and fire
We meet it with our songs and loving blandishments, and give
To it a form of Vegetation. But this Spectre of Tharmas
Is Eternal Death. What shall we do? O God, pity and help!
So spoke they, and closed the gate of the tongue in trembling fear.

But Los and Enitharmon delighted in the moony spaces of Eno,
Nine times they lived among the forests, feeding on sweet fruits,
And nine bright spaces wandered, weaving mazes of delight,
Snaring the wild goats for their milk. We eat the flesh of Lambs,
A male and female, naked and ruddy as the pride of summer.

Alternate love and hate his breast, hers scorn and jealousy,
In embryon passions fill, they kissed not nor embraced for shame.
His head beamed bright and in his vigorous voice was prophecy.

He could control the times and seasons and the days and years;
She could control the spaces, regions, desert, flood and forest,
But had no power to weave the veil of covering for her sins.
Females she drove away from Los, Los drove the males away.
They wandered long, till they sat down upon the margined sea,
Conversing in the visions of Beulah in dark slumbrous bliss.
Nine years they viewed the living spheres, feeding the visions of Beulah.

But the two youthful wonders wandered in the world of Tharmas;
Thy name is Enitharmon, said the fierce prophetic boy.
While thy mild voice fills all these caverns with sweet harmony,
O how our parents sit and mourn in their silent secret bowers!
But Enitharmon answered with a dropping tear and frowning
Dark as a dewy morning when the crimson light appears,—
We hear the warlike clarions, we view the burning spears,
Yet thou in idolence reposest, holding me in bonds.
To make us happy let them weary their immortal powers,
While we draw in their sweet delights, while we return them scorn
On scorn to feed our discontent, for if we grateful prove
They will withhold sweet love, whose food is scorn and bitter roots.
Hear, I will sing a song of death: it is a song of Vala:—

The Fallen Man takes his repose, Urizen slept in the porch,
Luvah and Vala wake and fly up from the Human Heart
Into the Brain. From thence upon the pillow Vala slumbered,
And Luvah seized the Horses of Light and rose into the Chariot of Day.
Sweet laughter seized me in my sleep, silent and close I laughed,—
For in the visions of Vala I walked with the Mighty Fallen One—
I heard his voice among the branches and among sweet flowers.
Why is the light of Enitharmon darkened in the dewy morn?
Why is the silence of Enitharmon a cloud, and her smile a whirlwind?
Uttering this darkness in my halls in the pillars of my Holy Ones,
Why dost thou weep as Vala and wet thy veil with dewy tears
In slumbers of my night repose infusing a false morning,
Dividing the female-emanations all away from Los?
I have refused to look upon the universal vision.
And wilt thou slay with death him who devotes himself to thee?
If thou drive all the females from Luvah, I will drive all the males from thee.
Born for the sport and amusement of Man, now drinking all his powers,
I heard the sounding sea, I heard the voice weaker and weaker,
The voice came and went like a dream: I awoke in my sweet bliss.

Then Los smote her upon the earth; 'twas long ere she revived.
He answered, darkening now with indignation hid in smiles;—

I die not, Enitharmon, though thou singest thy song of Death,
Nor shalt thou me torment, for I behold the Fallen Man
Seeking to comfort Vala: she will not be comforted.
She rises from his throne and seeks the shadows of her garden
Weeping for Luvah, lost in bloody beams of your false morning.
Sickening lies the Fallen Man, his head sick, his heart faint,
Mighty achievement of your power! Beware the punishment!
Refusing to behold the Divine Image which all behold
And live thereby, he is sunk down into a deadly sleep.
But we, immortal in our own strength, survive by stern debate
Till we have drawn the Lamb of God into a mortal form.
And that he must be born is certain, for One must be All,
And comprehend within himself all things, both small and great.
We therefore for whose sake all things aspire to be and live
Will so receive the Divine Image that among the Reprobate
He may be devoted to destruction from his mother's womb.
Mighty achievement of your power! Beware the punishment.
I see the invisible knife descend into the gardens of Vala;
Luvah walking upon the winds! I see the invisible knife,
I see the showers of blood, I see the swords and spears of futurity.
Though in the Brain of Man we live and in his circling Nerves,
Though this bright world of all our joy is in the Human Brain

Where Urizen and all his hosts hang their immortal lamps,
Thou never shalt leave this cold expanse where watery Tharmas mourns.

So spoke Los. Scorn and indignation rose upon Enitharmon.

Then Enitharmon reddening fierce stretched her immortal hands:—
Descend, O Urizen, descend with horse and chariot,—
Threaten me not, O Visionary, these the punishment,—
The Human Nature shall no more remain nor Human acts
Form the rebellious spirits of Heaven, but war and princedom, victory and blood.

Night darkened as she spoke, a shuddering ran from East to West.
A groan was heard on high. The warlike clarion ceased, the spirits
Of Luvah and Vala shuddered in their orb, an orb of blood.
Eternity groaned and was troubled at the Image of Eternal Death.

The Wandering Man bow'd his faint head and Urizen descended,
And the one must have murdered the Man if he had not descended,
Indignant, muttering low thunders Urizen descended,
Gloomy, sounding:—Now I am God from Eternity to Eternity.

Sullen sat Los plotting revenge. Silent he eyed the Prince
Of Light. Silent the Prince of Light viewed Los. At length a smile
Broke from Urizen, for Enitharmon brightened more.
Sullen he lowered on Enitharmon, but he smiled on Los,
Saying:—Thou art the Lord of Luvah. Into thy hands I give

The Prince of Love, the murderer; his soul is in these hands.
Pity not Vala, for she pitied not the Eternal Man,
Nor pity thou the cries of Luvah. Lo, these starry hosts,
They are thy servants if thou wilt obey my awful law.

So spoke the Prince of Light and sat beside the seat of Los.
Upon the sandy shore rested his chariot of fire.

Los answered:—Art thou one of those who when complaisant most
Mean mischief most? If you are such, lo! I am also such.
One must be Master. Try thy arts. I also will try mine,
For I perceive thou hast abundance which I claim as mine.
Urizen startled stood, but not long. Soon he cried:—

Obey my voice, young Demon; I am God from Eternity to Eternity,—
Thus Urizen spoke collected in himself in awful pride,—
Art thou a visionary of Jesus, the soft delusion of Eternity?
Lo I am God, the terrible Destroyer, and not the Saviour.
Why should the Divine Vision control the sons of men
To forbid each his free delight, to war against his spectre?
The Spectre is the Man. The rest is only delusion and fancy.

Ten thousand thousand were his hosts of spirits on the wind,
Ten thousand thousand glittering chariots shining in the sky.
They pour upon the golden shore beside the silent ocean,
Rejoicing in the victory, and the heavens were filled with blood,

The Earth spread forth her table wide. The Night, a silver cup
Filled with the wine of anguish,—waited at the golden feast.
But the bright sun was not as yet. He, filling all the expanse,
Slept as a bird in the blue shell that soon shall burst away.

Los saw the wound of his blow: he saw, he pitied, he wept.
Los now repented that he had smitten Enitharmon. He felt love
Arise in all his veins. He threw his arms around her loins
To heal the wound of his smiting.

They eat the fleshly bread, they drank the nervous wine;
They listened to the elemental harps and sphery song:
They viewed the dancing hours quick sporting through the sky,
With winged radiance scattering joy through the ever-changing light.
But Luvah and Vala standing in the bloody sky
On high remained alone, forsaken in fierce jealousy—
They stood above the heavens, forsaken, desolate, suspended in blood.
Descend they could not, nor from one another avert their eyes.
Eternity appeared above them as One Man infolded
In Luvah's robes of blood, and having all his afflictions,
As the sun shines down on the misty earth: such was the Vision.
But purple night, and crimson morning, and golden day descending
Through the clear changing atmosphere displayed green fields among
The varying clouds like paradises stretched in the expanse,

With towns and villages and temples, tents, sheepfolds and pastures,
Where dwell the children of the elemental worlds in harmony.

Not long in harmony they dwell. Their life is drawn away
And wintry woes succeed,—successive driven into the Void
Where Enion craves,—successive driven into the golden feast.

And Los and Enitharmon sat in discontent and scorn.
The Nuptial song arose from all the thousand thousand spirits
Over the joyful earth and sea and ascended into the heaven,
For elemental gods their thunderous organs blew creating
Delicious viands. Demons of waves their watery echoes woke.
Bright souls of vegetative life budding and blossoming
Stretch their immortal hands to smite the gold and silver strings,
With doubling voices, and loud horns, wound round and round, resounding.
Cavernous dwellers filled the enormous revelry, responsing,
And spirits of flaming fire on high governed the mighty song.

And this is the song sung at the feast of Los and Enitharmon :—

The Mountain called out to the Mountain, Awake, oh Brother Mountain.
Let us refuse the Plough and Spade, the heavy Roller and
Spiked Harrow. Burn these cornfields all, throw all these fences down.
Fattened on blood and drunk with wine of life is better far

Than all these labours of harvest and vintage. See the river,
Red with the blood of Men, swells lustful round my rocky knees,
My clouds are not the clouds of verdant fields and groves of fruit,
But Clouds of Human Souls: my nostrils drink the Lives of Men.

The Villages lament, they faint, outstretched upon the plain.
Wailing runs round the Valleys from the Mill and from the Barn.
But most the polished Palaces, dark, silent, bow with dread,
Hiding their books and pictures underneath the dens of Earth.

The Cities send to one another saying:—My sons are mad
With wine of cruelty. Let us plat a scourge, on sister city.
Children are nourished for the slaughter. Once the child was fed
With milk, but wherefore now are children fed with wine and blood?

Enion, blind and age-bent, wept upon the desolate wind:—

Why does the Raven cry aloud and no eye pities her?
Why fall the Sparrow and the Robin in the foodless winter?
Faint, shivering, they sit on leafless bush or frozen stone
Wearied with seeking food across the snowy waste, the little
Heart cold, the little tongue consumed that once in thoughtless joy
Gave songs of gratitude to waving cornfields round their nest.

Why howl the lion and the wolf? Why do they roam abroad?
Deluded by the summer's heat they sport in enormous love,
And cast their young out to the hungry winds and desert sands.

Why is the sheep given to the knife? The lamb plays in the sun.
He starts: he hears the foot of Man! He says: Take thou my wool,
But spare my life: but he knows not that winter cometh fast.

The spider sits in his laboured net, eager, watching for the fly.
Presently comes a famished bird and takes away the spider.
His web is left all desolate that his little anxious heart
So careful wove and spread it out with sighs and weariness.

This was the lamentation of Enion round the golden tent.
Eternity groaned and was troubled at the image of Eternal Death,
Without the body of Man, exuded from his sickening limbs.

Now Man was come to the Palm Tree, and to the Oak of Weeping
Which stand upon the edge of Beulah, and there he sank down
From the supporting arms of the Eternal Saviour who disposed
The pale limbs of his Eternal Individuality
Upon the Rock of Ages, watching over him with love and care.

Jerusalem, his Emanation is become a ruin,
Her little ones are slain upon the top of every street,
And she herself laid captive and scattered into the indefinite.

Gird on thy sword, O thou most mighty in glory and majesty.
Destroy these oppressors of Jerusalem and those that ruin Shiloh.

So spoke the Messengers of Beulah. Silently removing,
The Family Divine drew up the universal tent
Above Mount Gilead, and closed the messengers in clouds around
Till the time of the End. Then they elected Seven, called the Seven
Eyes of God, and the Seven Lamps of the Almighty.
The seven are one within the other. The seventh is named Jesus,
The Lamb of God blessed for ever. He followed the Man
Who wandered in Mount Ephraim seeking a Sepulchre,
His inward eyes closing from the Divine Vision, and all
His children wandering from his bosom outside fleeing away.

The Daughters of Beulah beheld the Emanation; they pitied, they wept.
They wept before the inner gates of Enitharmon's bosom,
And of her fine-wrought brain, and of her bowels within her loins.
These gates within, glorious, bright, open into Beulah
From Enitharmon's inward parts. But the bright female terror
Refuse to open the bright gates. She closed and barred them fast
Lest Los should enter into Beulah through her beautiful gates.

The Emanation stood before the gates of Enitharmon,
Weeping. The Daughters of Beulah silent in the Porches
Spread her a couch unknown to Enitharmon. Here reposed

Jerusalem in slumbers soft, lull'd into silent rest.

Terrific raged the Eternal wheels of Intellect, and raged
The Living Creatures in the wheels, in the Wars of Eternal life.
But perverse rolled the wheels of Urizen and Luvah, back revolved
Downwards and outwards, consuming in the Wars of Eternal Death.

Then those in Great Eternity met in the councils of God
As One Man, for, contracting their exalted senses
They behold Multitude, or expanding they behold as one,
As One Man all the Universal Family, and that One Man
They call Jesus the Christ, and they in him, and he in them,
Live in perfect harmony, in Eden, the land of life,
Consulting as one Man above Mount Gilead sublime.

For messengers from Beulah came in tears and darkening clouds
Saying, Shiloh is in ruins, our brother Albion is sick. He
He whom thou lovest is sick. He wanders from his house of Eternity.
The Daughters of Beulah, terrified, have closed the gate of the tongue.
Luvah and Urizen contend in war around the holy tent.

So spoke the Ambassadors from Beulah with solemn mourning sound;
They were introduced to the Divine Presence and they kneeled down
In Beth Peor, thus recounting the wars of Eternal Death:—

The Eternal Man wept in the holy tent. Our Brother in Eternity,

Even Albion whom thou lovest, wept in pain. His family
Slept round on hills and valleys in the region of his love.
But Urizen awoke, and Luvah awoke, and they conferred thus.

Thou Luvah, said the Prince of Light, behold our sons and daughters
Repose on beds. Let them sleep on, do thou alone depart
Into thy wished kingdom, where in Majesty and Power
We may create a throne. Deep in the North I place my lot,
Thou in the South. Listen attentive. In silence of this night
I will infold the universal tent in clouds opaque, while thou
Seizest the chariots of the morning. Go; outfleeting ride
Afar into the Zenith high, bending thy furious course
Southward, with half the tents of men inclosed in clouds
Of Tharmas and Urthona. I in porches of the brain
Will lay my sceptre on Jerusalem, the Emanation,
On all her sons, and on thy sons, O Luvah, and on mine
Till dawn was wont to wake them, then my trumpet sounding loud,
Ravished away in night. My strong command shall be obeyed,
For I have placed my sentinels in stations. Each tenth man
Is bought and sold, and in dim night my word shall be their law.

Luvah replied: Dictate thou to thy equals, am not I
The Prince of all the hosts of men, nor equal know in Heaven?
If I arise into the Zenith, leaving thee to watch

The Emanation and her sons, the Satan and the Anak,
Sihon and Og, wilt thou not, rebel to my laws, remain
In darkness, building thy strong throne, and in my ancient night
Daring my power wilt arm my sons against me in the deep,
My deep, my night, which thou assuming hast assumed my crown?
I will remain as well as thou, and here with hands of blood
Smite this dark sleeper in his tent, then try my strength with thee.

While thus he spoke his fury reddened o'er the holy tent.
Urizen cast deep darkness round him, silent, brooding death,
Eternal death to Luvah. Raging, Luvah poured
The lances of Urizen from chariots round the holy tent.
Discord began and yells and cries shook the wide firmament.

Beside his anvil stood Urthona dark; a mass of iron
Glow'd furious on the anvil prepared for spades and coulters.
His sons fled from his side to join the conflict. Pale he heard
The Eternal voice. He stood. The sweat chilled on his mighty limbs.
He dropped his hammer. Dividing from his aching bosom fled
A portion of his life. Shrieking upon the wind she fled,
And Tharmas took her in, pitying. Then Enion in jealous fear
Murdered her, and hid her in her bosom, embalming her, for fear
She should arise again to life. Embalmed in Enion's bosom

Enitharmon remains. Such thing was never known before
In Eden, that one died a death never to be revived.

Urthona stood in terror, but not long. His spectre fled
To Enion, and his body fell. Tharmas beheld him fall
Endlong, a raging serpent, rolling round the holy tent.
The sons of War, astonished at the glittering monster, drove
Him far into the world of Tharmas, into a caverned rock.
But Urizen with darkness overspreading all the armies
Sent round his heralds secretly, commanding to depart
Into the North. Sudden with thunder's sound his multitudes
Retreat from the fierce fight, all sons of Urizen at once
Mustering together in thick clouds, leaving the rage of Luvah
To pour its fury on himself, and on the Eternal Man.

Sudden, down fell they all together into an unknown space,
Deep, horrible, without end, from Beulah separate, far beneath.
The Man's exteriors are become indefinite, opened to pain,
In a fierce, hungry void, and none can visit his regions.

END OF THE FIRST NIGHT

NIGHT THE SECOND

Reclining upon his couch of death Albion beheld his sons.
Turning his eyes outward to self, losing the Divine Vision,
Albion called Urizen and said:—Behold these sickening spheres,—
Whence is this voice of Enion that soundeth in my ears?
Take thou possession. Take this sceptre. Go forth in my might,
For I am weary and must sleep in the dark sleep of death.
Thy brother Luvah hath smitten me, but pity thou his youth,
Though thou hast not pitied my age, oh Urizen, Prince of Light.

Urizen rose from the bright feast like a star through the evening sky,
Exulting at the voice that called him from the feast of envy.
First he beheld the body of Man, pale, cold. The horrors of death
Beneath his feet shot through him as he stood in the human brain.
And all its golden porches grew pale in his sickening light
No more exulting, for he saw Eternal Death beneath.
Pale, he beheld futurity: pale, he beheld the abyss
Where Enion, blind and age-bent, wept in direful hunger craving,

All ravening like the hungry worm and like the silent grave.
Mighty was the draught of voidness to draw existence in.

Terrific Urizen strode above in fear and pale dismay.
He saw the indefinite space beneath and his soul shrunk with horror,
His feet upon the verge of non-existence. His voice went forth,
Luvah and Vala trembling and shrinking beheld the great Work Master
And heard his word:—Divide ye bands influence by influence.
Build me a bower for Heavens, darting in the grizzly deep,
Build me the Mundane Shell around the rock of Albion.

The Bands of Heaven flew through the air singing and shouting to Urizen.
Some fixed the anvil, some the loom erected, some the plough
And harrow formed and framed the harness of silver and ivory,
The golden compasses, the quadrant, and the rule and balance.
They erected the furnaces, they formed the anvils of gold in mills
Where winter beats incessant, fixing them firm on their base,
The bellows began to blow, and the lions of Urizen stood round the anvil,
And the leopards covered with skins of beasts tended the roaring fires,
Sublime, distinct in their lineaments of human beauty, stood.
The Tigers of wrath called the horses of instruction from their mangers,
They unloosed them and put on the harness of gold, silver and ivory,

In human forms distinct they stood round Urizen,
Prince of Light,
Petrifying all the Human Imagination into rock and
sand.
Groans ran along Tyburn's brook and along the river
of Oxford
Among the Druid Temples. Albion groaned on
Tyburn's brook.
Albion gave his loud death-groan. The Atlantic
mountains trembled.
Aloft the moon fled with a cry: the sun with streams
of blood.
From Albion's Loins fled all peoples, and nations of
the Earth
Fled, with the noise of slaughter, and the stars of
Heaven fled.
Jerusalem came down in a dire ruin over all the Earth,
She fell cold from Lambeth's vale in groans and dewy
death,
The dew of anxious souls, the death-sweat of the dying,
In every pillared hall and arched roof of Albion's skies.

The brother and the brother bathe in blood upon the
Severn,
The maiden weeping by, the father and mother with
The maiden's father and her mother fainting over the
body,
And the young man the murderer fleeing over the
mountains.

Reuben slept on Penmaenmawr, and Levi slept on
Snowdon.
Their eyes, their ears, their nostrils and tongues roll
outward, they behold
What is within now seen without; they rave to the
hungry wind.
They become Natures far remote in a little dark land.

The daughters of Albion girded around their garments
of needlework.

Stripping Jerusalem's curtains from mild demons of the hills,
Across Europe and Asia to China and Japan like lightnings
They go forth, and return to Albion on his rocky couch.
Guendolen, Ragan, Sabrina, Gonoril, Mehetabel, Cordella,
Boadicea, Conwenna, Estrild, Guinifred, Ignoge, Cambel,
Binding Jerusalem's children in the dungeons of Babylon.
They play before the Armies, before the hounds of Nimrod,
While the Prince of Light on Salisbury Plain covers the Druid Thrones.

Rattling, the adamantine chains heave up the ore,
In mountainous masses plunged in furnaces they shut and sealed
The furnaces a time and times. All the while blew the North
His cloudy bellows, and the South and East and dismal West,
And all the while the plough of iron cut the dreadful furrows
In Ulro, beneath Beulah, where the dead wail night and day.

Luvah was cast into the furnaces of affliction and sealed,
And Vala fed in cruel delight the furnaces with fire.
Stern Urizen beheld, urged by necessity to keep
The evil day afar, and if perchance with iron power
He might avert his own despair. In woe and fear he saw
Vala incircle round the furnace, where Luvah was closed.
In joy she heard his howlings and forgot he was her Luvah,

With whom she walked in bliss in times of innocence and youth.

Hear ye the voice of Luvah from the furnaces of Urizen:
If I indeed am Vala's King, and ye, oh Sons of Men,
The workmanship of Luvah's hands in times of everlasting.
When I called forth the earthworm from the cold and dark obscure
I nurtured her, I fed her with my rains and dews; she grew
A scaled serpent, yet I fed her though she hated me;
Day after day she fed upon the mountains in Luvah's sight,
I brought her through the wilderness, a dry and thirsty land,
And I commanded springs to rise for her in the black desert,
Till she became a dragon, winged, bright, and poisonous.
I opened all the floodgates of the heavens to quench her thirst,
And I commanded the great deep to hide her in his hand
Till she became a little weeping infant a span long.
I carried her in my bosom as a man carries a lamb,
I loved her, I gave her all my soul and my delight,
I hid her in soft gardens and in secret bowers of summer,
Weaving mazes of delight along the sunny paradise,
Inextricable labyrinths. She bore me sons and daughters,
And they have taken her away and hid her from my sight.
They have surrounded me with walls of iron and brass. Oh Lamb
Of God clothed in Luvah's garments! little knowest thou
Of Death Eternal,—that we all go to Eternal Death,

To our primæval chaos in fortuitous concourse of incoherent
Discordant principles of Love and Hate. I suffer affliction
Because I love, for I was Love, but hatred awakes in me,
And Urizen, who was Faith and certainty, is changed to Doubt,
The Hand of Urizen is upon me because I blotted out
That Human Delusion to deliver all the Sons of God
From bondage of the Human Form. Oh first-born Son of Light,
Oh Urizen, my enemy, I weep for thy stern ambition,
But weep in vain. Oh, when will you return, Vala the Wanderer?

These were the words of Luvah, patient in afflictions,
Reasoning from the Loins in the unreal forms of Ulro's night.
And when Luvah, age after age, was quite melted with woe,
The fires of Vala faded like a shadow cold and pale,
An evanescent shadow. Last she fell, a heap of ashes
Beneath the furnaces, a woeful heap in living death.

Then were the furnaces unsealed with spades and pickaxes,
Roaring let out the fluid. The molten metal ran in channels
Cut by the plough of ages, held in Urizen's strong hand
In many a valley, for the bulls of Luvah dragged the plough.
With trembling horror, pale, aghast, the children of Man
Stood on the infinite earth and saw these visions in the air,
In waters, and in earth beneath. They cried to one another,
What, are we terrors to one another? Come, oh brethren, wherefore

Was this wide earth spread all abroad? Not for wild beasts to roam.
But many stood silent, and busied in their families.
And many said, We see no visions in the darkened air,
Measure the course of that sulphur orb that lights the darksome day.
Set stations on the breeding earth and let us buy and sell.
Others arose, and schools erected, forming instruments
To measure out the course of heaven. Stern Urizen beheld
In woe his brethren and his sons in darkening woe lamenting
Upon the winds in clouds involved. Uttering his voice in thunder,
Commanding all the work with care and power and severity.

Then seized the lions of Urizen their work, and heated in the forge
Roar the bright masses. Thundering beat the hammers. Many a pyramid
Is formed and thrown down thundering into the deeps of nonentity.
Heated red-hot they, hissing, rend their way down many a league
Till resting each his centre finds. Suspended there they stand
Casting their sparkles dire abroad into the dismal deep.
For, measured out in ordered spaces, the sons of Urizen
With compasses divide the deep. They the strong scales erect
That Luvah rent from the faint heart of the Fallen Man,
And weigh the massy cubes, then fix them in their awful stations.

And all the time in caverns shut the golden looms erected,

First span, then wove the atmospheres. Then the spider and worm
Plied the winged shuttle, piping shrill through all the listening threads,
Beneath the caverns roll the weights of lead and spindles of iron,
The enormous warp and woof rage direful on the affrighted deep.

While far into the vast unknown the strong-winged eagles bend
Their venturous flight in human forms distinct through darkness deep.
Their bear the woven draperies. On golden hooks they hang abroad
The universal curtains, and spread out from sun to sun
The vehicles of light. They separate the furious particles
Into mild currents as the water mingles with the wine.

While thus the spirits of strongest wing enlighten the dark deep,
The threads are spun and the cords twisted and drawn out. Then the weak
Begin their work and many a net is netted, many a net
Spread, and many a spirit caught: innumerable the nets,
Innumerable the gins and traps, and many a soothing flute
Is formed, and many a corded lyre outspread over the immense.
In cruel delight they trap the listeners, and in cruel delight
Bind them, condensing the strong energies into little compass.
Some became seed of every plant that shall be planted; some
The bulbous roots thrown up together into barns and garners.

Then rose the builders. First the Architect divine his plan
Unfolds, and the wondrous scaffold reared all round the infinite.
Quadrangular the building rose, the heavens squared by a line,
Trigons and cubes divide the elements in finite bonds.
Multitudes without number work incessant, the hewn stone
Is placed in beds of mortar mingled with the ashes of Vala.
Severe the labour. Female slaves the mortar trod oppressed.

Twelve halls after the names of his twelve sons composed
The wondrous building, and three central domes after the names
Of his three daughters were encompassed by the twelve bright halls.
Every hall surrounded by a bright paradise of delight,
In which were towns and cities, nations, seas, mountains and rivers.
Each dome opened towards four halls, and the three domes encompassed
The Golden Hall of Urizen, whose western side glowed bright
With ever-streaming fires beaming from his awful limbs.
His Shadowy Feminine Semblance here reposed on a white couch,
Or hovered over his starry head, and when he smiled she brightened
Like a bright cloud in harvest; but when Urizen frowned she wept
In mists over his carved throne. And when he turned his back
Upon his golden hall and sought the labyrinthine porches

Of his wide heaven, trembling, cold, in palsy fears she sat
A shadow of despair. Therefore toward the west Urizen formed
A recess in the wall for fires to glow upon the pale
Female, lonely in his absence, and her daughters oft upon
A golden altar burned perfumes with art celestial formed
Foursquare, sculptured and sweetly engraved to please their shadowy mother.
Ascending into her misty garments the blue smoke rolled to revive
Her cold limbs in the absence of her lord. Also her sons
With lives of victims sacrificed upon an altar of brass,
On the East side revived her soul with lives of beasts and birds
Slain on the altar, up ascending into her cloudy bosom:—
Of terrible workmanship the altar, labour of ten thousand slaves,
One thousand men of wondrous power spent their lives in its formation.
It stood on twelve steps named after her twelve sons,
And was erected at the chief entrance of Urizen's hall.

When Urizen returned from his immense labours and travels,
Descending she reposed beside him, folding him around
In her bright skirts. Astonished and confounded he beheld
Her shadowy form now separate. He shuddered and was silent.
Till her caresses and her tears revived him to life and joy.
Two wills they had, two intellects, and not as in time of old,

This Urizen perceived, and silent brooded in darkening clouds,
To him his labour was but sorrow and his kingdom was repentance,
He drove the male spirits all away from Ahania,
And she drove all the females from him away.

Los enjoyed, and Enitharmon laughed, saying, Let us go down
And see their labour and sorrow. They went down to see the woes
Of Vala, and the woes of Luvah, to draw in their delights,
And Vala like a shadow oft appeared to Urizen.
The King of Night beheld her moving among the brick-kilns, compelled
To labour night and day among the fires, her lamenting voice
Is heard when silent night returns and labourers take their rest.

O Lord, wilt thou not look upon our sore afflictions
Among these flames incessant labouring? Our hard masters laugh
At all our sorrow. We are made to turn the wheel for water,
To carry the heavy basket on our scorched shoulders, to sift
The sand and ashes, to mix the clay with tears and repentance.
The times are now returned upon us. We have given ourselves
To scorn, and now are scorned by the slaves of our enemies.
Our beauty is covered over with clay and ashes, and our backs
Furrow'd with whips, and our flesh bruised with the heavy basket.
Forgive us, Oh, thou piteous one whom we have offended! Forgive

The weak remaining shadow of Vala that returns in sorrow to thee.
I cannot see Luvah as of old, I only see his feet
Like pillars of fire travelling through darkness and nonentity.
Thus she lamented day and night compelled to labour and sorrow.
Luvah in vain her lamentations heard: in vain his love
Brought him in various forms before her, still she knew him not,
Still she despised him, calling on his name and knowing him not,
Still hating, still professing love, still labouring in the smoke.
And Los and Enitharmon joy'd. They drank the tenfold joy
From all the sorrow of Luvah and the labour of Urizen.
And Enitharmon joy'd, plotting to rend the secret cloud,
To plant divisions in the soul of Urizen and Ahania.

But infinitely beautiful the wondrous work arose
In sorrow and care, a golden world whose porches round the heaven,
And pillar'd halls and rooms received the eternal wandering stars.
A wondrous golden building, many a window, many a door,
And many a division let in and out the vast unknown,
In infinite orb immovable, within its walls and ceilings.
The heavens were closed, and spirits mourned their bondage night and day,
And the Divine Vision appeared in Luvah's robes of blood.

Thus was the Mundane shell builded by Urizen's strong power.
Sorrowing went the planters forth to plant, the sower to sow;

They dry the channels for the rivers, they poured abroad the seas,
The seas and lakes. They reared the mountains and the rocks and hills
On broad pavilions, on pillar'd roofs and porches and high towers,
In beauteous order. Thence arose soft clouds and exhalations
Wandering even to the sunny orbs of light and heat,
For many a window ornamented with sweet ornaments
Looked out into the world of Tharmas, where in ceaseless torrents
His billows roll, where monsters wander in the foamy paths.

On clouds the sons of Urizen beheld heaven walled round;
They weighed and ordered all, and Urizen comforted saw
The wondrous work flow forth like visible out of the invisible,
For the Divine Lamb, even Jesus who is the Divine Vision,
Permitted all, lest Man should fall into Eternal Death,
For when Luvah sunk down, himself put on the robes of blood
Lest the state called Luvah should cease, and the Divine Vision
Walked in robes of blood till he who slept should awake.

Thus were the stars of heaven created like a golden chain
To bind the Body of Man to heaven from falling into the abyss.
Each took his station, and his course began with sorrow and care.
In sevens and tens and fifties, hundreds, thousands, numbered all

According to their various powers subordinate to Urizen.
And to his sons in their degrees, and to his beauteous daughters
Travelling in silent majesty along their ordered ways
In right lined paths outmeasured by proportion, number, weight,
And measure, mathematic motion wondrous along the deep,
In fiery pyramid or cube, or on ornamented pillars square
Of fire, far shining, travelling along even to its destined end;
Then falling down a terrible space, recovering in winter dire
Its wasted strength it back returns upon a nether course,
Till fired with ardour, fresh recruited in its humble spring,
It rises up on high all summer, till its wearied course
Turns into autumn. Such the periods of many worlds.
Others triangular, right-angled course maintain. Others obtuse,
Acute, travel in simple paths. But others move
In intricate ways, biquadrate, trapeziums, rhombs, rhomboids,
Parallelograms triple and quadruple, polygons
In their amazing hard subdued course in the dark deep.

And Los and Enitharmon were driven down by their desires,
Descending sweet upon the wind among soft harps and voices
To plant divisions in the soul of Urizen and Ahania,
To conduct the voice of Enion to Ahania's midnight pillow.

Urizen saw and envied, and his imagination was filled;
Repining he contemplated the past in his bright sphere,

Terrified with his heart and spirit at the visions of futurity
That his dread fancy formed before him in the unformed void.
For Los and Enitharmon walked forth on the dewy earth,
Contracting or expanding all their flexible senses
At will to murmur in the flowers small as the honeybee,
At will to stretch across the heavens and step from star to star,
Or standing on the earth erect, or on the stormy seas,
Driving the storms before them or delighting in sunny beams,
While round their heads the elemental gods kept harmony.

And Los said: Lo, the lily pale and the rose reddening fierce
Reproach thee, and the beamy garden sickens at thy beauty;
I grasp thy vest in my strong hands in vain, like water springs
In the bright sands of Los evading my embrace. Thus I alone
Wander among the virgins of the summer. Look, they cry,
The poor forsaken Los mocked by the worm, the shelly snail,
The emmet and the beetle, hark! they laugh and mock at Los.

Secure now from the smitings of thy power, Demon of Fury,
Enitharmon answered. If the god enraptured me infold
In clouds of sweet obscurity, my beauteous form dissolving,
Howl thou over the body of death. 'Tis thine. But if among the visions

Of summer I have seen thee sleep and turn thy cheek delighted
Upon the rose or lily pale, or on a bank where sleep
The beamy daughters of the light, starting, they rise, they flee
From thy fierce love, for though I am dissolved in the bright god,
My spirit still pursues thy false love over rocks and valleys.

Los answered : Therefore fade I thus dissolved in raptured trance,
Thou canst repose on clouds of secrecy, while o'er my limbs
Cold dews and hoary frost creep, though I lie on banks of summer
Among the branches of the world. Cold and repining Los
Still dies for Enitharmon, nor a spirit springs from my dead corse,
Then I am dead till thou revivest me with thy sweet song.
Now taking on Ahania's form and now the form of Enion,
I know thee not as once I knew thee in those blessed fields
Where memory wishes to repose among the flocks of Tharmas.

Enitharmon answered,—Wherefore dost thou throw thine arms around
Ahania's image? I deceived thee and will still deceive.
Urizen saw thy sin and hid his beams in darkening clouds.
I still keep watch although I tremble and wither across the heavens
In strong vibrations of fierce jealousy, for thou art mine,
Created for my will, my slave, though strong, though I am weak.

Farewell, the God calls me away, I depart in my sweet bliss.

She fled, vanishing upon the wind, and left a dead cold corse
In Los's arms. Howlings began over the body of death.

Los spoke. Thy God in vain shall call thee if by my strong power
I can infuse my dear revenge into his glowing breast.
There jealousy shall shadow all his mountains and Ahania
Curse thee, thou plague of woeful Los, and seek revenge on thee.

So saying in deep sobs he languished till dead; he also fell.
Night passed, and Enitharmon ere the dawn returned in bliss.
She sang over Los, reviving him to life: his groans were terrible,
And thus she sang,—
I seize the sphery harp, awake the strings!

At the first sound the golden Sun arises from the deep
And shakes his awful hair,
The echo wakes the moon again to unbind her silver locks,
The golden Sun bears on my song,
And nine bright spheres of harmony rise round the fiery king.

The joy of woman is the death even of her most beloved,
Who dies for love of her
In torments of fierce jealousy and pangs of adoration.
The lovers' night bears on my song,
And the nine spheres rejoice beneath my powerful control.

They sing unwearied to the notes of my immortal hand.
The solemn, silent moon
Reverberates the long harmony sounding upon my limbs,
The birds and beasts rejoice and play,
And every one seeks for his mate to prove his inmost joy.

Furious and terrible they sport and rend the nether deep,
The deep lifts up his rugged head,
And lost in infinite hovering wings vanishes with a cry.
The fading cry is ever dying,
The living voice is ever living in its inmost joy.

Arise, you little glancing wings and sing your infant joy,
Arise and drink your bliss,
For everything that lives is holy, for the source of life
Descends to be a weeping babe;
For the earthworm renews the moisture of the sandy plain.

Now my left hand I stretch abroad, even to Earth beneath,
And strike the terrible string.
I wake sweet joy in dews of sorrow and I plant a smile
In forests of affliction,
And wake the bubbling springs of life in regions of dark death.

O, I am weary. Lay thy hand upon me or I faint,
I faint beneath these beams of thine,
For thou hast touched my fine senses and they answered thee.
Now I am nothing, and I sink
And fall on the bed of solemn sleep till thou awakenest me.

Thus sang the lonely one in rapturous, delusive trance.
Los heard, reviving. He seized her in his arms; delusive hope
Kindling, she led him into shadows, and thence fled outstretched
Upon the immense like a bright rainbow, weeping, smiling, fading.

Thus lived Los, driving Enion far into the deathful infinite,
That he may also draw Ahania's spirit into her vortex.
Ah, happy blindness which sees not the terrors of the uncertain!
And thus she wails on the dark deep; the golden heavens tremble.

I am made to sow the thistle for wheat, the nettle for a nourishing dainty.
I have planted a false oath on the earth. It has brought forth a poison tree.
I have chosen the serpent for a counsellor, and the dog
For a schoolmaster to my children.
I have blotted out from light and living the dove and the nightingale.
I have caused the earthworm to beg from door to door.
I have taught the thief a secret path into the house of the just.
I have taught pale artifice to spread his nets upon the morning.
My heavens are brass, my earth is iron, my moon a clod of clay,
My sun a pestilence burning at noon, a vapour of death in the night.
What is the price of experience? Do men buy it for a song?
Or wisdom for a dance in the street? No, it is bought with the price
Of all that a man hath,—his wife, his house, his children.

Wisdom is sold in the desolate market where none come to buy,
And in the withered fields where the farmer ploughs for bread in vain.
It is an easy thing to triumph in the summer's sun,
And in the harvest to sing on the waggon loaded with corn.
It is an easy thing to talk of patience to the afflicted,
To speak the laws of prudence to the houseless wanderer,
To listen to the hungry raven's cry in the winter season,
When the red blood is filled with wine and with the marrow of lambs.
It is an easy thing to laugh at wrathful elements,
To hear the dog howl at the wintry door, the ox in the slaughter-house moan;
To see a god on every wind and a blessing on every blast;
To hear sounds of love in the thunderstorm that destroys our enemy's house;
To rejoice in the blight that covers his field, in the sickness that cuts off his children.
While our olive and wine sing and laugh round our door, and our children bring fruits and flowers,
Then the groan and the dolor are quite forgotten, and the slave grinding at the mill,
And the captive in chains, and the poor in the prison, and the soldier in the fields
When the shattered bone hath laid him groaning among the happier dead.
It is an easy thing to rejoice in the tents of prosperity:—
Thus could I sing and thus rejoice: but it is not so with me.

Ahania heard the lamentation, and a swift vibration
Spread through her golden frame. She rose up ere the dawn of day

When Urizen slept on his couch. Drawn through unbounded space
On to the margin of Non-Entity the bright female came.
There she beheld the terrible form of Enion in the void,
And never from that moment could she rest upon her pillow.

END OF THE SECOND NIGHT

NIGHT THE THIRD

Now sat the King of Light again upon his starry throne,
And bright Ahania bow'd herself before his splendid feet.
O Urizen, look on thy wife, that like a mournful stream
Embraces round thy knees and wets her bright hair with her tears.
Why sighs my lord? Are not the morning stars obedient sons?
Do they not bow their bright heads at thy voice, at thy command
Do they not fly into their stations and return their light to thee?
The immortal Atmospheres are thine. There thou art seen in glory
Surrounded by the ever-changing daughters of the light.
Thou sits in harmony, for God hath set thee over all.
Why wilt thou look upon futurity darkening present joy?

She ceased. The Prince of Light obscured the splendour of his crown,
Infolded in thick clouds from which his mighty voice went forth.
O bright Ahania, a boy is born of the dark ocean
Whom Urizen doth serve with light replenishing his darkness.
I am set here a king of trouble, commanded here to serve

And do my ministry to those who eat of my wide Table.
All this is mine, yet I must serve, and that Prophetic boy
Must grow up to command his prince; but hear my determined decree:
Vala shall become a worm in Enitharmon's womb,
Laying her seed upon the fibres, soon to issue forth,
And Luvah in the Loins of Los a dark and furious death.
Alas for me! What will become of me at that dread time?

Ahania bowed her head and wept seven days before the King,
And on the eighth day, when his clouds unfolded from his throne,
She raised her bright head sweet perfumed, and with heavenly voice:

O Prince, the Eternal One hath set thee leader of his hosts,
Raise then thy radiant eyes to him, raise thy obedient hands,
And comfort shall descend from heaven into thy darkening clouds.
Leave all futurity to him. Resume thy fields of light.
Why didst thou listen to the voice of Luvah that dread morn
To give the immortal steeds of light to his deceitful hands?
No longer now obedient to thy will, thou art compelled
To forge the curbs of iron and brass, to build them iron mangers,
To feed them with intoxication from the wine-press of Luvah,
Till the Divine Vision and Fruition is quite obliterated.
They call thy lions to the field of blood. They rouse thy tigers

Out of the halls of justice, till their dens thy windows framed
Golden and beautiful, but unlike those sweet fields of bliss
Where liberty was justice, and eternal science was mercy.
Then, oh my dear lord, listen to Ahania, hear this vision,
The vision of Ahania in the slumbers of Urizen
When Urizen slept in the porch and the Ancient Man was smitten.

The darkening Man walked on the steps of fire before his halls,
And Vala walked with him in dreams of soft deluding slumber.
He looked up and saw the Prince of Light with splendour faded,
But saw not Los nor Enitharmon; Luvah hid them in shadow
Of a soft cloud outstretched across, and Luvah dwelt in this cloud.

The Man ascended mourning into the splendour of his palace,
Above him rose a shadow from his wearied intellect,
Of living gold, pure, perfect, holy; in white linen pure it hovered,
A sweet entrancing self-delusion, a watery vision of Man,
Soft, exulting in existence, all the Man absorbing.
Man fell upon his face prostrate before the watery shadow,
Saying, Oh Lord, whence is this change? Thou knowest I am nothing.
And Vala trembled and covered her face, and her locks were spread on the pavement.
I heard—astonished at the vision, and my heart trembled within me—

I heard the voice of the slumberous man, and thus he spoke
Idolatrous to his own shadow, words of eternity uttering :—
Oh, I am nothing if I enter into judgment with thee.
If thou withdraw thy breath I die, and vanish into Hades;
If thou dost lay thy hand upon me, behold I am silent;
If thou withhold thy hand I perish like a fallen leaf;
Oh I am nothing, and to nothing must return again.
If thou withdraw thy breath, behold I am oblivion.

The shadowy voice was silent, but the cloud hung o'er their heads
In golden wreathes, the sorrow of Man, and the balmy drops fell down,
And lo! that Son of Man, that shadowy spirit of the Fallen One,
Luvah, descended from the cloud. In terror Man arose.
Indignant rose the Awful Man and turned his back on Vala.

We heard the voice of the Fallen One starting from his sleep.
Why roll thy clouds in sickening mists? I can no longer hide
The dismal vision of mine eyes. Oh, love! Oh, life! Oh, light!
Prophetic dreads urge me to speak. Eternity is before me
Like a dark lamp. Eternal death haunts all my expectations.
Rent from Eternal Brotherhood we die and are no more.
Whence is this voice crying Enion that soundeth in my ears?
Oh, cruel pity. Oh, dark deceit, can love seek for dominion?

And Luvah strove to gain dominion over the Ancient Man.
They strove together over the body where Vala was enclosed.
And the dark body of Man left prostrate on the crystal pavement
Covered with boils from head to foot, the terrible smitings of Luvah.
Then frowned the Fallen Man and put forth Luvah from his presence
(I heard him;—frown not, Urizen, but listen to my vision)
Saying,—Go die the death of Man for Vala the sweet Wanderer.
I will turn the volutions of your ears outward, and bend your nostrils
Downward, and your fluxile eyes englobed roll round in fear,
Your writhing lips and tongue shrink up into a narrow circle
Till into narrow forms you creep. Go take your fiery way
And learn what it is to absorb the Man, you spirits of pity and love.

Oh, Urizen,—why art thou pale at the visions of Ahania?
Listen to her who loves thee, lest we also are driven away.
They heard the voice and flew, swift as the winter setting sun,
And now the Human Blood flow'd high. I saw that Luvah and Vala
Went down the Human Heart where Paradise and its joys abound,
In jealous fears and rage, and flames rolled round their fervid feet,
And the vast form of Nature like a serpent played before them,

And as they went in folding fires and thunders of the deep
Vala shrunk in like the dark sea that leaves its slimy banks,
And from her bosom Luvah fell far as the East and West
And the vast form of Nature, like a serpent, rolled between.
Whether this is Jerusalem or Babylon we know not.
All is confusion, all is tumult, and we alone are escaped.
She ended: from his wrathful throne burst forth the black hailstorms.

Albion closed the western gate, and shut America out
By the Atlantic, for a curse, and for a hidden horror,
And for an altar of victims offered to Sin and Repentance.

Am I not God, said Urizen? Who is equal to me?
Do I not stretch the heavens abroad, and fold them up like a garment?
He spoke, mustering his heavy clouds around him, black, opaque.
Then thunders rolled around, and lightnings darted to and fro;
His visage changed to darkness, and his strong right hand came forth
To cast Ahania to the earth. He seized her by the hair,
And threw her from the steps of ice that froze around his throne,
Saying, Art thou also become like Vala? Thus I cast thee out.

Shall the feminine indolent bliss, the indulgent self of weariness,
The passive idle sleep, the enormous night and darkness and death,

Set herself up to give her laws to this active masculine virtue?
Thou little diminutive portion that darest be a counterpart,
Thy passivity, thy laws of obedience and insincerity
Are my abhorrence. Wherefore hast thou taken this fair form?
Whence is this power given thee? Once thou was in my breast
A sluggish current of dim waters, on whose verdant margin
A cavern shagged with horrid shades, dark, cool, and deadly, where
I laid my head in the hot noon, after the broken clods
Had wearied me. There I laid my plough, and there my horses fed:
And thou hast risen with thy moist locks into a watery image,
Reflecting all my indolence, my weakness and my death,
To weigh me down beneath the grave into Non-Entity,
Where Luvah strives, scorned by Vala, age after age wandering,
Shrinking and shrinking from her Lord and calling him the Tempter.
And art thou also become like Vala? Thus I cast thee out.

So loud in thunder spoke the King, folded in dark despair,
And threw Ahania from his bosom obdurate. She fell like lightning.
Then fled the sons of Urizen from his thund'rous throne, petrified;
They fled to East and West and left the North and South of Heaven.

A crash ran through the universe; the bounds of Destiny were broken.

The bounds of Destiny crashed direful, and the swelling sea
Burst from its bonds in whirlpools fierce, and roaring with human voice,
Triumphing even to the stars at bright Ahania's fall.
Down from the dismal North the Prince of thunders and thick clouds,
As when the thunderbolt downfalleth on the appointed place,
Fell down rushing, ruining, thundering, shuddering,
Into the caverns of the grave and places of human seed,
Where the impressions of despair and hope enroot for ever
A world of darkness,—Ahania fell far into nonentity.
She continued falling. Loud the crash continued, loud and hoarse.
From the crash roared a blue sulphurous fire, and from the flame
A dolorous groan that struck with dumbness all confusion,
Swallowing up the horrible din in agony on agony.
Through the confusion, like a crack across from immense to immense,
Loud, strong, a universal groan of death louder was heard
Than all the elements, deafened and rendered worse
Than Urizen and all his hosts in curst despair down rushing.
But from the dolorous groan on high a shadow of smoke appeared,
And human bones rattling together in the smoke and stamping
The nether abyss, and gnashing in fierce despair, and panting in sobs,
Thick, short, incessant, bursting, sobbing, deep despairing, stamping,
Struggling to utter the voice of man, to take features of man,

To take the limbs of man. At length, emerging from the smoke
Of Urizen dashed in pieces from his precipitate fall,
Tharmas reared up his hands and stood on the affrighted ocean,
The dead reared up his voice and stood on the resounding shore,

Crying: Fury in my limbs! Destruction in my bone and marrow!
My skull riven into filaments, my ears into sea-jellies,
Floating upon the tide, wander bubbling and bubbling,
Uttering lamentations and begetting little monsters
Who sit mocking upon the little pebbles of the tide
In all my rivers, and on my dried shells that now the fish
Have quite forsaken. Oh, fool! fool! to lose my sweetest bliss.
Where art thou, Enion? Ah, too near thou seemest, too far off,
And yet too near, dashed down I send thee into distant darkness
Far as my strength can hurl thee; wander there, and laugh and play
Among the frozen arrows; they will tear thy tender flesh.
Fall off afar from Tharmas, come not near to my strong power;
Scream and fall off and laugh at Tharmas, lovely summer beauty,
Till winds rend thee into shivers as thou hast rended me.

So Tharmas bellowed on the ocean, thund'ring, sobbing, bursting.
The bounds of Destiny were broken, and hatred now began
Instead of love to Enion. Enion, blind and age-bent,
Plunged into the cold billows, living a life in midst of waters.

In terrors she withered away to Entuthon Benython,
A world of deep darkness where all things in horror are rooted.

These are the words of Enion, heard from the cold wave of despair:
Oh, Tharmas, I had lost thee when I hoped that I had found thee;
Oh, Tharmas, do not thou destroy me quite, but let
A little shadow, but a little showery form of Enion,
Be near the lovèd terror. Let me still remain. Do thou
Thy righteous doom upon me; only let me hear thy voice.
Driven by thy rage I wander like a cloud into the deep
Where never yet existence came; there losing all my life,
I back return, weaker and weaker. Consume me not away
In thy great wrath, though I have sinnèd, though I have rebelled.
Make me not as the things forgotten,—as they had not been.

Tharmas replied, riding on storms, his voice in thunder rolled:
Image of grief, thy fading lineaments make my eyelids fail.
What have I done? Both rage and mercy are alike to me;
Looking upon thee, image of faint waters, I recoil
From my fierce rage into thy semblance. Enion, return.
Why does thy piteous face evanish like a rainy cloud
Melting, a shower of falling tears, nothing but tears! Enion!
Substanceless, voiceless, weeping, vanished, nothing but tears, Enion!
Art thou for ever vanished from the watery eyes of Tharmas?

Rage, rage shall never from my bosom, winds and waters of woe
Consuming,—all to the end consuming! Love and hope are ended.

For now no more remained of Enion in the distant air,
Only a voice eternal wailing in the elements.
Where Enion, blind and age-bent, wandered, Ahania wanders now.
She wanders in eternal fear of falling into the indefinite;
For her bright eyes behold the abyss. Sometimes a little sleep
Weighs down her eyelids. Then she falls; then, starting back in fear,
Sleepless to wander round, repelled on the margin of nonentity.

END OF THE THIRD NIGHT

NIGHT THE FOURTH

But Tharmas rode on the dark abyss. The voice of Tharmas rolled
Over the heaving deluge. He saw Los and Enitharmon emerge
In strength and brightness from the abyss. His bowels yearned over them.
They rose in strength above the heaving deluge, in mighty scorn,
Red as the sun in the bright morning of the bloody day,
Tharmas beheld them, and his bowels yearnèd over them.

And he said: Wherefore, wherefore do I feel such love and pity?
Ah, Enion! Ah, Enion! Ah, lovely, lovely Enion!
How is this? All my hope is gone! Enion for ever fled!
Like a famished eagle, eyeless, raging in the vast expanse.
Incessant tears are now my food, incessant tears and rage.
Deathless for ever now I wander, seeking oblivion—
In torrents of despair—in vain. For if I plunge beneath,
Stifling I live. If dashed to pieces from a rocky height,
I re-unite in endless torment. Would I had never risen
From death's cold sleep beneath the bottom of the raging ocean.
And cannot those who once have loved ever forget their love?

Are love and rage the same passion? They are the same in me.
Are those who love like those who died, risen again from death,
Immortal in immortal torment never to be delivered?
Is it not possible that one risen again from death
Can die? When dark despair comes over me, can I not then
Flow down into the sea and slumber in oblivion?
Deformed I see these lineaments of ungratified desire.
The all-powerful curse of an honest man be upon Urizen and Luvah.
But thou, my son, glorious in brightness, comforter of Tharmas,
Go forth, rebuild this universe beneath my indignant power,
An universe of Death and Decay! Let Enitharmon's hands
Weave soft delusive forms of man above my watery world,
Renew these ruined souls of men through Earth, Sea, Air and Fire,
To waste in endless corruption, renew those I will destroy.
Perhaps Enion may resume some little semblance yet
To ease my pangs of heart and to restore some peace to Tharmas.

Los answered in his furious pride, sparks issuing from his hair,
Hitherto shalt thou come, no further; here thy proud waves cease.
We have drunk up the Eternal Man by our unbounded power.
Beware lest we also drink up thee, rough Demon of the Waters.
Our God is Urizen, the King, King of the Heavenly hosts.
We have no other god but him, thou father of worms and clay.

And he is fallen into the deep, rough Demon of the waters,
And Los remains God over all, weak father of worms and clay.
I know I was Urthona, keeper of the gates of Heaven,
But now I am all-powerful Los, and Urthona is but my shadow.

Doubting stood Tharmas in the solemn darkness. His dim eyes
Swam in red tears. He reared his waves above the head of Los
In wrath; but pitying, back withdrew again with many a sigh.
Now he resolved to destroy Los, and now his tears rolled down.

In scorn stood Los, red sparks of blighting from his furious head
Flew o'er the waves of Tharmas. Pitying, Tharmas stayed his waves,
For Enitharmon shrieked amain, crying:—Oh, my sweet world,
Built by the Architect divine, whose love to Los and Enitharmon,
Thou rash abhorred Demon in thy fury hast o'erthrown!
What Sovereign Architect, said Tharmas, dare my will control?
For, if I will, I urge these waters: if I will, they sleep
In peace beneath my awful frown. My will shall be my law.

So saying, in a wave he raped bright Enitharmon far
Apart from Los, but covered her with softest brooding care
On a broad wave in the far west, balming her bleeding wound.

Oh, how Los howled at the rending asunder! All the fibres rent
Where Enitharmon joined to his left side, in grinding pain.
He, falling on the rocks, bellowed his dolour, till the blood
Stanched. Then in ululation wailed his woes upon the wind.

But Tharmas called to the Dark Spectre, who upon the shores
With dislocated limbs had fallen. The spectre rose in pain,—
A shadow blue, obscure and dismal, like a statue of lead
Bent by its fall from a high tower, the dolorous shadow rose.
Go forth, said Tharmas, works of joy are thine: obey and live.
So shall the spongy marrow issuing from thy splintered bones
Bonify, and thou shalt have rest, when this thy labour is done.
Go forth, bear Enitharmon back to the Eternal Prophet,
Build her a bower in the midst of all my dashing waves;
Make first a resting-place for Los and Enitharmon, then
Thou shalt have rest. If thou refusest, dashed abroad on all
My waves thy limbs shall separate in rottenness, and thou
Become a prey to all my demons of despair and hope.

The Spectre of Urthona, seeing Enitharmon, writhed
His cloudy form in jealous fears, and muttering thunders hoarse
And casting round thick glooms, his fierce pangs of heart thus uttered:

Tharmas, I know thee—how are we altered, our beauty decayed!
But still I know thee, though in this horrible ruin whelmed.
Thou, once the mildest son of heaven, art now a Rage become,
A terror to all living things. Think not I am ignorant
That thou art risen from the dead, or that, my power forgot,
I slumber here in weak repose. I remember the day,
The day of terror and abhorrence . . .
When fleeing from the battle, thou fleeting, and, like the raven
Of dawn, outstretching an expanse where no expanse had been,
Drewest all the sons of Beulah into thy dread vortex, following
The eddying spirit down the hills of Beulah. All my sons
Stood round me at the anvil, where, new-heated, the red wedge
Of iron glowed furious, prepared for spades and mattocks hard.
Hearing the symphonies of war loud sounding, all my sons
Fled from my side. Then pangs smote me unknown before. I felt
My loins begin to break forth into veiny pipes and writhe
Before me in the wind, englobing, trembling with vibrations,
The bloody mass began to animate. I, bending over,
Wept bitter tears incessant, still beholding how the form
Dividing and dividing from my loins, a weak and piteous
Soft cloud of snow, a female pale. I saw, and soft embraced
My counterpart, and called it love. I named her Enitharmon.

But found myself and her together issuing down the tide
Which now our rivers were become, delving through caverns huge
Of gory blood, struggling to be delivered from our bonds.
She strove in vain. Not so Urthona strove, for, breaking forth,
A shadow blue, obscure and dismal, from the breathing nostrils
Of Enion I issued to air, divided from Enitharmon.
I howled in sorrow. I beheld thee rotting upon the rocks.
I, pitying, hovered over thee; I protected thy ghastly corse
From vultures of the deep; then wherefore shouldst thou rage as now
Against me who thee guarded in the night of death from harm?

Tharmas replied:—Art thou Urthona, my friend, my old companion,
With whom I lived in happiness before that deadly night
When Urizen gave the horses of light into the hands of Luvah?
Thou knowest not what Tharmas knows. Oh! I could tell thee tales
That would enwrap thee as it has enwrapped me, even
From death in wrath and fury. But now, come, arise, bear back
The lovèd Enitharmon. Thou hast her here before thine eyes.
But my sweet Enion is vanished, and I never more
Shall see her, unless thou, O Shadow, will protect this son
Of Enion, and him assist to bind the fallen king,
Lest he should rise again from death in all his dreary furor.

Bind him. Take Enitharmon for thy sweet reward, while I
In vain am driven on false hope, the sister of despair.

Groaning the Terror rose, and drave his solid rocks before
Upon the tide, till underneath the feet of Los a world
Dark, dreadful rose, and Enitharmon lay at Los's feet.
The dolorous shadow joyed. Weak hope appeared around his head.
Tharmas before Los stood, and thus the voice of Tharmas rolled:

Now all comes into the power of Tharmas. Urizen is fallen,
And Luvah hidden in the elemental forms of life and death.
Urthona is my son. Oh, Los, thou art Urthona, and Tharmas
Is God. The Eternal Man is sealed, never to be delivered.
I roll my floods over his body. My billows and waves pass over him,
The sea encompasses him and monsters of the deep are his companions,
Dreamer of furious oceans, cold sleeper of weeds and shells,
Thy eternal form shall never renew. My uncertain prevails against thee,
Yet though I rage, God over all, a portion of my life
That in eternal fields in comfort wandered with my flocks
At noon, and laid her head upon my wearied bosom at night;—
She is divided. She is vanished, even like Luvah and Vala.
Oh, why did foul ambition seize thee, Urizen, Prince of Light?
And thou, oh Luvah, Prince of Love, till Tharmas was divided?

And I,—what can I now behold but an Eternal Death?
Before my eyes, and an Eternal weary work to strive
Against the monstrous forms to breed among my silent waves.
Is this to be a God? Far rather would I be a Man,
To know sweet science, and to do with simple companions
Sitting beneath a tent and viewing sheepfolds and soft pastures.
Take thou the hammer of Urthona. Rebuild these furnaces.
Dost thou refuse? Mind I the sparks that issue from thy hair?
I will compel thee to rebuild by these my furious waves;
Death choose or life. Thou strugglest in my waters now. Choose life,
And all the elements shall serve thee to their soothing flutes.
Their sweet inspiring lyres thy labour shall administer,
And they to thee only resist not. Faint not thou, my son.
Now thou dost know what 'tis to strive against the god of waters.

So saying, Tharmas on his furious chariots of the deep
Departed far into the unknown and left a wondrous void
Round Los. Afar his waters bore on all sides round with noise
Of wheels and horses' hoofs, and trumpets, horns and clarions.
Terrified, Los beheld the ruins of Urizen beneath,
A horrible chaos to his eyes, a formless immeasurable death,
Whirling up broken rocks on high into the dismal air,
And fluctuating all beneath in eddies of molten fluid.

Then Los with terrible hands seized on the Round Furnaces

Of Urizen: enormous work; he builded them anew,
Labour of ages in the darkness and the wars of Tharmas,
And Los formed anvils of hard iron petrific, for his blows
Petrify with incessant beating many a rock, a planet,
But Urizen slept in a stony stupor in the nether abyss,
A dreamful, horrible state in tossings on his icy bed
Freezing to solid all beneath. His grey oblivious form
Stretched over the immense heaves in strong shudders silent
In brooding contemplations stretching out from north to south
In mighty power. Round him always Los rolled furious,
His thund'rous wheels from furnace to furnace tending diligent
The contemplative Terror, frightened in his sorrowing sphere.
Frightened with cold infectious madness. In his hands the thundering
Hammer of Urthona, forming under his heavy hand,
The days and years in chains of iron round the limbs of Urizen,
Linked hour to hour, and day to night, night to day, year to year,
In periods of pulsative furor. Mills he formed and works
Of many wheels resistless in the power of dark Urthona.

But Enitharmon wrapped in clouds wailed loud, for as Los beat
The anvils of Urthona, link by link the chain of sorrow
Warping upon the winds and whirling round in the dark deep
Lashed on the limbs of Enitharmon, and the sulphur fires
Belched from the furnaces wreathed round her chained in ceaseless fire,

The lovely female howled, and Urizen beneath deep groaned
Deadly, beneath the hammers beating, grateful to the ears
Of Los absorbed in dire revenge. He drank with joy the cries
Of Enitharmon, and the groans of Urizen, fuel for wrath,
And for his pity secret, feeding on thoughts of cruelty.

The Spectre wept at his dire labours when from ladles huge
He poured the molten iron round the limbs of Enitharmon.
But when he poured it round the bones of Urizen, he laughed
Hollow upon the hollow wind, his shadowy form obeying
The voice of Los, compelled he laboured round the furnaces.

And thus began the binding of Urizen, day and night in fear.
Circling round the Demon, dark with howlings and dismay,
The prophet of Eternity beat on iron links and brass,
And as he beat, the hurtling Demon terrified at the shape
Enslaved humanity put on, became what he beheld.
Raging against Tharmas, his god, and uttering aloud
Ambiguous words, blasphemous, filled with envy, firm resolved
On hate eternal, in his vast disdain he laboured beating
The links of fate, link after link, an endless chain of sorrow.
The Eternal Mind bounded, began to roll eddies of wrath
Round and round, and the sulphurous foam now surging thick,

Settled, a bright and shining lake, as clear and white as snow,
Forgetfulness, dumbness, necessity, in chains of the mind locked up,
In fetters of iron shrinking, disorganized, rent from Eternity.
Los beat on his fetters and heated his furnaces,
And poured iron solder and solder of brass.

Restless, the immortal, enchained, heaving dolorous,
Anguished, unbearable, till a roof, shaggy, wild, enclosed
In an orb his fountain of thought.
In a horrible, dreamful slumber like the linked chain,
A vast spine writhed in torment upon the wind,
Shooting out pained roots like a bending cavern,
And bones of solidness froze over all his nerves of joy,
And a first age passed over and a state of dismal woe.

From the curves of his jointed spine down sunk with fright,
A red round globe hot burning, deep down into the abyss
Panting, conglobing, trembling, shooting out ten thousand branches
Around his solid bones, and a second age passed over him.

In harrowing fear rolling, his nervous brain shot branches
Round the branches of his heart, . . .
On high into two little orbs hiding in two little caves,
Hiding carefully from the wind. His eyes beheld the deep,
And a third age passed over and a state of dismal woe.

The pangs of hope began, a heavy pain striving and struggling.
Two ears in close volutions from beneath his orbs of vision

Shot spiring out and petrified,
And a fourth age passed over and a state of dismal woe.

In ghastly torment sick, hanging upon the wind,
Two nostrils bent down to the deeps, . . .
And a fifth age passed over, and a state of dismal woe.

In ghastly torment sick, within his ribs bloated round
A craving hungry cavern; thence arose his channelled throat,
Like a red flame a tongue of hunger and of thirst appeared,
And a sixth age passed over and a state of dismal woe.

Enraged and stifled with torment, he threw his right arm to the north,
His left arm to the south, shooting out in anguish deep,
And his feet stamped the nether abyss in trembling and dismay,
And a seventh age passed over and a state of dismal woe.

The Council of God on high watching the Body
Of Man clothed in Luvah's robes of blood, beheld, and wept,
Descending over Beulah's mild moon-covered regions,
The daughters of Beulah saw the Divine Vision comforted.
And as a double female form, loveliness and perfection,
They bowed their head and worshipped, and with mild voice spoke these words:

Lord Saviour, if Thou hadst been here our brother had not died,
And now we know that whatsoever thou wilt ask of God
He will give it Thee, for we are weak women and dare not lift
Our eyes to thy Divine pavilion, therefore in mercy thou

Appearest clothed in Luvah's garments that we may behold
And live. Behold Eternal Death is in Beulah ; behold
We perish and shall not be found unless thou grant a place
In which we may be hidden, underneath the shadow of wings.
If we who are but for a time and who pass away in winter
Behold these wonders of Eternity, we shall consume.

Such were the words of Beulah, of the feminine emanations.
The Empyrean groaned throughout. All Eden was darkened.
The corse of Man lay on the rock. The Sea of Time and Space
Beat round the rocks in mighty waves, and as a polypus
That vegetates beneath the sea, the limbs of man vegetated
In monstrous forms of death, a human polypus of death.

The Saviour mild and gentle bent over the corse of death,
Saying,—If ye will but believe, your brother shall rise again.
And first he found the limit of opacity and named it Satan
In Albion's bosom, for in every human bosom these limits stand.
And next he found the limit of contraction, and named it Adam,
While yet those beings were not born nor knew of good or evil.

Then wondrously the deeps beneath felt the Divine hand. Limit
Was put to Eternal Death. Los felt the limit and saw

The finger of God go forth and touch the seventh furnace in terror.
And Los beheld the hand of God over his furnaces
Beneath the deeps in dismal darkness beneath immensity.

In terror Los shrank from his task. His great hammer
Fell from his hand, his fires hid their mighty limbs in smoke.
For with noises ruinous, hurtling and clashing and groans,
The immortal endured, though bound in a deadly sleep.
Pale terror seized the eyes of Los as labouring he beat round.
The hurtling demon terrified as he beheld the shape
Enslaved Humanity put on: he became what he beheld;
He became what he was doing and he was himself transformed.
Spasms seized his muscular fibres writhing from his lips
Unwilling moved as Urizen howled: his loins wave like the sea.
At Enitharmon's shrieks his knees each other smote as he looked
With stony eyes on Urizen, and then swift writhed his neck
Involuntary to the couch where Enitharmon lay.
The bones of Urizen hurtle in the wind. The bones of Los and his iron sinews bend like lead and fold
Into unusual forms, dancing, and howling, stamping the abyss.

END OF THE FOURTH NIGHT

NIGHT THE FIFTH

Infected, mad, he danced on his mountains high and dark as heaven,
Now fixed into one steadfast bulk his features stonify.
From his mouth curses, from his eyes issuing sparks of blighting,
Beside the anvil cold he danced with the hammer of Urthona.
Terrific, pale, Enitharmon stretched on the dreary earth,
Felt her immortal limbs freeze, stiffening, pale, inflexible.
His feet shrunk withering, from the deeps shrinking and withering,
And Enitharmon shrunk up, all their fibres withering
As plants withered by winter, leaves, stems, and roots decaying
Melt into thin air, while the seed, driven by the furious wind,
Rests on the distant mountain tops, so Los and Enitharmon
Shrunk into fixed space stood trembling on a rocky cliff,
Yet beauty, majesty, and bulk remained but unexpansive.
As far as highest Zenith from the lowest Nadir shrunk,
Los from the furnaces a space immense, and left the cold
Prince of Light bound in chains of intellect among the furnaces.
But all the furnaces were out and the bellows had ceased to blow.

He stood trembling and Enitharmon clung around his knees,
Their senses unexpansive in one steadfast bulk remained.
The night blew cold, and Enitharmon shrieked on the dismal wind.
Her pale hands cling around her husband, and over her weak head
Shadows of Eternal Death sit in the leaden air.

But the soft pipe, the flute and viol, organ, harp, and cymbal,
And the sweet sound of silver voices calm the weary couch
Of Enitharmon, but her groans drown the immortal harps.
Loud and more loud the living music floats upon the air,
Faint and more faint the daylight waxes; wheels of turning darkness
Began in solemn revolutions. Earth convulsed with pangs
Rocked to and fro and cried out sore at the groans of Enitharmon.

Still the faint harps and silver voices calm the weary couch,
But from the caves of deepest night, ascending in clouds of mist.
The winter spreads his wide black wings across from pole to pole,
Grim frost beneath, and terrible snow linked in a marriage chain
Began a dismal dance. The winds around on pointed rocks
Settled like bats innumerable, ready to fly abroad.
The groans of Enitharmon shake the skies, the labouring earth,
Till from her heart, rending his way, a terrible child sprang forth

In thunder, smoke, and sullen flames, and howlings, fury and blood.

Soon as his burning eyes were opened, looking on the abyss,
The horrible trumpets of the deep bellowed with bitter blasts,
The enormous demons woke and howled around the new-born king,
Crying Luvah, King of Love, thou art the king of rage and death.

Urizen cast deep darkness round him. Raging, Luvah poured
The spears of Urizen from chariots round the eternal tent.
Discord began, and yells and cries shook the wide firmament—

Where is sweet Vala, gloomy prophet? Where the lovely form
That drew the body of Man from heaven into this dark abyss?
Soft tears and sighs, where are you? Come forth! Shout on bloody fields.
Show thy soul, Vala! show thy bow and quiver of secret fires.
Draw thy bow, Vala, from the depth of Hell, thy black bow draw,
And twang the bowstring to our Hautbois; let thine arrows black
Sing in the sky as once they sang upon the hills of light
When dark Urthona wept in torment of the secret pain.
He wept and he divided and he laid his gloomy head
Down on the rock of Eternity in darkness of the deep,
Torn by black storms and ceaseless torrents of consuming fire.

Within his breast his fiery sons chained down and filled with cursing,
And breathing terrible blood and vengeance, gnashing his teeth with pain,
Let loose the Enormous Spirit on the darkness of the deep,
And his dark wife, that once fair crystal form divinely clear,
Within his ribs producing serpents whose souls are flames of fire.
But now the times return upon thee. Enitharmon's womb
Now holds thee, soon to issue forth. Sound, clarion of war,
Call Vala from her close recess in all her dark deceit,
Then rage on rage shall fierce redound out of her crystal quiver.

So sang the demons round red Orc, and round faint Enitharmon.
Sweat and blood stood on the limbs of Los. In globes his fiery eyelids
Faded. He roused, he seized the wonder in his hand, and went
Shuddering and weeping through the gloom and down into the deeps.

But Enitharmon nursed his fiery child in the dark deeps
Sitting in darkness: over her Los mourned in anguish fierce.
Covered with gloom this fiery boy grew, feeding on the milk
Of Enitharmon. Los around her builded pillars of iron,
And brass, and silver, and gold, fourfold, in dark prophetic fear,
For now he feared Eternal Death and uttermost extinction:
He builded Golgonooza on the lake of Udan Adan.

Upon the limit of translucence then he builded Laban.
Tharmas laid the foundation, and Los finished it in howling woe.

But when fourteen summers, and winters, had revolvèd over
This solemn habitation, Los beheld the ruddy boy
Embracing his bright mother, and beheld malignant fires
In his young eyes, discerning plain that Orc plotted his death.

Grief rose upon his ruddy brows. A tightening girdle grew
Around his bosom like a bloody cord. In secret sobs
He burst it, but next morn another girdle soon succeeds
Around his bosom. Every day he viewed the fiery youth
With silent fear, and his immortal cheeks grew deadly pale,
Till many a morn and many a night passed over in dire woe,
Forming a girdle in the day, and bursting it at night—
The girdle was always formed by day, by night 'twas burst in twain,
Falling down on the rock, an iron chain link by link locked.
Enitharmon beheld the bloody chain made of the nights and days,
Depending from the bosom of Los,—and how with griding pain
He went each morning to his labours with the spectre dark,—
Called it the chain of jealousy. Now Los began to speak
His woes aloud to Enitharmon; since he could not hide
His uncouth plague he seized the boy in his immortal hands,

While Enitharmon followed him, weeping in dismal woe,
Up to the iron mountain's top, and there the jealous chain
Fell from his bosom on the mountain, and the spectre dark
Held the fierce boy. Los nailed him down, binding around his limbs
The accursed chain. O how bright Enitharmon howled and cried
Over her son. Obdurate, Los bound down her lovèd joy.

The hammer of Urthona smote the rivets in terror—of brass
Tenfold. The Demon's rage flamed forth tenfold with rending fires,
Roaring, resounding, loud, loud, louder, ever louder, fired,—
The darkness, warring with waves of Tharmas and snows of Urizen,—
Crackling the flames went up with fury from the immortal Demon.
Surrounded with flames the Demon grew, loud howling in his fires;
Los folded Enitharmon in a cold white cloud, in fear
Then led her down into the deeps, and into his labyrinth,
Giving the Spectre eternal charge over the howling fiend
Concentred into love of Parent, storgeous appetite, craving.

His limbs bound down mock at his chains, for over them a flame
Of circling fire unceasing plays to feed them with life, and bring
The virtues of the Eternal Worlds. Ten thousand thousand spirits

Of life lament around the Demon, going forth and returning.
At his enormous call they flee into the heavens of heavens,
And back return with wine and food, or dive into the deeps
To bring the thrilling joys of sense to quell his ceaseless rage.
His eyes, the lights of his large soul, contract, or else expand.
Contracted they behold the secrets of the infinite mountains,
The veins of gold and silver, and the hidden things of Vala,
Whatever grows from its pure bud, or wreathes a fragrant soul.
Expanded they behold the terrors of the Sun and Moon,
The elemental planets, and the orbs of eccentric fire.
His nostrils breathe a fiery flame, his locks are like the forests
Of wild beasts, there the lion glares, the tiger and wolf howl there,
And there the eagle hides her young in cliffs and precipices.
His bosom is like the starry heavens expanded. All the stars
Sing round. There waves the harvest; the vintage rejoices there.
The springs flow into rivers of delight. Spontaneous flowers
Drink, laugh, and sing; the grasshopper, the emmet and the fly,
The golden moth builds there a house and spreads her silken bed.
His loins inwove with silken fires are like a furnace fierce,
As the strong bull in summer time when bees sing round the heath,
When the herds low after the shadow and after the water-spring.

The numerous flocks cover the mountains and shine along the valley,
His knees are rocks of adamant, ruby, and emerald,
Spirits of strength in palaces rejoice in golden armour,
Armed with the spear and shield they drink and rejoice over the slain,
Such is the Demon, such his terror on the nether deep.

But when returned to Golgonooza Los and Enitharmon
Felt all the sorrow parents feel, they wept toward one another.
And Los repented that he had chained Orc upon the mountain.
And Enitharmon's tears prevailed. Parental love returned.
Though terrible his dread of that infernal chain, they rose
At midnight hasting to their much beloved care.
Nine days they travelled through the gloom of Entuthon Benython.
Los taking Enitharmon by the hand led her along
The dismal vales and up to the iron mountain tops where Orc
Howled in the furious wind. He thought to give to Enitharmon
Her son in tenfold joy, and to compensate for her tears
Even if his own death resulted, so much pity him pained.

But when they came to the dark rock and to the spectrous cave,
Lo, the young limbs had strucken root into the rock, and strong
Fibres had from the chain of jealousy inwove themselves
In a swift vegetation round the rock and round the cave,
And over the immortal limbs of the terrible fiery boy.

In vain they strove now to unchain, in vain with bitter tears
To melt the chain of jealousy. Not Enitharmon's death,
Nor the consummating of Los, could ever melt the chain,
Nor could unroot the infernal fibres from their rocky bed.
Nor all Urthona's strength, nor all the power of Luvah's bulls,
Though they each morning drag the unwilling sun out of the deep,
Could now uproot the infernal chain, for it had taken root
Into the iron rock, and grew a chain beneath the earth,
Even to the centre, wrapping round the centre and the limbs
Of Orc, with fibres become one with him, a living chain
Sustained by the Demon's life. Despair, terror, and woe and rage
Enwrap the parents in cold clouds as they bend howling o'er
The terrible boy, till fainting by his side, the parents fell.

Not long they lay; Urthona's spectre found herbs of the pit.
Rubbing their temples, he revived them. All their lamentations
I write not here, but all their after life was lamentation.

When satiated with grief they returned back to Golgonooza,
Enitharmon on the road of Dranthon felt the inmost gate

Of her bright heart burst open and again close with a deadly pain.
Within her heart Vala began to reanimate in bursting sobs,
And when this gate was open she beheld that dreary deep
Where bright Ahania wept. She also saw the infernal roots
Of the chain of jealousy, and felt the rendings of howling Orc
Rending the caverns like a mighty wind pent in the earth,
Though wide apart as furthest north is from the furthest south.
Urizen trembled where he lay to hear the howling terror.
The rocks shook, the eternal bars tugged to and fro were rifted.
Outstretched upon the stones of ice the ruins of his throne
Urizen shuddering heard, his trembling limbs shook the strong caves.

The woes of Urizen shut up in the deep dens of Urthona.

Ah! how shall Urizen the king submit to this dark mansion?
Ah! how is this? Once on the heights I stretched my throne sublime;
My mountains, once of silver, where the sons of wisdom dwelt,
And on whose tops the virgins sang, are rocks of desolation.

My fountains, once the haunt of swans, now breed the scaly tortoise,
The houses of my harpers are become a haunt of crows,

The gardens of wisdom are become a field of horrid graves,
And on the bones I drop my tears and water them in vain.

Once how I from my palace walked in gardens of delight,
The sons of wisdom stood around, the harpers followed with harps,
Nine virgins clothed in light composed songs to their immortal voices,
And at my banquet of new wine my head was crowned with joy.

Then in my ivory palaces I slumbered in the noon
And walked in the silent night among sweet-smelling flowers,
Till on my silver bed I slept and sweet dreams round me hovered,
But now my land is darkened and my wise men are departed.

My songs are turnèd into cries of lamentation
Heard on my mountains, and deep sighs under my palace roofs,
Because the steeds of Urizen, once swifter than the light,
Were kept back from my lord and from his chariot of mercies.

Oh, did I keep the horses of the day in silver pastures?
Oh, I refused the Lord of Day the horses of his Prince!
Oh, did I close my treasuries with roofs of solid stone
And darkened all my palace walls with envying and hate?

Oh, fool! to think that I could hide from his all-piercing eye
The gold and silver and costly stones, his holy workmanship!

Oh, fool! could I forget the light that filled my bright spheres
Was a reflection of his face who called me from the deep!

I well remember, for I heard the mild and holy voice
Saying, Light, spring up and shine, and lo, I sprang up from the deep.
He gave to me a silver sceptre, crowned with a golden crown,
And said, Go forth and guide my son who wanders on the ocean.

I went not forth, I hid myself on black clouds of my wrath,
I called the stars around my feet in the night of council dark,
The stars threw down their spears of light and fled naked away.
We fell. I seized thee, dark Urthona, in my left hand falling.

I seized thee, beauteous Luvah; thou art faded like a flower
And like a lily thy wife Vala, withered by the winds.
When thou didst bear the golden cup at the immortal tables,
Thy children smote their fiery wings, crowned with the gold of heaven.

Thy pure feet stept on steps divine, too pure for other feet,
And thy fair locks shadowed thine eyes from this divine effulgence,
And thou didst keep with strong Urthona the living gates of heaven,
But now thou art bowed down with him, even to the gates of hell.

Because thou gavest Urizen the wine of the Almighty

For steeds that they might run in the golden chariot of pride,
I gave to thee the steeds of light, I poured the stolen wine,
And drunken with the immortal draught fell from my throne sublime.

I will arise, explore these dens, and find that deep pulsation
That shakes my cavern with strong shudders. This may be the night
Of prophecy, and Luvah hath burst his way from Enitharmon.
When thought is closed in caverns, love shows roots in deepest hell.

END OF THE FIFTH NIGHT

NIGHT THE SIXTH

So Urizen arose, and leaning on his spear explored his dens.
He threw his flight through the dark air to where a river flowed,
And taking off his silver helmet filled it and drank ;
But when, his thirst unsated, he assayed to gather more,
Lo, three terrific women at the verge of the bright flood,
Who would not suffer him to approach but drove him back with storm.

Urizen knew them not, and thus addressed the spirits of darkness :
Who art thou, eldest woman, sitting wrapped in these thy clouds?
What is that name written upon thy forehead? What art thou?
And wherefore dost thou pour this water forth in sighs and care?
She answered not, but filled her urn and poured it forth abroad.

Answerest thou not? said Urizen. Then thou must answer me,
Thou terrible woman clad in blue, whose strong attractive power
Draws all into a fountain at the rock of thy attraction,
With frowning brow thou sittest, mistress of these mighty waters.
She answered not, but stretched her arms and threw her limbs abroad.

Or wilt thou answer, youngest woman, clad in shining green?
With labour and care thou dost divide the current into four.
Queen of these dreadful rivers, speak, and let me hear thy voice.

Then Urizen raised his spear, but they reared up a wall of rock.
They gave a scream—they knew their father: Urizen knew his daughters.
They shrank into their channels dry,—the strand beneath his feet,—
Hiding themselves in rocky forms from the eyes of Urizen.
Then Urizen wept, and thus his lamentations poured forth:

Oh, horrible! Oh, dreadful state! Those whom I lovèd best,
On whom I poured the branches of my light, adorning them
With jewels and jealous ornament laboured with art divine,
Vests of the radiant colours of heaven and crowns of golden fire,—
I gave sweet lilies to their breasts and roses to their hair,
I taught them songs of sweet delight, I gave them tender voices
Into the blue expanse, and I invented, with laborious art,
Sweet instruments of sound. In pride encompassing my knees
They poured their radiance above all. The Daughters of Luvah envied
At their exceeding brightness, and the Sons of Eternity sent them gifts.
Now will I pour my fury on them, and I will reverse

The precious benediction. For their hues of loveliness
I will give blackness; frost for jewels; ill form for ornament;
For crowns, wreathed serpents; for sweet smell, corruptibility;
For voices of delight, hoarse croaking, inarticulate;
For laboured flattery, care and sweet instruction. I will give
Chains of dark ignorance and cords of twisted self-conceit
And whips of stern repentance, and the food of obstinacy,
That they may curse Tharmas, their god, and Los, his adopted son;
That they may curse and worship the dark demon of destruction;
That they may worship terrors and obey the violent.
Go forth, sons of my curse. Go forth, daughters of my abhorrence.

Then Tharmas heard the deadly scream across his watery world,
And Urizen's loud-sounding voice lamenting on the wind,
And he came riding in his fury. Frozen were his waves,
Silent in ridges he beheld them stand round Urizen,
A dreary waste of solid waters. For the king of light
Darkened his brows with his cold helmet, and his gloomy spear
Darkened before him. Silent on the ridgy waves he took
His gloomy way. Before him Tharmas fled, and flying fought,

Crying: What and who art thou, cold demon? Art thou Urizen?
Art thou, like me, risen again from death? or art thou deathless?

If thou art he, my desperate purpose hear, and give me death,
For death to me is better far than life,—death, my desire,
That I in vain by various paths have sought, but still I live.
The body of man is given to me. I seek in vain to destroy,
For still it surges forth in fish and monsters of the deeps,
And in these monstrous forms I live in an Eternal woe,
And thou, oh Urizen, art fallen, never to be delivered.
Withhold thy light from me for ever, and I will withhold
From thee thy food, so shall we cease to be, and all our sorrows
End, and the Eternal Man no more renew beneath our power.
If thou refusest, in eternal flight thy beams in vain
Shall pursue Tharmas, and in vain shall crave for food. I will
Pour down my flight through dark immensity Eternal, falling.
Thou shalt pursue me, but in vain, till starved upon the void
Thou hangest, a dried skin, shrunk up, weak, wailing in the wind.

So Tharmas spoke, but Urizen replied not; on his way
He took, high sounding over hills and deserts, floods and chasms.
Infinite was his labour, without end his travel. He strove
In vain, for hideous monsters of the deep annoyed him sore,—
Scaled and finned with iron and brass, devoured the path before him.
Incessant was the conflict. On he bent his weary steps,

Making a path toward the dark world of Urthona. He rose
With pain upon the weary mountains, and with pain went down
And saw their grizzly fears, and his eyes sickened at the sight,
The howlings, gnashings, groanings, shriekings, shudderings, sobbings, burstings,
Mingled together, to create a world for Los. In delight
Los brooded on the darkness, nor saw Urizen's globe of fire
Lighting his dismal journey through the pathless world of death,
Writing in bitter tears and groans in books of iron and brass
The enormous wonders of the Abysses, once his brightest joy.

For Urizen saw the terrors of the Abyss wandering among
The ruined spirits once his children, and the children of Luvah
Scared at the sound of their sigh that seemed to shake immensity.
They wander moping, in their heart a sun, a dreary moon,
An universe of fiery constellations in their brain,
An earth of wintry woe beneath their feet, and round their loins
Waters or winds, or clouds, lightnings and pestilential plagues.
Beyond the bounds of their own self their senses cannot reach.
As the tree knoweth not what is outside its leaves and bark,
And yet it drinks the summer joy and fears the winter sorrow,
So in the regions of the grave none knows his dark compeer

Though he partakes of his dire woes, though he returns the pang,
The throb, the dolor, the convulsion, in soul-sickening woes;
The horrid shapes and sights of torment in burning dungeons and
Fetters of red-hot iron, some with serpent crowns and some
With monsters girding round their bosoms. Some in sulphur beds,
On racks and wheels. He beheld women march in burning wastes
Of sand in bands of hundreds, fifties, thousands, stricken with
Lightnings which blazèd after on their shoulders in their march,
Successive volleys, with loud thunder. Swift flew the king of light
Over the burning deserts. Then the deserts passed in clouds
Of smoke, with myriads moping in the stifling vapours. Swift
Still flew the king, though flagged his powers, labouring, till over rocks
And mountains weary wandered he where multitudes were shut
Up in the solid mountains, and in rocks their torment heaved.
Then came he among fiery cities, castles of burning steel,
There beheld forms of Tigers, Lions, dishumanized men,
Many in serpents and in worms stretched out enormous length
Over the sullen mould, and slimy tracks obstruct his way
Drawn out from deep to deep. Woven and ribbed
And scalèd monsters armed in iron shell, or shell of brass
Or gold, a glittering torment hissing in eternal pain,—
Columns of fire, or of water, sometimes stretched in height,

Sometimes in breadth or length, sometimes englob-
ing, wandering in vain for ease.
His voice to them was inarticulate thunder, for their
ears
Were dull and heavy, and their eyes and nostrils
closèd up.
Oft he stood by a howling victim, questioning in words
Soothing or furious. No one answered; every one
wrapped up
In his own sorrow howled regardless of his words, nor
voice
Or sweet response could he obtain, though oft assayed
with tears.
He knew they were his children ruined in his ruined
world.
Oft would he stand and question a fierce scorpion
glowing with gold
In vain; the terror heard not. Then a lion he would
seize
By the fierce mane, staying his howling course; in
vain the voice
Of Urizen, in vain the eloquent tongue. Rock, moun-
tain, cloud
Were now not vocal as in climes of happy eternity;
Where the lamb replies to the infant's voice and the
lion to the wail of ewes,
Giving them sweet instructions, when the cloud, or
furrow'd field
Talk with the husbandman and shepherd. But these
attacked him sore,
Seizing upon his feet, rending the sinews, that in
caves
He had to revive his obstructed power with rest and
oblivion.

Then he had time enough to repent of his rashly
threatened curse.
He saw them accursed beyond his curse: his soul
melted with fear.

He could not take their fetters off, for they grew to the soul,
Nor could he quench the fires, for they flamed out of the heart.
Nor could he calm the elements, because himself was subject,
So he threw his flight in terror and pain, and in repentant tears.

When he had passed the Southern terrors he approached the East,
Void, pathless, beaten with eternal sleet, and eternal hail and rain.
No form was there, no living thing, and yet his way lay through
This dismal world. He stood awhile and looked back over his
Terrific voyages — hills and dales of torment and despair—
Sighing, and weeping a fresh tear. Then turning round he threw
Himself into the dismal void. Falling he fell and fell,
Whirling in unresistible revolutions down and down
In the horrid bottomless vacuity, falling, falling,
Into the Eastern vacuity, the empty world of Luvah.

The Ever-pitying One who seeth all things, saw his fall,
And in the dark vacuity created a bosom of clay.
When wearied—dead—he fell, his limbs reposed in the bosom of slime.
As the seed falls from the sower's hand, so Urizen fell, and death
Shut up his powers in oblivion. Then as the seed shoots forth
In pain and sorrow, so the slimy bed his limbs renewed.
At first an infant-weakness period passed. He gathered strength,

But still in solitude he sat. Then rising, threw his flight
Onward, though falling, through the waste of night ending in death.
And in another resurrection to sorrow and weary travail.
But still his books he bore in his strong hands, and his iron pen,
For when he died they lay beside his grave, and when he rose
He seized them with a gloomy smile, for wrapped in his death-clothes
He hid them when he slept in death. When he revived the clothes
Were rollèd by the winds ; the clothes remained still unconsumed,
Still to be written and interleaved with brass and iron and gold,
Time after time, for such a journey none but iron pens
Can write, and adamantine leaves receive, nor can who goes
The journey obstinate refuse to write, time after time.
Endless had been his travail, but the Hand Divine him led,
For infinite the distance and obscured by combustion dire.
By rocky masses frowning in the abyss revolving erratic,
Round lakes of fire in this dark deep, the ruins of Urizen's world.

Oft would he sit in a dark rift and regulate his books,
Or sleep such sleep as spirits eternal wearied in the dark,
Tearful, and sorrowful, taste ; then arise, look out and ponder
His dismal voyage, eyeing the next sphere though far remote,

Then darting into the abyss of night his venturous limbs
Through lightnings, thunders, earthquakes and confusion, fires and floods,
Stemming his downward fate, labouring up against futurity,
Creating many a vortex, many a science in the deep,
And thence throwing his venturous limbs into the vast unknown.
Swift, swift from chaos to chaos, from void to void a road immense.
For when he came to where a vortex ceased to operate,
Nor down nor up remained. Then if he turned and lookèd back
From whence he came, 'twas upward all; and if he turned and viewed
The unpassed void, upward was still his mighty wandering,
The midst between an equilibrium grey of air serene,
Where he might live in peace and where his life might meet repose.

But Urizen said: Can I not leave this world of cumbrous wheels,
Circle over circle, nor on high attain a void
Where self-sustaining I may view all things beneath my feet,
Or sinking through these elemental wonders, swift to fall,
I thought perhaps to find an end, a world beneath of voidness,
Whence I might travel round the outside of this dark confusion.
When I bend downward, bending my head down into the deep,
'Tis upward all which way soever I my course begin,
But when a vortex formed on high with labour, sorrow and care,
And weariness begins on all my limbs, then sleep revives

My wearied spirits. Waking then, 'tis downward all which way
Soever I my spirits turn, no way I find of all.
Oh, what a world is here, and how unlike those climes of bliss
Where my sons gathered round my knees! Oh, thou poor ruined world,
Thou horrible ruin! Once, like me, thou wast all glorious,
And now, like me, partaking desolate thy master's lot.
Art thou, oh ruin, the once glorious heaven on these thy rocks
Where joy sang on the trees and pleasure sported in the rivers,
And laughter sat beneath the oaks, and innocence sported round
Upon the green plains, and sweet friendship met in palaces,
And books and instruments of song and pictures of delight?
Where are they? Whelmed beneath these ruins, in horrible destruction.
And if, eternal-falling, I repose on the dark bosom
Of winds and waters, or thence fall into the void where air
Is not, downfalling through immensity ever and ever,
How my powers weakened every revolution, till a death
Shuts up my powers; then in womb of darkness as a seed
I dwell in dim oblivion. Over me, the enormous worlds
Reorganize in shooting forth, in bones and flesh and blood.
I am regenerate, to fall, or rise, at will, or remain
A labourer, a dire discontent, a living awe
Wandering in vain. Here will I fix my foot and here re-build.

These mountains of brass promise riches in their deepest bosom.

So saying, he began to form of gold, silver and iron
And brass, vast instruments to measure out the immense and fix
The whole into another world better, and made to obey
His will, where none should dare oppose his will, himself being king.
Of all, and all futurity he bound in his vast chain.
And the sciences were fixed and the vortexes began to work
On all the sons of men, and every human soul terrified
At the living wheels of heaven shrunk inward, withering away.
Gaining a new dominion over all his sons and daughters,
And over the sons and daughters of Luvah in the horrible abyss.
For Urizen made over them a selfish lamentation
Till a white woof his cold limbs covered o'er from head to feet,
Hair white as snow now covered him in flakey locks terrific,
Overspreading his limbs. In pride he wandered weeping on,
Clothed in an aged venerableness, obstinately resolved,
Travelling through darkness, and wherever he travelled a dire web
Followed behind him, as the web of a spider dusky and cold,
Shivering across the vortexes, drawn from his mantle of years,
A living mantle joined to his life and growing from his soul,
And the web of Urizen stretched, direful, shivering, as clouds,
And uttering such woes, and bursting with such thunderings.

The eyelids expansive as morning and the ears
As a golden ascent winding round to the heaven of heavens—
Within the dark corner of the abyss, lions or tigers, or scorpions.
For every one opened into Eternity at will,
But they refused, because their outstretched forms were in the abyss,
And the wing-like tent of the universe, beautiful, surrounding all,
Or drawn up or let down again at will of the immortal man,
Vibrated in such anguish as the eyelids quivered, weak,
Weaker and weaker their expansive orbs began shrinking.
Pangs smote through all the brain and then a universal shriek,
Torment on torment through the abysses ran, rending the web.

Thus Urizen in sorrows wandered many a weary way
Warring with monsters of the deep in hideous pilgrimage
Till his bright hair scattered in snows, his skin barked o'er with wrinkles,
Four caverns rolling downwards, their foundations thrusting forth
The metal, rock, and stone in painful throes of vegetation.
The cave of Orc stood in the south, a furnace of dire flames,
Quenchless, unceasing. In the west the cave of Urizen;—

For Urizen fell, as the midday sun falls down, into the west.
North stood Urthona's steadfast throne, a world of solid darkness,
Shut up in stifling obstruction, rooted in dumb despair.

The East was void. But Tharmas rolled his waves in ceaseless eddies
All through the caverns of fire, air, and earth, seeking in vain
For Enion's limbs, nought finding but black sea and sickening slime,
Flying away from Urizen that he might not give him food,
Above, beneath, on all sides round, in the deep of immensity,
That he might starve the sons and daughters of Urizen on the wind,
Making between horrible chasms with the vast unknown.
All these around the world of Los cast forth their monstrous births.

But in Eternal times the seat of Urizen in the south,
Urthona in the north, Luvah in east, Tharmas in west.

And now he came into the abhorred world of dark Urthona,
By Providence Divine conducted, not bent by his own will
Lest Death Eternal be the result,—for the will cannot be violated,—
Into the doleful vales where no tree grew or river flowed,
No man nor beast nor creeping thing, nor sun nor cloud nor star,
Till with his globe of fire immense, held in his venturous hand,
He bore on through the affrighted vales, ascending and descending,
And wearied in his cumbrous flight he ventured o'er dark rifts,
Or down dark precipices, or with pain and labour climbed,

Till he beheld the world of Los from the peaked rock of Urthona,
And heard the howling of red Orc distincter and distincter.

Redoubling his immortal effort, through the narrow vales
With difficulty down descending, guided by his ear
And by his globe of fire, he went down the vale of Urthona
Between the enormous iron walls built by the Spectre; dark,
Dark grew his globe reddening with mists, and full before his path,
Standing across the narrow vale the shadow of Urthona
A spectre vast appeared, whose legs and feet, with iron scaled,
Stamped the hard rocks expectant of the unknown wanderer
Whom he had seen wandering his nether world when distant far,
And watched his swift approach. Collected, dark, the spectre stood.
Beside him Tharmas stayed his flight and stood with stern defiance,
Communing with the spectre who rejoiced along the vale.
Around his loins a girdle glowed with many coloured fires,
And in his hand a knotted club whose knots like mountains frowned,
Desert among the stars there withering with its ridges cold.
Black scales of iron arm the dread image. Iron spikes instead
Of hair shoot from his orbèd skull; the while his glowing eyes
Burned like two furnaces. He called with voice of thunder loud,

Four winged heralds mount the furious blast and blow their trumps;
Gold, silver, brass, and iron clangours, clamouring, rend the shore.
Like white clouds rising from the vales, his armies fifty-two
From the four cliffs of Urthona rise glowing around the spectre.
Four sons of Urizen the squadrons of Urthona led, in arms
Of gold and silver, brass and iron: he knew his mighty sons.

Then Urizen arose upon the wind, back many a mile,
Returning into his dire web, scattering fleecy snows
As he ascended howling. Loud the net vibrated strong.
From heaven to heaven and globe to globe its vast eccentric paths,
Compulsive rolled the comets at his dread command their way,
Falling with wheel impetuous down among Urthona's vales
And round red Orc, returning back to Urizen, gorged with blood.
Slow roll the massy globes at his command, and slow o'erwheel,
The dismal squadrons of Urthona weaving the dire web
In this progression, and preparing Urthona's path before him.

END OF THE SIXTH NIGHT

NIGHT THE SEVENTH

Then Urizen arose. The spectre fled, and Tharmas fled;
The darkening spectre of Urthona hid beneath a rock.
Tharmas threw his impetuous flight through the deeps of immensity
Revolving round in whirlpools fierce all round the caverned worlds.

Urizen, silent, descended to the caves of Orc, and saw
A caverned universe of fire. The horses of Urizen
Here bound to fiery mangers, furious dash their golden hoofs,
Striking fierce sparkles from their golden fetters. Fierce his lions
Howl in the burning dens; his tigers roam on the redounding smoke
In forests of affliction. The adamantine scales of justice
Consuming in the raging lamps of mercy poured in rivers.
The holy oil rages through all the caverned rocks. Fierce flames
Dance on the rivers and the rocks, howling and drunk with fury.
The plough of ages and the golden harrow wade through fields
Of gory blood. The immortal seed is nourished for the slaughter.
The bulls of Luvah, breathing fire, bellow on burning pastures

Round howling Orc, whose awful limbs cast forth red
smoke and fire,
That Urizen approached not near but took his seat on
a rock
And ranged his books around him, brooding envious
over Orc.

Howling and rending his dark caves the awful demon
lay:
Pulse after pulse beat on his fetters, pulse after pulse
his spirit
Dashed and dashed higher and higher to the shrine
of Enitharmon,
As when the thunder folds himself in robe of thickest
clouds,
The watery nations couch and hide in the profoundest
deeps,
Then bursting from his head, with dreadful face and
flaming hair,
His swift-winged daughters sweep across the vast blue
ocean.

Los felt the envy in his limbs, like to a blighted tree;
For Urizen fixed in envy sat brooding and covered
with snow,
His book of iron on his knees. He traced the dread-
ful letters
While his snows fell and his storms beat to cool the
flames of Orc,
Age after age, till underneath his heel a deadly root
Struck through the rock, — the root of Mystery,
accursed, shooting up
Branches into the heaven of Los, then pipe-formed
bending down
Take root again where'er they touch, and, again
branching forth
In intricate labyrinths overspreading many a grizzly
deep.

Amazèd started Urizen, when he found himself com-
passed round

And high roofed over with the trees. He arose, but now the stems
Stood so thick, he with difficulty and with great pain brought
His books out of the dismal shade,—all but the book of iron.

Again he took his seat, again he ranged his books around
On a rock of iron frowning over the foaming fires of Orc.
And Urizen hung over Orc and viewed his terrible wrath,
Sitting upon an iron crag. At length his words broke forth:

Image of dread, whence art thou? Whence is thy most woeful place?
Whence these fierce fires, but from thyself? No other living thing
In all the chasm I behold. No other living thing
Dare thy most terrible wrath abide, bound here to waste in pain.
Thy vital substance in these fires that issue new and new
Around thee. Sometimes like a flood, and sometimes like a rock
Of living pangs, thy horrible bed glowing with ceaseless fires
Beneath thee and around. Above, a shower of fire now beats
Moulded to globes and arrowy wedges, rending thy bleeding limbs.
And now a whirling pillar of burning sand to overwhelm thee,
Steeping thy wounds in salts infernal and in bitter anguish.
And now a rock moves on the surface of this lake of fire

To bear thee down beneath the waves in stifling despair.
Pity for thee moved me to break my dark and long repose,
And to reveal myself before thee in a form of wisdom.
Yet thou dost laugh at all these tortures, and this horrible place,
Yet throwest these fires abroad, that back return upon thee now,
While thou reposest, throwing rage on rage, feeding thyself
With visions of sweet bliss far other than this burning clime.
Sure thou art bathed in rivers of delight on verdant fields,
Walking in joy in bright expanses, sleeping on bright clouds,
With visions of delight so lovely that they urge thy rage
Tenfold with fierce desire to rend thy chains and howl in fury,
And dire oblivion of all woe and desperate repose,—
Or is thy joy founded on torment that others bear for thee?

Orc answered: Curse thy hoary brows, what dost thou in this deep?
Thy pity I contemn. Go forth, scatter thy snows elsewhere.
I rage in the deep, my feet and hands are nailed to the burning rock,
Yet my fierce fires are better than thy snows. Shuddering thou sitt'st.
Thou art not chained. Why shouldst thou sit, cold, grovelling demon of woe,
In torture of dire coldness? Now a lake of water deep
Sweeps over thee, freezing to solid. Still thou sitt'st, closed up

In that transparent rock as if in joy of thy bright prison,
Till, overburdened with its weight, down through immensity,
With a crash breaking clear across, the horrid mass comes down,
Thundering, and hail and frozen iron hailed from the element,
Rend thy white hair. Yet thou dost, fixèd, obdurate, brooding, sit
Writing thy books. Anon a cloud, filled with a waste of snow,
Covers thee. Obdurate still, resolved still, and writing still,
Though rocks roll o'er thee, though floods pour, though winds black as the sea
Cut thee in gashes, though the blood pour down around thy ancles,
Freezing thy feet to the hard rock. Still thy pen obdurate
Traces the wonders of Futurity in horrible fear of the future.
I rage here furious in the deep: my feet and hands are nailed
To the hard rock, or thou shouldst feel my enmity and hate
In all diseases falling on thy grey accursed front.

Urizen answered: Read my books, explore my constellations,
Enquire of my sons and they shall teach thee how to war.
Enquire of my daughters, who, accursed in the dark deeps,
Knead bread of sorrow by my stern command, for I am god
Of all this ruin. Rise, oh daughters, at my stern command.

Rending the rocks, Eleth and Uvith rose, and Ona rose,

Terrific with their iron vessels, driving them across
In the dim air. They locked the book of iron, and placed above
On clouds of death, and sang their songs, kneading the bread of Orc.

Orc listened to the song, compelled, hungering on the cold wind
That swaggèd heavy with the accursed dough. The hoar frost raged
Through Ona's sieve. The torrent rain poured from the iron pail
Of Eleth, and the icy hands of Uvith kneaded the bread.

The heavens bow with terror underneath these iron hands,
Singing at their dire work the words of Urizen's book of iron,
While the enormous scrolls rolled dreadful in the heavens above;
And still the burden of their song in tears was pourèd forth.
The bread is kneaded, let us rest, oh cruel father of children!

But Urizen remitted not their labours on his rock,
And Urizen read on his book of brass in sounding tones:
Listen, oh daughters, to my voice; listen to the words of wisdom.
So shall you govern over all. Let duty tune your tongue,
And be your hearts far harder than the nether millstone is.
To bring the shadow of Enitharmon beneath our wondrous tree,
That Los evaporate away like smoke, and be no more.
Draw Enitharmon down unto the spectre of Urthona,

And let him have dominion over Los, the terrible shade.
Compel the poor to live upon a crust with soft mild arts,
Smile when they frown, frown when they smile, and when a man looks pale
With labour and with abstinence, say he looks healthy and happy,
And when his children sicken let them die. There are enough
Born, even too many, and our earth will soon be overrun
Without these arts. If you would make the poor with temper live,
With pomp give every crust of bread you give; by gracious cunning
Magnify gifts; reduce the man to want, then give with pomp.
Say he smiles, if you hear him sigh; if pale, say he is ruddy.
Preach temperance: say that he is overgorged, and drowns his wit
In strong drink, though you know that bread and water are all
He can afford. Flatter his wife, pity his children, till
We can reduce all to our will, like spaniels taught with art.

Lo! how the heart and brain are formèd in the breeding womb
Of Enitharmon. How it breeds with life and forms the bones,
The little heart, the liver, the red blood in labyrinths;
By gratified desire, devouring appetite, she fills
Los with ambitious fury that his race shall all devour.

Then Orc cried: Curse thy cold hypocrisy! Around thy tree
In scales that shine with gold and rubies, thou beginn'st to weaken

My divided spirit. Like a worm I rise in peace, unbound
From wrath. Now when I rage my fetters bind me more.
Oh, torment! oh, torment! A worm compelled! Am I a worm?
Is it in strong deceit that man is born? In strong deceit
Thou dost restrain my fury that the worm may bind the tree.
Avaunt, cold hypocrite! I am chained, or thou couldst not use me thus.
The Man shall rage, bound with this chain, the worm in silence creep.
Thou wilt not cease from rage. Grey demon, silence all thy storms,
Give me example of thy mildness. King of furious hail,
Art thou the cold, attractive power that holds me in this chain?
I well remember how I stole thy light and it became fire,
Consuming. Now thou knowest me, Urizen, Prince of Light,
And I know thee. Is this the triumph? This the golden state
That lies beyond the bounds of science on the grey obscure?

Terrified Urizen heard Orc, now certain that he was Luvah.
And creeping Orc began to organize a serpent-body,
Despising Urizen's light and turning it to flaming fire,
Receiving as a poisoned cup receives the heavenly wine,
And turning affection into fury, thought into abstraction,—
A self-consuming, dark devourer, raging into the heavens.

Urizen, envying, brooding, sat and saw the secret terror
Flame high in pride and laugh to scorn the source of his deceit,
Nor knew the source of his own, but thought himself the author sole
Of all his wandering experiments on the horrible abyss.
He knew that weakness stretches out in length and breadth, and knew
That wisdom reaches high and deep; and therefore he made Orc
In serpent form compelled to stretch out and up the mysterious tree.
He suffered him to climb that he might draw all human forms
Unto submission to his will, nor knew the dread result.

Los sat in showers of Urizen watching cold Enitharmon.
His broodings rush down to his feet, producing eggs that hatching
Burst forth upon the winds above the tree of Mystery.
Enitharmon lay on his knees. Urizen traced his verses.
In the dark deep the dark tree grew. Her shadow was drawn down,
Down to the roots; it wept o'er Orc,—the shadow of Enitharmon.

Los saw her stretched, the image of death, upon his withered valleys;
Her shadow went forth and returned. Now she was pale as snow,
When the mountains and hills are covered, and the paths of men shut up.
But when her spirit returned, as ruddy as morning when
The ripe fruit blushes into joy in heaven's eternal halls,

She, secret, joy'd to see; she fed herself on his despair.
She said, Now I am avenged for all my sufferings of old.
Sorrow shot through him from his feet and shot up to his head,
Like a cold night that nips the roots and scatters all the leaves.
Silent he stood o'er Enitharmon, watching her pale face.
He spoke not, he was silent, till he felt the cold disease.
Then Los mourned on the dismal wind in his jealous lamentation.

Why cannot I enjoy thy beauty, lovely Enitharmon?
When I return from clouds of grief in the wandering elements,
When thou in thrilling joy, in beaming summer loveliness,
Delectable reposest, ruddy in my absence, flaming with beauty,
Cold, pale in sorrow at my approach, trembling at my terrific
Forehead and eyes, thy lips decay like roses in the spring.
How art thou shrunk! Thy grapes that burst in summer's vast excess
Shut up in little purple covering faintly bud and die.
Thy olive-trees that poured down oil upon a thousand hills
Sickly look forth and scarcely stretch their branches to the plain.
Thy roses that expanded in the face of glowing morn
Hid in a little silken veil scarce breathe and faintly shine,
Thy lilies that gave light what time the morning lookèd forth
Hid in the vales, faintly lament, and no one hears their voice.
All things beside the woeful Los enjoy delights of beauty!

Once how I sang and called the beasts and birds to their delight,
Nor knew that I alone, exempted from the joys of love,
Must war with secret monsters of the animating worlds.
Oh, that I had not seen the day! Then should I be at rest!
Nor felt the strivings of desire, nor longings after life,
For life is sweet to Los the wretched. To his winged woes
Is given a craving cry: they sit at night on barren rocks,
And whet their beaks and snuff the air, and watch the opening dawn,
And shriek till at the smell of blood they stretch their bony wings,
And cut the winds like arrows shot by troops of destiny.

Thus Los lamented in the night, unheard by Enitharmon.
For the shadow of Enitharmon descended down the tree of mystery.
The spectre saw the shadow shivering o'er his gloomy rocks
Beneath the tree of mystery, which in the dismal abyss
Began to blossom in fierce pain, shooting its writhing buds
In throes of birth, and now, the blossoms falling, shining fruit
Appeared, of many colours and of poisonous qualities.
Of plagues, hidden in shining globes that grew on the living tree.

The spectre of Urthona saw the shadow of Enitharmon
Beneath the tree of Mystery, among the leaves and fruit,
Reddening the demon strong prepared the poison of sweet love,

He turned from side to side in tears. He wept and he embraced
The fleeting image, and in whispers mild woo'd the faint shade.

Loveliest delight of men; oh! Enitharmon, shady, hiding
In secret places where no eye can trace thy watery way,
Have I found thee? Have I found thee? Tremblest thou in fear?
Because of Orc? Because he rent his loud discordant way
From thy sweet loins of bliss? Red flow'd thy blood on that dread day,
Pale grew thy face. Around the thundering horror lightnings played
Over thee, and the terrible Orc, and rent his discordant way,
But the next joy of thine shall be in sweet delusion,
Its birth in faintings and in sleep, delusions sweet of Vala.

The shadow of Enitharmon answered: Art thou, terrible shade,
Set over this sweet boy of mine to guard him lest he rend
His mother to the winds of heaven, intoxicated with fruit
Of this delightful tree? Behold, I cannot flee away
From thy embrace, else be assured so horrible a form
Should never in my arms repose. Now listen, I will tell
The secrets of Eternity which ne'er before unlocked
My golden lips, nor took the bar from Enitharmon's breast;
Among the flowers of Beulah walked th' Eternal Man, and saw
Vala, the lily of the desert. Melting in high noon
Upon her bosom in sweet bliss he fainted. Wonder seized

All heaven, for they saw him dark. They built a golden wall
Round Beulah. There he revelled in delight among the flowers.
Vala was pregnant and brought forth Urizen, Prince of Light,
First-born of generation. Then a wonder to the eyes
Of the now fallen man, a double form Vala appeared, a male
And female shuddering. Now, pale, the fallen man recoiled,
And calling the Enormity, Luvah and Vala, turned
Down vales to find his way back into heaven, but found none.
For his frail eyes were faded, and his ears heavy and dull.
Urizen grew up in the plains of Beulah. Many sons
And many daughters flourished round the holy tent of man
Till he forgot Eternity, delighted in his sweet joy,
Among his family, his flocks and herds, and tents and fields.

But Luvah close conferred with Urizen in darksome night
To bind the father and enslave the brethren. Nought he knew
Of sweet Eternity. The blood flow'd round the holy tent and river;
All Beulah from its hinges fell, uttering its final groan
In dark confusion. Meantime Los was born and Enitharmon,
But how, I know not. Then forgetfulness quite wrapped me up
A period, nor do I more remember, till I stood
Beside Los in the cave, enslaved to vegetative forms
According to the will of Luvah, who assumed the place
Of the Eternal Man and smote him. But thou, Spectre dark,

Must find a way to punish Vala in the fiery south,
To bring her down subjected to the rage of my fierce boy.

The Spectre said: Thou lovely vision, this delightful tree
Is given us for a shelter from the storms of void and solid,
Till once again the morn of ages shall renew on us,
To re-unite in those mild fields of happy Eternity,
Where thou and I in undivided essence walked abroad
Imbodied,—thou my garden of delight, and I the spirit
Mutual dwelt in one another, mutual joy revolving.
Eternal days with Tharmas mild and Luvah sweet, melodious,
Upon our waters, thou rememberest; listen, I will tell
What thou forgettest. They in us and we in them have lived,
Drinking the joys of Universal Mankind. One dread morn—
Listen, oh Vision of Delight,—one morn of gory blood
The Manhood was divided. Gentle passions making way
Through th' infinite labyrinth of the heart and nostrils issuing,
In odorous stupefaction, stood before the eyes of Man
A female bright. I stood beside my anvil dark, a mass
Of iron glow'd bright prepared for spade and ploughshare, sudden down
I sunk with cries of blood, issuing downward in the veins
Which now my rivers were become, rolling in tube-like forms
Shut up within themselves descending down. I sunk along
The gory tide even to the place of seed, and there divided

I was in darkness and oblivion. Thou an infant woe,
And I an infant terror in the womb of Enion.
My masculine spirit scorning the frail body issued forth
From Enion's brain, in this deformed form, leaving thee there
Till times passed over thee, but still my spirit returning hovered
And formed a male, to be a counterpart to thee, oh love,
Darkened and lost! In due time issuing forth from Enion's womb
Thou and that demon Los were born. Ah, jealousy and woe!
Ah, poor divided dark Urthona, now a Spectre wandering,
In deeps of Los, the slave of that creation I created.
I labour night and day for Los, but listen thou my vision,
I view futurity with thee. I will bring down soft Vala
To the embraces of this terror, and I will destroy
The body I created; then shall we unite in bliss.
For till these terrors planted round the gates of Eternal life
Are driven away, annihilated, we cannot repass the gates.
Thou knowest the Spectre in every man, insane, brutish,
Deformed, that I am thus a ravening lust continually
Craving, devouring; but my eyes are upon thee, oh lovely
Delusion, and I cannot crave except for thee: not so
The Spectres of the dead, for I am the Spectre of the living.

Although filléd with tears, the spirit of Enitharmon beheld
And heard the Spectre. Bitterly she wept, embracing fervent

Her once loved Lord, now but a shade, herself also a shade,
Conferring times on times among the branches of that tree.
Thus they conferred among th' intoxicating fumes of Mystery
Till Enitharmon's shadow, pregnant in the deeps beneath,
Brought forth a wonder horrible, while Enitharmon shrieked
And trembled through the worlds above, and Los wept, terrified
At the shrieks of Enitharmon and her tossings, nor perceived
The cause of her dire anguish, for she lay the image of death,
Moved by strong shudders till her shadow was delivered, then
Raving about the upper elements in maddening fury she ran.

She burst the gates of Enitharmon's heart with direful crash,
Nor could they e'er be closed again. The golden hinges broke,
And the gates broke in sunder, and their ornaments were defaced
Beneath the tree of Mystery, for the immortal shade
Brought forth this wonder horrible. A cloud she grew and grew
Till many of the dead burst through the bottoms of their tombs
In male forms without female counterparts or emanations,
Cruel and ravening with envy, hatred, and with war,
In dreams of Ulro, dark, delusive, drawn by the lovely shade.

The Spectre, terrified, gave her charge over the howling Orc,

Men took the tree of Mystery cast in the world of Los.
Its top boughs shoot a fibre beneath Enitharmon's couch,
The double-rooted labyrinth soon waved around their heads.

The Spectre entered Los's bosom. Every sigh and groan
Of Enitharmon bore Urthona's Spectre on its wings,
Obdurate Los felt pity; Enitharmon told the tale
Of Urthona. Los embraced the Spectre as a brother first,
Then as another self, astonished, humanizing in tears,
In self-abasement giving up his domineering lust.

Thou never canst embrace sweet Enitharmon. Demon dread,
Thou art united with thy Spectre, to consume by pains
That mortal body, and by self-annihilation come
To Life Eternal to be assured I am thy real self,
Though thus divided from thee and the slave of every passion
Of thy fierce soul. Unbar the gates of memory: look on me
Not as another, but as thy real self. I am thy Spectre,
Though horrible and ghastly to thine eyes, buried beneath
The ruins of the universe. Hear what, inspired, I speak;
If we unite in one another bitter worlds will be
Opened within your heart and in your loins and wondrous brain
Threefold, as in Eternity, and this fourth universe
Will be renewéd by the three, consumed in mental fires.
Thou didst subdue me in old times by thy immortal power
When I was ravening hungry, thirsting cruel, murder and lust,
But if thou dost refuse another body will be prepared

For me, and thou annihilate, vanish and be no more.
For thou art but a form and organ of life, and of thyself
Art nought, by Mercy and Love Divine continually created.

Los answered: Spectre horrible, thy words astound my ear
With irresistible conviction. I feel I am not of those
Who, when convinced, persist, though furious, controllable
By Reason's power. I already feel a world within
Opening its gates, and in it all the real substances
Of which these in the outer world are shadows which pass away.
Come then into my bosom, in thy shadowy arms, with thee
Bring lovely Enitharmon. I will quell my fury and teach
Peace to the soul of dark revenge, and repentance to cruelty.

So spoke Los, and embracing Enitharmon and the Spectre,
Clouds would have folded round in love and ecstasy uniting,
But Enitharmon trembling, fled and hid beneath Urizen's tree,
But mingling together with his spectre, the Spectre of Urthona
Wondering, beheld the centre opened. By Divine Mercy inspired,
He in his turn gave tasks to Los, enormous, to destroy
That body he created, but in vain, though Los performed wonders of labour. . . .
They builded Golgonooza, Los builded the pillars high,
And domes terrific in the nether heavens, for beneath
Was opened a new heaven, and new earth beneath within,

Threefold within the brain, within the heart, within the loins
A threefold atmosphere continuous from Urthona's world,
But yet having a limit twofold named Satan and Adam,
But Los stood on the limit of translucence weeping, trembling,
Filled with doubts in self-accusation beheld the fruit
Of Urizen's mysterious tree, for Enitharmon spake.

When in the deeps beneath I gathered of this ruddy fruit,
It was by that I knew that I had sinnéd, and I knew
That, without ransom, I could not be saved from Eternal death,
That life lives upon death, and by devouring appetite
All things subsist on one another. Thenceforth in despair
I spend my glowing times, but thou art strong, and mighty still
To bear this self-contrition. Take, then, eat thou also of
The fruit, and give me proof of life eternal or I die.

Then Los pluckéd the fruit and eat and sat down in despair,
And must have surely given himself to death eternal, but
Urthona's spectre ministering within him comforted,
As medium between him and Enitharmon, but this union
Was not to be effected without cares and sorrows and troubles,
Six thousand years of self-denial and of bitter contrition.

Urthona's Spectre, terrified, saw the spectres of the dead,

Each male without a counterpart, without a concentering vision,
The Spectre wept before Los, saying, Behold I am the cause
That this dim state commences. I begin the dreadful state
Of separation, and on my dark head the punishment
Must fall unless a way be found to ransom and redeem.
But I have this, my counterpart,—given miraculous.
These spectres have no counterparts, therefore they raven thus
Without the food of life. Let us create them counterparts.
The Spectre is Eternal Death, without a created body.

Los trembling, answered: Now I feel the weight of stern repentance,
Tremble not so, my Enitharmon, at the awful gates
Of thy poor broken heart. I see thee like a shadow withering
As on the outside of existence. But behold, take comfort,
Turn inwardly thine eyes, and there behold the Lamb of God
Clothéd in Luvah's robes of blood descending to redeem.
Oh, Spectre of Urthona, take comfort! Enitharmon,
Could'st thou but cease from terror, and from trembling and affright,
When I appear before thee in forgiveness of injuries,
Why should'st thou remember to be afraid?
Often enough to convince thy jealousy and terror, I have died in pain.
Come hither; patient be; let us converse together, for
I also tremble at myself and all my former life.

Enitharmon answered: I behold the Lamb of God descending
To meet the spectres of the dead. I therefore fear that he

Will give us to Eternal death for punishment, for such
Hideous offenders' last extinction is eternal pain,
An ever-dying life of stifling and obstruction, shut
Out of existence to be a sign and terror to all who behold,
Lest any should in futurity do as we have done in heavens.
Such is our state, nor will the Son redeem us, but destroy.

So Enitharmon spoke trembling, and in torrents of tears
Los sat in Golgonooza at the gate of Luban, where
He had created porches where branched the mysterious tree.
Where the spectrous dead wail; sighing thus he spoke to Enitharmon.

Lovely delight of men, Enitharmon, shady refuge from war,
Thy bosom translucent is a soft repose for weeping souls
Of piteous victims of battle, where they sleep, happy, obscure.
They feed upon our life. We are their victims. Stern desire
I feel to make embodied semblances in which the dead
May live in our palaces and in our gardens of labour,
Which now, opened within the centre, we behold spread round
To form a world of sacrifice of brothers, sons, and daughters,
To comfort Orc in his dire sufferings. Look, my fires afresh
Before my face assembling with delight as in old times!

Enitharmon spread her beamy locks upon the wind, and said—
Oh! wonder of Eternity, Los, my defence and guide,
Thy works are all my joy, and in thy fires my soul delights,

If mild they burn in just proportion and in secret night
And silence. But by day in shadow of soft clouds and dens,
I can sigh forth on the winds of Golgonooza piteous forms
That vanish again in my bosom; but if thou, my Los,
Wilt in sweet moderate fury fabricate these forms sublime,
Such as the piteous spectres may assimilate them with,
They shall be ransoms for our souls, that we through them may live.

So Enitharmon spoke, and Los, his hands inspired, began
To moderate his fires, studious, the loud roaring flames
He vanquished with the strength of art, bending their iron points,
And drawing them forth deflected on the winds of Golgonooza.
From out the ranks of Urizen's war, and from the fiery lake
Of Orc, bending down as the binder of the sheaves follows
The reaper, embracing in both arms the furious raging flames,
Los drew them forth out of the deeps, planting his right foot firm
On the iron crag of Urizen, thence springing up aloft
Into the heavens of Enitharmon in a mighty circle.

And first he drew a line upon the walls of shining heaven,
And Enitharmon tinctured it with beams of blushing love.
It remained permanent, a lovely form, inspired, divine, human.
Dividing into just proportion, Los unwearied laboured
The immortal lines upon the heavens, till, with sighs of love,

Sweet Enitharmon mild, entranced, breathed forth upon the wind
The spectrous dead, weeping. The Spectre viewed the immortal work
Of Los, assimilating to those forms Embodied, lovely
In youth and beauty, in the arms of Enitharmon mild.

First Rintrah, and then Palamabron, drawn from ranks of war,
In infant innocence reposed on Enitharmon's bosom.
Orc was comforted in the deeps; his soul revived in them;
As the elder brother is the father's image, so Orc became
As Los, a father to his brethren, and forged in the dark lake,
Then bound with chains of jealousy and scales of iron and brass.

Los loved them, and refused to sacrifice their infant limbs,
And Enitharmon's smiles and tears prevailed o'er self-protection.
They rather chose to meet Eternal Death than to destroy
The offspring of their care and pity. Urthona's spectre was comforted,
But Tharmas most rejoiced in hope of Enion's return,
For he beheld new female forms borne forth upon the air,
Who wore soft silken veils of covering in sweet raptured trance,
Mortal, and not as Enitharmon, without a covering veil.
First his immortal spirit drew Urizen's spectre away
From out the ranks of war, separating him in sunder,
Leaving his spectrous form, which could not so be drawn away.
Then he divided Tiriel, the eldest of Urizen's sons.
Urizen became Rintrah, Tiriel became Palamabron:

Thus divided the power of every warrior.
Startled was Los—he found his enemy Urizen now
In his hands. Much he wondered that he felt love and not hate,
His whole soul lovèd him. He as an infant him beheld,
Lovely, from Enitharmon breathed. He trembled in himself.

But in the deeps beneath the breasts of Mystery in night
Where Urizen sat on his rock, behold, the shadow brooded.
Urizen saw and triumphed, and he cried to his warriors:—
The Time of Prophecy is now revolved at last, and all
The universal ornament is mine, and in my hand
The ends of heaven. Like a garment I will fold them round,
Consuming what must be consumed. In power and majesty
I will walk forth through these wide fields of endless Eternity,
A God and not a Man, a conqueror in triumphant glory,
And all the sons of mortality shall bow down at my feet.

First trades and commerce, ships and armed vessels he builded laborious
To swim the deep; and on the land children are sold to trades
Of dire necessity, still labouring day and night, till, all
Their life extinct, they take the spectre form in dark despair,
And slaves in myriads, in shiploads, burden the sounding deep.

And Urizen laid the first stone, and all his myriads

Builded a temple in the image of the human heart.
And in the inner part of the temple, wondrous workmanship,
They formed the secret place, reviving all the altars of delight,—
That whosoever entered into the temple might not be sold
The hidden, wondrous allegories of the generations—
Of secret lust, when hid in chambers dark the mighty harlot
Plays at disguise in whispered hymn and mumbling prayer. The Priests
He ordained, Presbyters, and clothed in disguises bestial,
Inspiring secrets. They bore lamps. Intoxicating fumes
Roll round the temple. And they took the sun that glowed o'er Los
And with immense machines, down-rolling, the terrific orb
Compelled. The sun, reddening, like a lion in his chains,
Descended to the sound of instruments that drowned the noise
Of the hoarse wheels and the terrific howling of wild beasts
That dragged the wheels of the sun's chariot. And they put the sun
Into the temple of Urizen, to give light to the Abyss,
To light the war by day, to hide his secret braves by night—
The day for war, the night for secret religion in his temple.

Los reared his mighty stature: on earth stood his feet, above
The moon his furious forehead, circled with black bursting thunders,
The naked limbs glittering upon the dark blue sky, his knees

Bathèd in bloody clouds, his loins in fires of war where spears
And swords rage, where the eagles cry and the vultures laugh, saying:

Now comes the night of carnage, and the flesh of kings and princes
Pampered in palaces for our food, the blood of captains nurtured
With lust and murder for our drink. The drunken raven shall wander
All night among the slain and mock the wounded that groan in the field.
Tharmas laughed, furious among the banners clothed with blood,
Crying: As I will I rend the nations all asunder, rending
The people. Vain their combinations, I will scatter them.
But thou, oh! Son, whom I have crownèd and enthroned the strong,
I will preserve thee. Enemies rise round thee numberless.
I will command my winds and they shall scatter them, or call
My waters like a flood around thee. Fear not, trust in me,
And I will give thee all the orbs of heaven for thy possession.
In war shalt thou bear rule, in blood shalt thou triumph for me,
Because in times of everlasting I was rent in sunder,
And what I loved, divided was among my enemies.
My little daughters were made captives, and I saw them beaten
With whips along the sultry roads. I heard those whom I loved
Crying in secret tents at night, and in the morn compelled

To labour ; and, behold, my heart sunk down beneath in sighs,
In sobbings, until all divided I divided was
In twain, and lo, my crystal form that in my bosom lived,
Followed her daughters to the field of blood : they left me naked,
Alone, and they refused to return from the fields of the mighty.
Therefore I will reward them as they have rewarded me ;
I will divide them in my anger, and thou, oh ! my king,
Shalt gather them from out their graves, and put thy fetters on,
And bind them to thee, that my crystal form may come to me.

So cried the Demon of the Waters in the clouds of Los.
Outstretched upon the hills lay Enitharmon. Clouds and tempests
Beat round her head all night : all day she riots in excess.
But night and day Los follows war. The moon rolls over her,
That, when Los warred upon the south, reflected the fierce fires
Of his immortal head in north, upon faint Enitharmon.
Red rage the furies of fierce Orc. Black thunders roll round Los,
Flaming : his head like the sun seen through mist that magnifies
The disk into a terrible vision to th' eyes of dreaming mortals.

And Enitharmon, trembling in fear, uttered these words :—

I put not my trust in thee, nor in thy glittering scales;
Thy eyelids are a terror, and the flaming of thy crest;
The rustling of thy scales confounds me, thy hoarse rustling scales.
And if that Los had not built me a bower upon a rock,
I must have died in the dark desert among noxious worms.
How shall I flee? How shall I flee into the bower of Los?
My feet are turnèd backwards and my footsteps slide in clay,
And clouds are closèd round my towers. My arms labour in vain.
Does not the God of Waters in the rocking elements
Love those who hate, rewarding with his hate the living soul?
And must I not obey the God, thou shadow of jealousy?
I cry; the watchman heareth not. I pour my voice in roarings:
Watchman! the night is thick, and darkness chokes my rayie sight.
Lift up! lift up! oh, Los! awake my watchman, for he sleepeth.
Lift up! lift up! Shine forth, oh, Light! Watchman, thy light is out.
Oh, Los! unless thou keep my tower the watchman will be slain.

So Enitharmon cried upon her terrible earthy bed,
While the broad oak wreathed his roots round her, forcing his dark way
Through caves of death into existence. The beech, long-limbed, advanced
Terrific into the pained heavens. The fruit-trees humanizing,
Showed their immortal energies in warlike desperation,
Rending the heavens and earths, and drinking blood in the hot battle

To feed their fruit, to gratify their hidden sons and daughters,
That far in close recesses of their secret palaces
Viewed the vast war and joy'd therein, writhing to vegetate
Into the worlds of Enitharmon. Loud the roaring winds
Burdened with clouds howl round the couch. Sullen the woolly sheep
Walks through the battle. Dark and fierce the strong bull in his rage
Propagates through the warring earth. The lions raging in flames,
The tiger in redounding smoke, the serpent of the woods
And of the waters, and the scorpion of the desert irritate
With harsh songs every living soul. The prester serpent runs
Along the ranks, crying, Listen to the priest of God, ye warriors;
This cowl upon my head he placed in times of everlasting,
And said, Go forth and guide my battles. Like the pointed spears
Of Man I made thee when I blotted Man from life and light.
Take thou the seven diseases of Man. Store them for time to come
In store-houses, in secret places I will tell thee of,
To be my great and lawful curses at the appointed time.
The prester serpent ceased. The war-song sounded loud and strong
Through all the heavens. Urizen wet, vibrated torrent on torrent.

Now in the caverns of the grave and places of human seed
The nameless, shadowy vortex stood before the face of Orc.

The shadow raised her dismal head over the flaming youth
With sighs and howlings and deep sobs, that he might lose his rage,
And with it lose himself in meekness. She embraced his fire,
As when the Earthquake rises from his den, his shoulders huge
Appear above the crumbling mountains, silence waits round him
A moment. Then astounding horror belches from the centre,
The fiery dogs arise, and then the shoulders huge appear;
So Orc rolled round his clouds upon the deeps of dark Urthona.
Knowing the arts of Urizen were pity and affection,
And by these arts the serpent form exuded from his limbs
Silent as is despairing love, and strong as jealousy,
Jealousy that she was Vala, now become Urizen's harlot.
And the harlot and the deluded harlot of the kings of the earth
His soul was gnawn asunder . . .
The hairy shoulders rend the links, free are the wrists of fire,
Red rage resounds, he roused his lions from his forests dark,
They howl around the flaming youth, rending the nameless shadow,
And running their immortal course through solid darkness borne.

Loud sounds the war-song round red Orc in his resistless fury,
And round the nameless shadowy female in her howling terror,
When all the elemental gods joined in the wondrous song.

Sound the war-trumpet terrific, souls clad in attractive steel!
Sound the shrill fife, serpents of war! I hear the northern drum
Awake! I hear the flapping of the folding banners . . .
The dragons of the north put on their armour . . .
Upon the eastern sea . . . they take their course . . .
The glittering of their horses and trappings stains the vault of night.
Stop we the rising of the glorious king,—spur, spur your steeds,
Oh, northern drum! awake—oh, hand of iron, sound
The northern drum. Now give the charge! Bravely obscured
With darts of wintry hail. Again the black bow draw:
Again the elemental strings to your right breasts draw,
And let the shadowy drum speed on the arrows black.

The arrows flew from cloudy bow all day, till blood
From east to west flowed like the human victims in rivers
Of life upon the plains of death and valleys of despair.
Now sound the clarions of victory, now strip
The slain, now clothe yourselves in golden arms, brothers of war.
They sound the clarions strong, they chain the howling captives,
They cast the lots into the helmet, they give the oath of blood,
They vote the death of Luvah, and they nailed him to a tree
To die a death of six thousand years bound round with vegetation.
The sun was black and the moon rolled, a useless globe through heaven.

Then left the sons of Urizen the plough and harrow and loom,
The hammer and the chisel and the rule and compasses.
They forged the sword, the chariot of war, the battle-axe,
The trumpet fitted to the battle, and the flute of summer,
And all the arts of life they changed into the arts of death.
The hour-glass contemned because its simple workmanship
Was as the workmanship of the ploughman and the waterwheel
That raises water into cisterns broken and burned with fire,
Because its workmanship was like the workmanship of the shepherd,
And in their stead intricate wheels, involved, wheel within wheel,
To perplex youth in their outgoings, to bind the labourers
Of day and night, the myriads of eternity, that they might file
And polish brass and iron hour after hour, laborious work,
Kept ignorant of the use; that they might spend the days of wisdom
In sorrowful drudgery to obtain a scanty pittance of bread,
In ignorance to view a small portion and think that All,
And call it demonstration, blind to the simple rules of life.

Now, now the battle rages round thy tender limbs, oh Vala!
Now smile among thy bitter tears, now put on all thy beauty.

Is not the wound of the sword sweet and the broken bone delightful?
Wilt thou now smile among the slain when the wounded groan in the fields?
Lift up thy blue eyes, Vala, and put on thy sapphire shoes,—
Oh melancholy Magdalen, behold the morning breaks.
Gird in thy flaming loins, descend into the sepulchre,
Scatter the blood from thy golden bow and tears from thy silver locks,
Shake off the water from thy wings, the dust from thy white garments.
Remember all thy feigned terrors on the secret couch
When the sun rose in glowing morn with arms of mighty hosts
Marching to battle, who was wont to rise with Urizen's harps
Girt as a sower with his seed to scatter life abroad.
Arise, oh Vala! bring the bow of Urizen, bring the swift arrows of light,
How raged the golden horses of Urizen, bound to the chariot of love,
Compelled to leave the plough to the ox, to snuff up desolation,
To tramp cornfields in boastful neighings. This is no gentle harp,
This is no warbling brook, nor shadow of a myrtle-tree,
But blood and wounds and dismal cries and clarions of war,
And hearts laid open to the light by the broad, grizzly sword,
And bowels hid in hammered steel ripped out upon the ground,—
Call forth thy smiles of soft deceit,—call forth thy cloudy tears,
We hear thy sighs in trumpets shrill when morn shall blood renew.

So sang the demons of the deep. The clarions of war blew loud.

Orc rent her, and his human form consumed in his own fires
Mingled with her dolorous members, strewn through the abyss.
She joyed in conflict, gratified and drinking tears of woe.
No more remained of Orc but the serpent round the tree of mystery.
The form of Orc was gone. He reared his serpent bulk among
The stars of Urizen in furor, rending the form of life
Into a formless indefinite and strewing her on the abyss
Like clouds upon a winter sky, broken with wind and thunders.
This was, to her, supreme delight. The warriors mourned disappointed.
They go to war with many shouts and with loud clarions.
Oh, pity! They return with lamentations, mourning, weeping.
Invisible or visible, drawn out in length or breadth,
The shadowy female varied in the war in her delight.
Howling in discontent, black, heavy, uttering harsh sounds,
Wandering through fires and slimy weeds and making lamentations
To deliver Tharmas in his rage, to soothe his furious soul,
To stay his flight that Urizen might live although in pain.
He said: Art thou bright Enion? is the shadow of hope returned?

And she said: Tharmas, I am Vala, bless thy innocent face!
Doth Enion avoid the sight of thy blue watery eyes?
Be not persuaded that the air knows this, or the falling dew.

Tharmas replied: Oh! Vala, once I lived in a garden of delight;
I watered Enion in the morning, and she lived always
Among the apple-trees; and all the garden of delight
Swam like a dream before my eyes. I went to seek the steps
Of Enion in the garden, and the shadow compassed me
And closed me in a watery world of woe where Enion stood
Trembling before me like a shadow, like a mist, like air.
And she is gone, and here alone I war with darkness and death.
I hear thy voice, but not thy form see. Thou and all delight
And life appear and vanish,—mocking me with shadows of false hope.
Hast thou forgot that the air listens through all its districts, telling
The subtlest thoughts shut up from light in chambers of the moon?

Tharmas, the moon has chambers where the babes of love lie hid,
And whence they never can be brought in all Eternity
Unless exposed by their vain parents. Lo, he whom I love
Is hidden from me, and I never in all Eternity
Shall see him. Enitharmon and Ahania, combined with Enion,
Hid him in that outrageous form of Orc, which torments me for sin;
For all my secret faults which he brings forth upon the light
Of day in jealousy and blood. My children are led to Urizen's war
Before my eyes, and for every one of these I am condemned
To eternal torment in these flames, for though I have the power

To rise on high, yet love here binds me down, and never, never
Will I arise till him I love is loosed from this dark chain.

Tharmas replied: Vala, thy sins have lost us heaven and bliss,
Thou art our curse, and till I can bring love into the light
I never will depart from my great wrath. . . .

So Tharmas wailed. Dreadful they rode upon the stormy deep,
Cursing the voice that mocked them with false hope in furious mood.
Then she returned, swift as a blight upon the infant bred,
Howling in all the notes of woe to stay his furious rage,
Stamping the hills, wandering, swimming, flying furious, falling,
Or like an earthquake rumbling in the bowels of the earth,
Or like a cloud beneath, or like a fire flaming on high,
Walking with pleasure on the hills or running in the dales
Like to a rushing torrent beneath and a falling rock above,
A thundercloud in the south and a chilling voice heard in the north.

And she went forth and saw the forms of life and of delight
Walking on mountains or flying in the open expanse of heaven.
She heard sweet voices in the winds and in the voices of birds
That rose from waters, for the waters were as the voice of Luvah,
Not seen to her like waters or like this dark world of death,

Though all those fair perfections which men know only by name
In beautiful substantial forms appeared and served her
As food or drink or ornament, or in delightful works
To build her bowers, for the elements brought forth abundantly
The living soul in glorious forms, and every one came forth
Walking before her shadowy face and bowing at her feet.
But in vain delights were poured forth on the howling melancholy.
For her delight the horse his proud neck bowed, and his whole mane,
And the strong lion deigned in his mouth to wear the golden bit,
While the far-beaming peacock walkèd on the fragrant wind
To bring her fruits of sweet delight from trees of richest wonder,
And the strong eagle bore the fire of heaven in the night.
Woo'd and subdued into eternal death the demon lay,
In rage against the dark despair, the howling melancholy.
For far and wide she stretched through all the worlds of Urizen's journey,
And was adjoined to Beulah as the polypus to the rock.
Mourning, the daughters of Beulah saw, nor could they have sustained
The horrid sight of death and torment. But the Eternal promise
They wrote on all their tombs and pillars and on every urn,
These words,—If ye will believe, your brother shall rise again,—
In golden letters ornamented with sweet labours of love,

Waiting in patience for the fulfilment of the promise Divine.

And all the songs of Beulah sounded comfortable notes,
Not suffering doubt to rise up from the clouds of the shadowy female.
The myriads of the dead burst through the bottoms of their tombs,
Descending on the shadowy female's clouds in spectrous terror,
Beyond the limit of translucence on the lake of Udan Adan.
These they named Satans, and in the aggregate they named them Satan.

END OF THE SEVENTH NIGHT

NIGHT THE EIGHTH

Then all in great Eternity, which is called the council of God,
Met as one Man, even Jesus, upon Gilead and Hermon,
Upon the limit of contraction to awake the fallen Man.
The fallen Man stretched like a corse upon the oozy rock,
Washed with the tide, pale, overgrown with the waves,
Just moved with horrible dreams, and waving high over his head
Two winged immortal shapes were seen, one standing at his feet
Toward the east, one standing at his head toward the west,
Their wings joined in the Zenith overhead; but other wings
They had that clothed their bodies like a garment of soft down,
Silvery, bright, shining upon the dark blue sky in silver.
These wings touchèd the heavens. Their fair feet hovered above
The swelling tides; they bent over the dead corse like an arch,
Pointed at the top in highest heaven of precious stones and pearl.
Such is a vision of all Beulah hovering over the sleeper.

The limit of contraction was now fixed, and Man began

To wake upon the couch of death. He sneezed seven times;
A tear of blood dropped from either eye. Again he reposed
In the Saviour's arms, in the arms of tender mercy and loving kindness.

Then Los said: I behold the Divine Vision through the broken gates
Of thy poor broken heart, astonished, melted into compassion and love.

Enitharmon said: I see the Lamb of God upon Mount Zion.

Wondering with love and awe they felt the Divine Hand upon them;
For nothing could restrain the dead in Beulah from descending
Unto Ulro's night, tempted by the shadowy female's sweet
Delusive cruelty. They descend away from the daughters of Beulah
And enter Urizen's temple, Enitharmon pitying, and her heart-
Gates broken down. They descend through the gate of Pity—
The broken heart-gate of Enitharmon. She sighs them forth upon the wind
Of Golgonooza. Los stood at the gate receiving them—
For Los could enter into Enitharmon's bosom and explore
Its intricate labyrinths now the obdurate heart was broken—
From out the war of Urizen and Tharmas receiving them
Into his hands. Then Enitharmon erected looms in Laban's gate,
And called the looms Cathedron. In these looms she wove the Spectres,

Bodies of vegetation, singing lulling cadences to drive away
Despair from the poor, wandering spectres; and Los lovèd them
With a parental love, for the Divine hand was upon him
And upon Enitharmon, and the Divine countenance shone
In Golgonooza. Looking down, the daughters of Beulah saw,
With joy, the bright light, and in it a human form,
And knew he was the Saviour, even Jesus: and they worshipped,
Astonished, comforted, delighted, in notes of rapturous ecstasy.

All Beulah stood astonished, looking down to Eternal Death.
They saw the Saviour beyond the pit of Death and of Destruction.
For whether they looked upward they saw the Divine Vision,
Or whether they looked downward still they saw the Divine Vision,
Surrounding them on all sides beyond sin and death and hell.

And Enitharmon wove in tears, singing songs of lamentation
And pitying comfort, as she sighs forth on the wind the Spectre,
Also the vegetated bodies which Enitharmon wove,
Opened within their hearts, and in their loins, and in their brain,
To Beulah; and the dead in Ulro descended from the war
Of Urizen and Tharmas, and from the shadowy female's clouds.
And some were woven single, and some twofold, and some threefold,

In head or heart or loins, according to the fittest order
Of most merciful pity and compassion to the spectrous dead.

When Urizen saw the Lamb of God clothed in Luvah's robes,
Perplexed and terrified he stood, though well he knew that Orc
Was Luvah. But he now beheld a new Luvah, or Orc,
Who assumed Luvah's form and stood before him opposite.

But he saw Orc, a serpent form, augmenting times on times
In the fierce battle; and he saw the Lamb of God and the world of Los
Surrounded by his dark machine, for Orc augmented swift
In fury, a serpent wondrous amongst the constellations of Urizen.
A crest of fire rose on his forehead, red as a carbuncle,
Beneath, down to his eyelids, scales of pearl, then gold and silver
Immingled with the ruby, overspread his visage down
His furious neck; writhing, contortive in dire budding pains,
The scaly armour shot out. Stubborn, down his back and bosom
The emerald, onyx, sulphur, jasper, beryl, amethyst,
Stood, in terrific emulation which should gain a place
Upon the mighty fiend—the fruit of the mysterious tree
Kneaded in Uvith's kneading-trough. Still Orc devoured the food
In raging hunger. Still the pestilential food, in gems and gold,

Exuded round his awful limbs, stretching to serpent length
His human bulk, while the dark, shadowy female, brooding o'er,
Measured his food morning and evening in cups and baskets of iron.
With tears of sorrow incessant she laboured the food of Orc,
Compelled by the iron-hearted sisters, daughters of Urizen.
Gathering the fruit of that mysterious tree, circling its root,
She spread herself through all the branches in the power of Orc.

Thus Urizen, in soft deceit, his warlike preparations fabricated;
And when all things were finished, sudden waved among the stars
His hurtling hand gave the dire signal. Thund'rous clarions blow,
And all the hollow deep re-bellowed with the thund'rous war.
But Urizen his mighty rage let loose in the mid-deep.
Sparkles of dire afflictions issued round his frozen limbs.
Horrible hooks and nets he formed, twisting the cords of iron
And brass and molten metals, cast in hollow globes, and bored
Tubes in petrific steel, and rammed combustibles, and wheels
And chains and pulleys, fabricated all round the heavens of Los,
Communing with the serpent Orc in dark dissimulation,
And with the Synagogue of Satan in dark Sanhedrin,
To undermine the world of Los, to tear bright Enitharmon
To the four winds, hopeless of future. All futurity

Seems teeming with endless destruction never to be expelled;
Desperate remorse swallows the present in a quenchless rage.
Terrified and astonished, Urizen beheld the battle take a form
Which he intended not, a shadowy hermaphrodite, black and opaque—
The soldiers named it Satan, but he was as yet unformed and vast.
Hermaphroditic it at length became, hiding the male
Within as in a tabernacle, abominable, deadly.

The battle howls, the terrors fired rage in the work of death;
Enormous work. Los contemplated, inspired by the holy Spirit.
Los builds the walls of Golgonooza against the stirring battle,
That only through the gates of death they can enter to Enitharmon.
Raging they take the human visage and the human form,
Feeling the hand of Los in Golgonooza, and the force
Attractive of his hammers beating, and the silver looms
Of Enitharmon singing lulling cadences on the wind;
They humanize in the fierce battle, where in direful pain.
Troop by troop the bestial drove rend one another, sounding loud
The instruments of sound; and troop by troop, in human forms, they urge
The dire confusion till the battle faints. Those that remain
Return in pangs and horrible convulsions to their bestial state;
For the monsters of the elements, lions or tigers or wolves

Sound loud the howls, music inspired by Los and Enitharmon sounding loud and terrific. Men
They seem to one another, laughing terrible among the banners.
And when the revolution of the day of battles was o'er,
Relapsing in dire torment, they return to forms of woe,
To moping visages, retiring, inanimate, furious.
No more erect, though strong, drawn out in length they ravin
For senseless gratification, and their visages thrust forth,
Flatten above and beneath and stretch out into bestial length.
Weakened they stretch beyond their power in dire droves till war begins,
Or secret religion in their temples before secret shrines.

And Urizen gave life and sense by his immortal power
To all his engines of deceit, that linked chains might run
Through ranks of war, spontaneous: that hooks and boring screws
Might act according to their forms by innate cruelty.
He formed also harsh instruments of sound . . .
To grate the soul into destruction, or to inflame with fury
The spirits of life, to pervert all the faculties of sense
Into their own destruction, if perhaps he might avert
His own despair even at the cost of everything that breathes.

Thus in the temple of the sun his books of iron and brass
And silver and gold he consecrated, reading incessantly
To myriads of perturbed spirits: through the universe

They propagated the deadly words, the shadowy female absorbing
The enormous science of Urizen, age after age exploring
The fell destruction, and she said: Oh! Urizen, Prince of Light,
What words of dread pierce my faint ear? What falling snows around
My feeble limbs enfold my destined misery?
I alone dare the last abide to sit beneath the blast
Unhurt, and dare the inclement forehead of the King of Light,
From dark abysses of the times remote, fated to be.
The Sorrower of Eternity in love with tears, submiss I rear
My eyes to thy Pavilions. Hear my prayer for Luvah's sake.
I see the murderer of my Luvah clothed in robes of blood,
He who assumed my Luvah's robes in times of Everlasting.
Where hast thou hid him whom I love; in what remote abyss
Resides that God of my delight? Oh! might my eyes behold
My Luvah, then would I deliver all the Sons of God
From bondage of these terrors, and with influences sweet,
As once in those eternal fields of brotherhood and love,
United we should live in bliss as those who sinnèd not.
The Eternal Man is sealed by thee, never to be delivered.
We are all servants to thy will. Oh! King of Light, relent
Thy furious power; be our father and our lovèd king.
But if my Luvah is no more, if thou hast smitten him
And laid him in the sepulchre, or if thou wilt revenge
His murder on another, silent I bow with dread.

But happiness can never come to thee, oh King! nor me,
For he was the source of every joy that this mysterious tree
Unfolds in allegoric fruit. When shall the dead revive?
Can that which has existed cease? Can love and life expire?

Urizen heard the voice, and saw the shadow underneath
His woven darkness, and in laws and deceitful religions,
Beginning at the tree of Mystery, circling its roots,
He spread himself through all the branches in the power of Orc,
A shapeless and indefinite cloud, in tears of sorrow incessant.
Steeping the direful web of religion, swagging, heavy, it fell
From heaven to earth, through all its meshes, altering the vortexes,
Misplacing every centre. Hungry desire and lust began
Gathering the fruit of that mysterious tree, till Urizen,
Sitting within his temple, furious, felt the ruining stupor,
Himself caught in his own net, in sorrow, lust, repentance.

Enitharmon wove in tears, singing songs of lamentations,
And pitying comfort as she sigh'd forth on the wind the spectres,
And wove them bodies, calling them her beloved sons and daughters,
Employing the daughters in her looms, and Los employed the sons

In Golgonooza's furnaces among the anvils of time and space.
Thus forming a vast family, wondrous in beauty and love,
And they appeared a Universal female form created
From those who were dead in Ulro, from the spectres of the dead.

And Enitharmon named the female Jerusalem the Holy.
Wondering, she saw the Lamb of God within Jerusalem's veil;
The Divine Vision seen within the inmost deep recess
Of fair Jerusalem's bosom in a gently beaming fire.

Then sang the sons of Eden round the Lamb of God, and said,—
Glory, Glory—Glory to the Holy Lamb of God,—
Who now beginneth to put off the dark Satanic body.
Now we behold redemption. Now we know that life eternal
Depends alone upon the Universal hand, and not in us
Is aught but death, in individual weakness, sorrow and pain.
We behold with wonder Enitharmon's looms and Los's forges,
And the spindles of Tirzah and Rahab, and the mills of Satan and Beelzebub.
In Golgonooza Los's anvils stand and his furnaces rage,—
The hard dentant hammers lulled by the flutes' lula-lula—
The bellowing furnaces blaze by the long resounding clarions,
Ten thousand demons labour at the forges creating continually
The times and spaces of Mortal life, the Sun, the Moon, the Stars,
In periods of pulsative furor, breaking into wedges and bars,

Then drawing into wires the terrific Passions and Affections
Of Spectrous Dead, thence to the looms of Cathedron conveyed.
The daughters of Enitharmon weave the ovarium and integument
In soft silk, drawn from their own bowels in lascivious delight,
With songs of sweetest cadence to the turning spindle and reel,
Lulling the weeping spectres of the dead, clothing their limbs
With gifts and gold of Eden. Astonished, stupefied with delight,
The terrors put on their sweet clothing on the banks of Arnon,
Whence they plunge into the river of space for a period, until
The dread sleep of Ulro is passed. But Satan, Og, and Sihon
Build mills of resistless wheels to unwind the soft threads and reveal
Naked of their clothing the poor spectres before the accusing heavens,
While Rahab and Tirzah far different mantles prepare, webs of torture,
Mantles of despair, girdles of bitter compunction, shoes of indolence,
Veils of ignorance, covering from head to foot with a cold web.
We look down into Ulro, and we behold the wonders of the grave.
Eastward of Golgonooza stands the lake of Udan Adan, in
Entuthon Benython, a lake not of waters but of spaces,
Perturbed, black, and deadly. On its strands and its margins,
The mills of Satan and Beelzebub stand round the roots of Urizen's tree,

For this lake is formed of the tears and sighs and death-sweat of the victims
Of Urizen's laws, to irrigate the roots of the tree of Mystery.
They unweave the soft threads, then they weave them anew in forms
Of dark death and despair, and none from Eternity to Eternity could escape.
But thou, Universal Humanity, who is One Man, blessed for ever,
Receivest the integuments woven. Rahab beholds the Lamb of God.
She smites with her knife of flint. She destroys her own work
Times upon times, thinking to destroy the Lamb, blessed for ever.
He puts off the clothing of blood,—he redeems spectres from their bonds,
He awakes sleepers in Ulro. The daughters of Beulah praise him;
They anoint his feet with ointment, they wipe them with the hairs of their head.
We now behold the ends of Beulah, and we now behold,—
Where death eternal is put off eternally. Oh! Lamb,
Assume the dark Satanic body in the Virgin's womb.
Oh! Lamb Divine, it cannot thee annoy! Oh! pitying one,
Thy pity is from the foundation of the world, and thy Redemption
Begins already in Eternity. Come, then, oh! Lamb of God,
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly.

So saying in Eternity, looking down into Beulah,
The war roared round Jerusalem's gates. It took a hideous form
Seen in the aggregate, a vast Hermaphroditic form,
Heaved like an earthquake, labouring with convulsive groans

Intolerable. At length an awful wonder burst
From the Hermaphroditic bosom. Satan, he was named
Son of Perdition, terrible his form, dishumanized, monstrous,
A male without a female counterpart, a howling fiend
Forlorn of Eden, and repugnant to the forms of life—
Yet hiding the shadowy female Vala, as in an ark and curtains—
Abhorred, accursed, ever dying an eternal death.
Being multitudes of tyrant men in union blasphemous
Against the Divine Image, congregated assemblies of wicked men.

Pitying, the Lamb of God descended through Jerusalem's gates
To put off the Mystery, time after time, and as a Man
Is born on earth, so was he born of fair Jerusalem
In Mystery's woven mantle, and in the robes of Luvah.
He stood in fair Jerusalem to awake up into Eden
The fallen Man,—but first to give his vegetated body
To be cut off that the Spiritual body may be revealed.

The Lamb of God stood before Satan opposite,
In Entuthon Benython, in the shadows of torment and woe,
Upon the heights of Amalek, taking refuge in his arms.
The victims fled from punishment, for all his words were peace.
Urizen called together the synagogue of Satan in dark Sanhedrin,
To judge the Lamb of God to death as a murderer and a robber,
As it is written he was numbered among the transgressors.
Cold, dark, opaque, the assembly met twelvefold in Amalek,
Twelve rocky unshaped forms, terrific forms of torture and woe,

Such seemed the synagogue to distant view, amidst them beamed
A false female counterpart of Lovely Delusive Beauty,
Dividing and uniting at will in cruelties of holiness,—
Vala,—drawn down into a vegetative body, now triumphant,
The synagogue of Satan clothed her with scarlet robes and gems,
And on her forehead was her name, written in blood,
—'Mystery.'
When viewed remote she is One, when viewed near she divides
To multitudes, as it is in Eden, so permitted because
It was the best possible in the state called Satan to save
From Death Eternal, and to put off Satan continually.
The synagogue created her from fruit of Urizen's tree,
By Devilish arts, abominable, unlawful, unutterable,
Perpetually vegetating in detestable birth
Of female forms, beautiful through poisons hidden in secret,
Which give attraction to false beauty. Then was hidden within
The bosom of Satan the False Female, as in an ark and veil,
Which Christ must rend and her reveal. Her daughters are called
Tirzah. She is named Rahab. Their various divisions are called
The daughters of Amalek, Canaan, and Moab, binding on the stones
Their victims, and with knives wounding them, singing with tears
Over their victims. Hear ye the song of the females of Amalek.

Oh, thou poor human form! Oh, thou poor child of woe!
Why dost thou wander away from Tirzah? why compel me to bind thee?

If thou dost go away from me, I shall consume upon the rocks
These fibres of thine eyes that used to wander in distant heavens
Away from me. I have bound down with a hot iron chain
These nostrils that expanded with delight in morning skies,
I have bent downward with lead molten in my furnaces.
My soul is seven furnaces, incessant roar the bellows,
Upon my terribly flaming heart the molten metal runs
In channels through my fiery limbs. Oh Love! Oh Pity Oh Pain!
Oh, the pangs, the bitter pangs of love forsaken!
Ephraim was a wilderness of joy where all my wild beasts ran.
The River Kanah wandered by my sweet Manasseh's side.
Go, Noah, fetch the girdle of strong brass, heat it red hot,
Press it around the loins of this expanding cruelty.
Shriek not so, my only love.
Bind him down, sisters, bind him down on Ebal, mount of cursing.
Malah, come forth from Lebanon, and Hoglah from Mount Sinai—
Come, circumscribe this tongue of sweets, and with a screw of iron
Fasten this ear into the rock. Milcah, the task is thine.
Weep not so, sisters, weep not so; our life depends on this,
Or Mercy and Truth are fled away from Shechem and Mount Gilead,
Unless my beloved is bound down on the stems of Vegetation.

Such are the songs of Tirzah, such the loves of Amalek.

The Lamb of God descended through the nether portions of Luvah,
Bearing his sorrows and receiving all his cruel wounds.

Thus was the Lamb of God condemned to death.
They nailed him upon the tree of Mystery, weeping over him,
And then mocking, and then worshipping, calling him Lord and King.
Sometimes as twelve daughters lovely, sometimes as five,
They stood in beaming beauty. Sometimes as one, even Rahab,
Who is Mystery, Babylon the great, mother of Harlots.

Jerusalem saw the body dead upon the Cross. She fled away,
Saying:—Is this Eternal death? Where shall I hide from death?
Pity me, Los! Pity me, Urizen!—and let us build
A Sepulchre, and worship Death in fear while yet we live—
Death! God of all! From whom we rise, to whom we all return—
And let all nations of the Earth worship at the Sepulchre
With gifts and spices, and with lamps embossed, jewels and gold.

Los took the body from the Cross, Jerusalem weeping over,
They bore it to the Sepulchre, which Los had hewn in the rock
Of Eternity for himself: he hew'd it despairing of Life Eternal.
But when Rahab had cut off the Mantle of Luvah from
The Lamb of God, it rolled apart, revealing to all in heaven

And all in earth, the Temple, the Synagogue of Satan, and Mystery,
Even Rahab in all her turpitude. Rahab divided herself—
She stood before Los in her pride among the Furnaces,
Dividing and uniting in delusive feminine powers, questioning him.
He answered her with tenderness and love, not uninspired.

Los sat upon his anvil stock. They sat beside the forge.
Los wiped the sweat from his red brow, and thus began
To the delusive female forms shining among his furnaces:

I am that shadowy prophet who, six thousand years ago,
Fell from my station in the Eternal bosom. I divided
To multitudes, and my multitudes are children of care and labour.
Oh! Rahab, I behold thee. I was once like thee, a son
Of Pride, and I have pierced the Lamb of God in pride and wrath.
Hear me repeat my generations that thou mayst also repent.
And these are the generations of Los and Enitharmon:
Rintrah, Palamabron,
Theotormon, Bromion, Antamon, Ananton, Ozoth, Ohana,
Sotha, Mydon, Ellayol, Natha, Gon, Hurhath, Satan,
Har, Ochim, Ijim, Adam, Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah, Dan, Naphtali,
Gad, Asher, Issachar, Zebulun, Joseph, Benjamin, David, Solomon,
Paul, Constantine, Charlemagne, Luther, Milton.
These are our daughters: Ocalythron, Elynitria, Oothoon, Leutha,
Elythiria, Enanto, Manatha Varcyon, Ethinthus, Moab, Midian,

Aah, Tullah, Caina, Naamah, Tamar, Rahab, Tirzah, Mary.
And myriads more of sons and daughters to whom our loves increased,
To each according to the multiplication of their multitudes.
But Satan accused Palamabron before his brethren, also he maddened
The horses of Palamabron's harrow, wherefore Rintrah and Palamabron
Cut him off from Golgonooza. But Enitharmon, in tears,
Wept over him, and created him a space with a tender moon,
As he rolled down beneath the fires of Orc, a globe immense
Crested with snow in a dim void. Here, by the arts of Urizen,
He tempted many of the sons and daughters of Los to flee
Away from them. First Reuben fled, then Simeon, then Levi, then Judah,
Then Dan, then Naphtali, then Gad, then Asher, then Issachar,
Then Zebulun, then Joseph, then Benjamin,—twelve sons of Los.
And this is the manner in which Satan became the tempter.
There is a state named Satan. Learn distinct to know, oh Rahab!
The difference between states and individuals of those states.
The state named Satan never can be redeemed to all Eternity.
But when Luvah in Orc became a Serpent, he descended into
That state called Satan. Enitharmon breathed forth on the winds
Of Golgonooza her well-beloved, knowing he was Orc's human remains.

She tenderly loved him above all his brethren. He grew up
In mother's tenderness. The enormous worlds rolling in Urizen's power
Must have given Satan, by these mild arts, dominion over all,
Wherefore Palamabron being accused by Satan to Los,
Called down a great solemn assembly. Rintrah, in fury and fear,
Defended Palamabron, and rage filled the universal tent.
Because Palamabron was good-natured, Satan supposed he feared him,
And Satan not having the science of wrath, but only of pity,
Was soon condemned, and wrath was left to wrath, and pity to pity.
Rintrah and Palamabron, cut sheer off from Golgonooza,
Enitharmon's moony space, and in it, Satan and his companions.
They rolled down a dim world, crushed with snow, deadly and dark.
Jerusalem, pitying them, wove them mantles of life and death,
Times after times, and those in Eden set Lucifer for their guard.
Lucifer refused to die for Satan. In pride he forsook his charge.
They sent Molech. Molech was impatient. They sent—
Molech impatient—they sent Elohim, who created Adam,
To die for Satan. Adam refused, but was compelled to die
By Satan's arts. Then the eternals sent Shaddai.
Shaddai was angry. Pahad descended. Pahad was terrified.
And then they sent Jehovah, who, leprous, stretched his hand to Eternity.

Then Jesus came, and died willing beneath Tirzah and Rahab.
Thou art that Rahab. To the tomb. What can we purpose more?
Lo, Enitharmon, terrible and beautiful in eternal youth,
Bow down before her, you, her children. Set Jerusalem free.

Rahab, burning with pride and revenge, departed from Los.
Los dropped a tear at her departure, but he wiped it away in hope.
She went to Urizen in pride. The Prince of Light beheld
Revealed before the face of heaven his secret holiness.
Darkness and sorrow covered all flesh. Eternity was darkened.

Urizen sitting in his web of deceitful religion
Felt the female death,—a dull and numbing stupor, such as never
Before assaulted the bright human form. He felt his pores
Drink in the deadly, dull delusion. Terrors of Eternal Death
Shot through him. Urizen sat stonied upon his rock.
Forgetful of his own laws, petrifying he began to embrace
The shadowy female. Since life cannot be quenched, life exuded,
His eyes shot forward, then his breathing nostrils drawn forth.
Scales covered over a cold forehead and a neck outstretched
Into the deep to seize the shadow. Scales his neck and bosom
Covered; scales his hands and feet. Upon his belly falling

Outstretched through the immense; his mouth wide open, tongueless,
His teeth a triple row, he strove to seize the shadow in vain,
And his immense tail lashed the abyss. His human form a stone.
A form of senseless stone remained in terrors on the rock,
Abominable to the eyes of mortals who explore his books.
His wisdom still remained, and all his memory stored with woe.
And still his stony form remained in the abyss immense,
Like the pale visage in its sheet of lead that cannot follow.
Incessant stern disdain his scaly form gnaws inwardly,
With deep repentance for the loss of that fair form of Man.
With envy he saw Los, with envy Tharmas and Urthona,
With envy and in vain he swam around his stony form.
No longer now erect, the king of light, outstretched in fury,
Lashes his tail in the wide deep. His eyelids, like the sun
Arising in his pride, enlighten all the grizzly deeps,
His scales transparent give forth light like windows of the morning,
His neck flames with wrath and majesty. He lashes the deeps,
Beating the deserts and the rocks; the deserts feel his power.
They shake their slumbers off, they wave in awful fear,
Calling the lion and the tiger, the horse and the wild stag,
The elephant, the wolf and bear, the llama and the satyr.

His eyelids give their light around. His foaming tail aspires
Among the stars. The earth and all the abysses feel his fury.
When, as the snow covers the mountains, oft petrific hardness
Covers the deeps at his vast fury, moving in his rock,
Hardens the lion and the bear, writhing in the solid mountain.
They view the light and wonder, crying out in terrible existence.
Up-bound the wild stag and the horse, behold the king of pride.
Oft doth his eye emerge from the abyss into the realms
Of his eternal day, and memory strives to augment his ruthfulness.

Then weeping he descends in wrath, drawing all things in his fury
Into obedience to his will, and now he finds in vain
That not of his own power he bore the human form erect,
Nor of his own will gave his laws in times of everlasting.

For now fierce Orc in wrath and fury rises into the heavens,
A king of wrath and fury, a dark enraged horror,
And Urizen, repentant, forgets his wisdom in the abyss
In forms of priesthood, in the dark delusions of repentance,
Repining in his heart and spirit that Orc reigned over all,
And that his wisdom served but to augment the indefinite lust.

Then Tharmas and Urthona felt the stony stupor rise

Into their limits. Urthona shot forth a vast fibrous form.
Tharmas like a pillar of sand rolled round by the whirlwind,
An animated pillar rolling round in incessant rage.

Los felt the stony stupor, and his head rolled down beneath
Into the abysses of his bosom. The vessels of his blood
Dart forth upon the wind in pipes, writhing about in the abyss,
And Enitharmon, pale and cold, in milky juices flowed
Into a form of vegetation, living, having a voice,
Moving in root-like fibres, breathing in fear upon the earth.

And Tharmas gave his power to Los, Urthona gave his strength
Into the youthful prophet for the love of Enitharmon
And of the nameless shadowy female, into the nether deep,
And for the dread of the dark terror of Orc and Urizen.

Thus in a living death the nameless shadow all things bound,
All mortal things made permanent that they may be put off
Time after time by the Divine Lamb who died for all,
And all in him died, and he put off all mortality.

Tharmas on high rode furious through the afflicted worlds,
Pursuing the vain shadow of hope, fleeing from identity
In abstract false expanses that he may not hear the voice
Of Ahania now wailing in the winds; in vain he flies,
For still the voice incessant calls on all the children of Men,

For she spoke of all in heaven, and all upon the earth
Saw not yet the Divine Vision. Her eyes are toward Urizen,
And thus Ahania cries aloud to the caverns of the grave:

Will you keep a flock of wolves and lead them? Wil you take the wintry blast
For a covering to your limbs, or the summer pestilence for a tent to abide in?
Will you erect a lasting habitation in the mouldering churchyard;
Or a pillar and palace of Eternity in the jaws of the hungry grave?
Will you seek pleasure from the festering wound, or marry for a wife
The ancient leprosy that the king and priest may feast on your decay?
And the grave mock and laugh at the ploughed field saying,—
I am the nourisher, thou the destroyer; in my bosom is milk and wine,
And a fountain from my breasts. To me come all multitudes
To my breasts. They obey, they worship me. I am goddess and queen.
But listen to Ahania, oh! ye sons of the murdered one,
Listen to her whose memory beholds your ancient days,
Listen to her whose eye beholds the dark body of corruptible death
Looking for Urizen in vain. In vain I seek for morning.
The Eternal Man sleeps in the earth, nor feels the glorious sun
Nor silent moon, nor all the hosts of heaven move in his body.

His fiery halls are dark, and round his limbs the serpent Orc
Fold without fold encompasses him, and his corrupting members
Do vomit out the scaly monsters of the restless deep.
They come up in the rivers and among the nether parts
Of Man who lays upon the shore, leaning his faded head
Upon the oozy rock enrapped with the weeds of death.
His eyes sink hollow in his head, his flesh covered with slime
And shrunk up to the bones. Alas! that Man should come to this!
His strong bones beat with snows and hid within the caves of night,
Marrowless, bloodless, falling into dust, driven by the winds.
Oh! how the horrors of Eternal Death take hold on Man.
His faint groans shake the caves and issue through the desolate rocks,
And the strong eagle now with numbing cold, blighted of feathers,
Once like the pride of the sun,—now flagging on cold night,
Hovers with blasted wings aloft, watching with eagle eye
Till Man shall leave a corruptible body. He, famished, hears him groan,
And now he fixes his strong talons in the pointed rock,
And now he beats the heavy air with his enormous wings.
Beside him lies the lion dead, and in his belly worms
Feast on his death till universal death devours all,
And the pale horse seeks for the pool to lie him down and die,
But finds the pool filled with serpents devouring one another.
He droops his head and trembling stands, and his bright eyes decay.
These are the visions of my eyes, the visions of Ahania.

Thus cries Ahania. Enion replies from the caverns of the grave:
Fear not, oh poor forsaken one. Oh land of grass and thorns,
Where once the olive flourished and the cedar spread his wings.
Once I wailed desolate like thee; my fallow fields in fear
Cried to the churchyards and the earthworm came in dismal state.
I found him in my bosom, and I said the time of love
Appears upon the rocks and hills in silent shades, but soon
A voice came in the night, a midnight cry upon the mountains:
Awake! The Bridegroom cometh! I awoke to sleep no more.
But an eternal consummation is dark Enion.
The watery grave. Oh! thou cornfield. Oh! thou vegetative happy.
More happy is the dark consumer. Hope drowns all my torment,
For I am now surrounded by a shadowy vortex drawing
The spectre quite away from Enion that I die a death
Of bitter hope, although I consume in these raging waters,
The furrowed field replies to the grave, I hear her reply to me,—
Behold the time approaches fast that thou shalt be as a thing
Forgotten. When one speaks of thee he will not be believed.
When the man gently fades away in his immortality,
When the mortal disappears in improved knowledge, cast away
The former things; so shall the mortal gently fade away,
And so become invisible to those who still remain,

Listen. I will tell thee what is done in the caverns of the grave.
The Lamb of God has rent the veil of mystery, soon to return
In clouds and fires around the rock, and thy mysterious tree.
And as the seed waits eagerly watching for its flower and fruit,
Anxious its little soul looks out into the clear expanse
To see if hungry winds are abroad with their invisible array.
So Man looks out in tree, and herb, and fish, and bird, and beast,
Collecting up the scattered portions of his immortal body
Into the elemental forms of everything that grows.
He tries the sullen north wind, riding on its angry furrows,
The sultry south when the sun rises, and the angry east
When the sun sets and the clods harden and the cattle stand
Drooping, and the birds hide in their silent nests. He stores his thoughts
As in store-houses in his memory. He regulates the forms
Of all beneath and all above, and in the gentle west
Reposes where the sun's heat dwells. He rises to the sun
And to the planets of the night, and to the stars that gild
The Zodiacs, and the stars that sullen stand to north and south
He touches the remotest pole, and in the centre weeps
That Man should labour and sorrow, and learn and forget and return
To the dark valley whence he came, and begin his labours anew.
In pain he sighs, in pain he labours, and his universe

Sorrowing in birds over the deep, or howling in the wolf
Over the slain, and moaning in the cattle, and in the winds,
And weeping over Orc and Urizen in clouds and dismal fires,
And in the cries of birth and in the groans of death his voice
Is heard throughout the universe. Wherever a grass grows
Or a leaf buds, the Eternal Man is seen, is heard, is felt,
And all his sorrows, till he re-assumes his ancient bliss.

Such are the words of Ahania and Enion, and Los hears and weeps.
And Los and Enitharmon took the body of the Lamb
Down from the cross, and placed it in a sepulchre he had hewn
For himself in the rock of Eternity, trembling and in despair.
Jerusalem wept over the sepulchre two thousand years.

END OF THE EIGHTH NIGHT

NIGHT THE NINTH

BEING

THE LAST JUDGMENT

And Los and Enitharmon builded Jerusalem, weeping
Over the sepulchre and over the crucified body,
Which, to their phantom eyes, appeared still in the sepulchre.
But Jesus stood beside them in the spirit, separating
Their spirit from their body. Terrified at Non-Existence—
For such they deemed the death of the body—Los his vegetable hands
Outstretched; his right hand branching out in fibrous strength,
Seized the sun. His left hand, like dark roots, covered the moon,
And tore them down, cracking the heavens across from immense to immense.
Then fell the fires of eternity with loud and shrill
Sound of loud trumpet thundering along from heaven to heaven.
A mighty sound articulate: Awake, ye dead, and come
To Judgment from the four winds; awake and come away.
Folding like scrolls of the enormous volume of heaven and earth,
With thund'rous noise and dreadful shakings, rocking to and fro,

The heavens are shaken, and the earth removèd from its place,
The foundations of the eternal hills are all discoverèd,
The thrones of kings are shaken, they have lost their robes and crowns,
The poor smite their oppressors, they awake up to the harvest,—
The naked warriors rush together down to the sea-shore
Trembling before the multitude of slaves now set at liberty.
They become like wintry flocks, like forests stripped of leaves.
The oppressed pursue like the wind. There is no room for escape,
The spectre of Enitharmon let loose upon the troubled deep,
Wailed shrill in the confusion, and the spectre of Urthona
Renewed her in the darkening south. Their bodies lost, they stood
Trembling and weak, and faint embrace, a fierce desire as when
Two shadows mingle on a wall. They wail, and shadowy tears
Fell down, and shadowy forms of joy mixed with despair and grief—
Their bodies buried in the ruins of the universe,
Mingled with the confusion. Who shall call them from their graves?
Rahab and Tirzah wail aloud in the wild flames. They give up themselves to consummation.
The books of Urizen unroll with dreadful noise. The folding serpent
Of Orc began to consume in fierce raving fire. His fierce flame
Issued on all sides, gathering strength in animating volumes.
Roaming abroad on all the winds, raging intense, reddening

Into resistless pillars of fire, rolling round and round, gathering
Strength from the earths consumed, and heavens, and all hidden abysses,
Wherever the Eagle has explored, or Lion or Tiger trod,
Or where the comets of the night, or stars of asterial day
Have shot their arrows or long-beamed spears in wrath or fury.

And all the while the trumpet sounds,—Awake, ye dead, and come
To Judgment. From the clotted gore, and from the hollow den,
Start forth the trembling millions into flames of mental fire,
Bathing their limbs in the bright visions of Eternity.
Then, like the doves from pillars of smoke, the trembling families
Of women and children throughout every nation under heaven
Cling round the men in bands of twenties and of fifties, pale
As snow that falls around a leafless tree upon the green.
Their oppressors have fallen, they have stricken, they awake to life,
Yet pale. The just man stands erect, and looking up to heaven,
Trembling and stricken by the universal stroke. The trees unroot,
The rocks groan horrible and run about. The mountains and
Their rivers cry with a dismal cry. The cattle gather together;
Lowing they kneel before the heavens. The wild beasts of the forests
Tremble. The Lion, shuddering, asks the Leopard: Feelest thou

The dread I feel, unknown before? My voice refuses to roar,
And in weak moans I speak to thee. . . . This night,
Before the morning's dawn, the Eagle callèd to the Vulture,
The Raven callèd to the Hawk,—I heard from my forests black—
Saying: Let us go up, for soon I smell, upon the wind,
A terror coming from the south. The Eagle and Hawk fled away
At dawn, and ere the sun arose, the Raven and Vulture followed.
Let us flee also to the north. They fled. The Sons of Men
Saw them depart in dismal droves. The trumpets sounded loud,
And all the Sons of Eternity descended into Beulah.

In the fierce flames the limbs of Mystery lay consuming, with howling
And deep despair. Rattling go up the flames around the synagogue
Of Satan. Loud the serpent Orc raged through his writhing folds.
The tree of Mystery burned up in folding flames.
Blood issued out in rushing volumes, pouring in whirlpools fierce,
From out the floodgates of the tree. The gates are burst; down pour
The torrents black upon the earth. The blood pours down incessant.
Kings in their palaces lie drowned. Shepherds, their flocks, their tents,
Roll down the mountains in black torrents. Cities, villages,
High spires and castles drowned in the black deluge; shoal on shoal
Float the dead carcases of men and beasts, driven to and fro on waves

Of foaming blood beneath the black incessant sky, till all
Mystery's tyrants are cut off, and not one left on earth.

And when all tyranny was cut off from the face of the earth,
Around the dragon form of Urizen, and round his strong form,
The flames rolling intense through the wide universe,
Began to enter the Holy City. Entering the dismal clouds,
The furious lightnings break their way. The wild flames rushing up,
The bloody deluge,—living flames, wingèd with intellect
And reason. Round the earth they march in order, flame by flame.
Issuing from the clotted gore, and from the hollow den,
Start forth the trembling millions into flames of mental fire,
Bathing their limbs in the bright visions of Eternity.
Beyond this universal confusion, beyond the remotest pole,
Where their vortexes began to operate, there stands
A horrible rock far in the north. It was forsaken when
Urizen gave the horses of light into the hands of Luvah.
On this rock lay the faded head of the Eternal Man,
Enwrapt round with weeds of death, pale, cold in sorrow and woe,
He lifts the blue lamps of his eyes, and cries with heavenly voice.
Bowing his head over the consuming universe, he cries:

Oh, weakness! Oh, weariness! Oh, war within my members!
My sons exiled from my breast, pass to and fro before me.
My birds are silent in my hills, flocks die beneath my branches.
My tents are fallen, my trumpets,—and the sweet sound of my harps
Is silent on my clouded hills that belch forth storms and fires.
My milk of cows, and honey of bees, and fruit of golden harvest
Are gathered in the scorching heat and in the driving rain.
My robe is turned to confusion, and my bright gold to stone.
Where once I sat, I weary walk in misery and pain,
For from within my withered breast grown narrow with my woes
The corn is turned to thistles and the apples into poison;
The birds of song to murderous crows, my joys to bitter groans;
The voices of children in my tents to cries of helpless infants,
And all exiled from the face of light and shine of morning,
In this dark world, a narrow house, I wander up and down.
I hear Mystery breathing in the flames of consummation.
When shall the man of future times become as in days of old?
Oh, weary life! Why sit I here and give up all my powers
To indolence, to the night of death, when indolence and mourning
Sit hovering over my dark threshold? Though I arise, look out

And scorn the war within my members, yet my heart is weak
And my head faint. Yet I will look again into the morning.
Whence is this sound of rage of men drinking each other's blood,
Drunk with the smoking gore, and red, but not with nourishing wine?

The Eternal Man sat on the rock and cried with awful voice:
Oh, Prince of Light, where art thou? I behold thee not as once
In these eternal fields, in clouds of morning stepping forth
With harps and songs, when bright Ahania sang before thy face,
And all thy sons and daughters gathered round thy ample table.
See you not all this racking furious confusion?
Come forth from the slumbers of thy cold abstraction. Come forth,
Arise into eternal births. Shake off thy cold repose,—
Schoolmaster of our souls, oh, great opposer of change, arise,
That the eternal worlds may see thy face in peace and joy,
That thou, dread form of certainty, mayst sit in town and village,
While little children play around thy feet in gentle awe,
Fearing thy frown, loving thy smile. Oh! Urizen, Prince of Light,

He called. The deep buried his voice, and answer none returned.
Then wrath burst round. The Eternal Man was wrath again. He cried;

Arise, oh! thou strong form of Death, oh! Dragon of the deeps,
Lie down before my feet, oh! Dragon, let Urizen arise.
Oh! how couldst thou deform those beautiful proportions
Of life and person; for as the person, so is his life proportioned.
Let Luvah rage in the dark deep, even to consummation,
For if thou feedest not his rage it will subdue in peace.
But if thou darest, obstinate, refuse my stern behest,
Thy crown and sceptre I will seize, and regulate all my members
In stern severity, and cast thee out into the indefinite
Where nothing lives, there to wander, and if thou returnest weary,
Weeping, at the threshold of existence, I will steel my heart
Against thee to Eternity, and never receive thee more.
Thy self-destroying, beast-formed science shall be thy eternal lot.
My anger against thee is greater than against this Luvah,
For war is energy enslaved, but thy religion,
First author of this war, and the destruction of honest mind
Into confused perturbation, and strife, and horror, and pride,
Is a deceit so detestable, that I will cast thee out
If thou repentest not, and leave thee as a rotten branch to burn,
With Mystery the harlot, and with Satan for ever and ever.
Error can never be redeemed in all Eternity—
But sin, even Rahab, is redeemed in blood, and fury, and jealousy,
That line of blood that stretches across the windows of the morning,

Redeemed from Error's power,—wake, thou Dragon of the Deep.

Urizen wept in the dark deep, anxious his scaly form
To re-assume the Human—and he wept in the dark deep,
Saying:—Oh! that I had never drunk the wine or eat the bread
Of dark mortality, or cast my eyes into futurity, nor turned
My back, darkening the present, clouding with a cloud,
And building arches high, and cities, turrets, towers and domes,
Whose smoke destroyed the pleasant garden, and whose running kennels
Choked the bright rivers; burdening with my ships the angry deep;
Through chaos seeking for delight, and in spaces remote
Seeking the eternal, which is always present to the wise;
Seeking for pleasure, which, unsought, falls round the infant's path,
And on the fleeces of mild flocks who neither care nor labour;
But I, the labourer of ages, whose unwearied hands
Are thus deformed with hardness, with the sword and with the spear,
And with the chisel and the mallet—I, whose labours vast
Order the nations, separating family by family,
Alone enjoying not. I alone in misery supreme,
Ungratified, give all my joy unto this Luvah and Vala.
Then go, O dark Futurity. I will cast thee out from these
Heavens of my brain, nor will I look on dark futurity more.
I cast futurity away, and turn my back upon that void

Which I have made, for lo! Futurity is in this moment.
Let Orc consume, let Tharmas rage, let dark Urthona give
All strength to Los and Enitharmon, and let Los's self, enraged,
Rend down this fabric, as a wall ruined, a family extinct.
Rage, Orc! rage, Tharmas! Urizen no longer curbs your rage.

So Urizen spoke, and shook his snows from off his shoulders, and arose
As on a pyramid of mist, his white robes scattering
The fleecy white renewed. He shook his aged mantle off
Into the fires, then, glorious, bright, exulting in his joy,
He sounding rose into the heavens in naked majesty,
In radiant youth, when, lo! like garlands in the eastern sky
When vocal May comes dancing from the East, Ahania came,
Exulting in her flight. As when a bubble rises up
On to the surface of a lake, Ahania rose in joy.
Excess of joy is worse than grief. Her heart beat high: her blood
Burst its bright vessels: she fell down dead at the feet of Urizen,
Outstretched, a smiling corse. They buried her in a silent cave.
Urizen dropped a tear. The Eternal Man darkened with sorrow.

The three daughters of Urizen guard Ahania's death-couch;
Raging from the confusion, in tears and howling and despair,
Calling upon their father's name, upon their father dark,

And the Eternal man said,—Hear my words, O Prince of Light.
Behold Jerusalem, in whose bosom the Lamb of God
Is seen; though slain before her gates, he self-renewed remains
Eternal, and I through him awake from death's dark vale.
The times revolve. The time is coming when all these delights
Shall be renewed, and all these elements that now consume
Shall re-flourish. Then bright Ahania shall awake from death,
A glorious vision to thine eyes, a self-renewing vision,—
The spring—the summer—to be thine,—then sleep the wintry days
In silken garments, spun by her own hands against her funeral.
The winter thou shalt plough and lay thy stores into thy barns,
Expecting to receive Ahania in the spring with joy.
Immortal thou, regenerate she, and all the lovely sex
From her shall learn obedience and prepare a wintry grave,
That spring may see them rise in tenfold joy and sweet delight.
Thus shall the female also live the life of Eternity
Because the Lamb of God creates himself a bride and wife,
That we his children evermore may live in Jerusalem,
Which now descendeth out of heaven, a city, yet a woman,
Mother of myriads redeemed and born in her spiritual palaces
By a new spiritual birth regenerated from death.

Urizen said: I have erred, and my error remains with me.

What Chain encompasses? In what lock is the river of light confined
That issues forth in the morning by measure and in the evening by carefulness?
Where shall we take our stand to view the infinite and unbounded?
And where our human feet, for lo! our eyes are in the heavens.

He ceased, for, riven link from link, the universe exploding,
All things revived flew from their centres, then the rattling bones
To bones join, shaking and convulsed, the shivering clay breathes.
Each speck of dust, to the Earth's centre, nestles round and round
In pangs of an Eternal Birth, in torment, awe, and fear.
All spirits deceased, let loose from reptile prisons, come in shoals.
Wild furies from the Tiger's brain and from the Lion's eyes,
And from the Ox and Ass come moping terrors. From the Eagle
And Raven, numerous as the leaves of autumn,—every species
Flock to the trumpet, fluttering over the sides of the grave and crying
In the fierce wind round the heavy rocks and mountains filled with groans.
On rifted rocks, suspended in the air by inward fires,
Many a woeful company; and many on clouds and waters,
Fathers, friends, and mothers, infants, kings, and warriors,
Priests and chained captives meet together in horrible fear,
And every one of the dead appears as he had lived before;

And all the marks remain of the slave's scourge and tyrant's crown,
And of the priest's overgorged abdomen, and of the merchant's thin
Sinewy deceptions, and of the warrior's all-braving thoughtlessness,
In lineaments too extended and in bones too straight and long.
They show their wounds: they accuse: they seize the oppressor; howlings began
On the golden Palace;—songs of joy on the desert. The cold babe
Stands in the furious air; he cries. The children of six thousand years
Who died in infancy rage furious,—a mighty multitude rage furious,
Naked and pale. Standing in the expecting air to be delivered,
Rend limb from limb the warrior, the tyrant, reuniting in pain.
The furious wind still rends around. They flee in sluggish effort.
They beg; they entreat in vain, now; they listened not to entreaty,
They view the flames red rolling on through the wide universe
From the dark jaws of death beneath and desolate shores remote,
These covering vaults of heaven and these breathing globes of earth.
One planet calls to another and one star inquires of another:
What flames are these, coming from the south? What noise, what dreadful rout
As of a battle in the heavens? Hark! Heard you not the trumpet
As of fierce battle? While they spoke, the flames come intense roaring.
They see him whom they have pierced, they wail because of him,

They magnify themselves no more against Jerusalem, nor
Against her little ones. The innocent accused before the judges
Shines with immortal glory. Trembling, the judge springs from his throne,
Hiding his face in the dust beneath the prisoner's feet and saying:
Brother of Jesus, what have I done? Entreat thy Lord for me:
Perhaps I may be forgiven. While he speaks the flames roll on,
And after the flames appears the cloud of the Son of Man
Descending from Jerusalem with power and great glory.
All nations look up to the cloud and behold Him who was crucified.
The prisoner answers: You scourged my father to death before my face
When I stood bound with cords and heavy chains. Your hypocrisy
Shall now avail you nought. So saying, he dashed him with his foot.

The cloud is Blood, dazzling upon the heavens, and in the cloud
Above, upon its volumes, is beheld a throne, as a pavement
Of precious stones, surrounded by twenty-four venerable patriarchs,
And these again surrounded by four Wonders of the Almighty
Incomprehensible, pervading all, within and round about
Fourfold, each in the other reflected. They are named Lifes in Eternity,
Four starry universes, going forward from Eternity to Eternity.

And the Fallen Man who was arisen upon the rock of Ages,
Beheld the visions of God, and he arose up from the rock.
And Urizen arose with him, walking through all the flames
To meet the Lord, coming to Judgment, but the flames repelled them
Still to the Rock. In vain they strove to enter the consummation
Together, for the redeemed Man could not enter the consummation.

Then seized the sons of Urizen the plough. They polished it
From rust of ages. All its ornaments of gold, silver and ivory
Re-shone across the field immense when all the nations
Darkened, like mould, in the divided furrows where the weed
Triumphs in its own destruction. They took down the harness
From the blue walls of heaven, starry, jingling, ornamented
With beautiful art,—the study of Angels, the workmanship of Demons,—
When Heaven and Hell in emulation strove in the sports of glory.
The noise of rural works resounded through the heavens of heavens,
The horse neighs from the battle, the wild bulls from the sultry waste,
The tigers from the forests, the lions from the sandy deserts.
They sing; they seize the instruments of harmony; they throw away
The spear, the bow, the gun, the mortar. They level the fortifications.
They beat the iron engines of destruction into wedges.

They give them to Urthona's sons. Ringing the hammers sound
In dens of death to forge the spade, the mattock, and the axe,
The heavy roller to break the clods,—to pass over the nations.

The Sons of Urizen shout: their father rose. The Eternal horses
Harnessed, they call to Urizen. The heavens move at their call.
The limbs of Urizen shone with ardour. He laid his hand on the plough,
Through dismal darkness drove the plough of ages over cities
And all their villages; over mountains, and all their valleys;
Over the graves and caverns of the dead, over the planets,
And over the void spaces; over sun and moon, and star and constellation.

Then Urizen commanded and they brought the seed of Men.
The trembling souls of all the dead stood before Urizen,
Weak, wailing in the troubled air, East, West, and North and South.
He turned the horses loose and laid the plough in the northern corner
Of the wide universal field, then stepped forth into the immense.
Then he began to sow the seed. He girded round his loins
With a bright girdle, and his skirt, filled with immortal souls.
Howling and wailing fly the souls from Urizen's strong hand,
For from the hand of Urizen the myriads fall like stars

Into their own appointed places, driven back by the winds.
The naked warriors rush together down to the sea-shore.
They are become like wintry flocks, like forests stripped of leaves,
The kings and princes of the earth cry with a feeble cry,
Driven on the unproducing sands, and on the hardened rocks.

And all the while the flames of Orc follow the venturous feet
Of Urizen, and all the while the trump of Tharmas sounds.
Weeping and wailing fly the souls from Urizen's strong hands.
The daughters of Urizen stand with cups and measures of strong wine
Immense upon the heavens with bread and delicate repasts.
Then follows the golden harrow in the midst of mental fires,
To ravishing melody of flutes, and harps, and softest voice.
The seed is harrowed in while flames heal the black mould and cause
The human harvest to begin. Toward the south first sprang
The myriads, and in silent fear they look out of their graves.

Then Urizen sits down to rest, and all his wearied sons
Take their repose on beds. They drink, they sing, they view the flames
Of Orc. In joy they view the human harvest springing up.
A time they give to sweet repose, till all the harvest is ripe.

And lo ! like harvest moon, Ahania cast off her dark clothes—
She folded them up in care, in silence, and her brightening limbs
Bathed in the clear spring of the rock. Then from her darksome cave
Issued in majesty divine. Urizen rose from his couch
On wings of tenfold joy, clapping his hands, his radiant wings
In the immense. As when the sun dances upon the mountains
A shout of jubilee in lovely notes responds from daughter to daughter,
From son to son, as if the stars beaming innumerable
Through night, should sing soft warbling, filling the earth and heaven,
And bright Ahania took her seat by Urizen in songs and joy.

The Eternal Man also sat down upon the couches of Beulah,
Sorrowful that he could not put off his newly risen body
In mental flames. The flames refused, they drove him back to Beulah.
His body was redeemed to be permanent through mercy Divine.

And now fierce Orc had quite consumed himself in mental flames,
Expending all his energy against the fuel of fire.
The Regenerate Man stooped his holy head over the universe, and in
His holy hands received the flaming demon and dimness of smoke
And gave him to Urizen's hands. The immortal frowned, saying,
Luvah and Vala, henceforth you are servants; obey and live.

You shall forget your former state. Return and love in peace,
Into your place, the place of seed, not in the brain or heart.
If Gods combine against Man, setting their dominion above
The Human Form Divine, thrown down from their high station
In the eternal heavens of Human Imagination, buried beneath
In dark oblivion, with incessant pangs, ages on ages,
In enmity and war first weakened, then in stern repentance
They must renew their brightness, and their disorganized functions
Again reorganize till they resume the image of the human,
Co-operating in the bliss of Man, obeying his will,
Servants to the infinite and eternal of the human form.

Luvah and Vala descended and entered the gate of dark Urthona
And walked from the hands of Urizen in the shadow of Vala's garden,
Where the impressions of despair and hope for ever vegetate
In flowers and fruits, fishes and birds, and beasts and clouds and waters,
The land of doubts and shadows, sweet delusions, unformed hopes.
They saw no more; the terrible confusions of the wracking universe
They heard not, saw not, felt not the horrible confusion,
For in their orbed senses within closed up they wandered at will.
And those upon the couches viewed them in the dreams of Beulah,

As they reposed from the terrible wide universal harvest.
Invisible Luvah in bright clouds hovered over Vala's head,
And thus their ancient golden age renewed, for Luvah spoke
With voice mild from his golden cloud upon the breath of morning.

Come forth, oh Vala! from the grass and from the silent dew;
Rise from the dews of death, for the Eternal Man is risen.

She rises among flowers and looks toward the eastern clearness,
She walks, yea runs, her feet are winged on the top of the bending grass,
Her garments rejoice in the vocal winds, and her hair glistens with dew.

She answers thus: Whose voice is this, the voice of the nourishing air
In the spirit of the morning, awaking the soul from its grassy bed?
Where dost thou dwell? For thee I seek, and were it not for thee
I must have slept eternally, nor felt the dews of the morning.
Look how the opening dawn advances with vocal harmony.
Look how the beams foreshow the rising of some glorious power.
The sun is thine. He goeth forth in his majestic brightness.
Oh, thou awaking voice that callest! And who shall answer thee?
Where dost thou flee, oh fair one? Where dost thou seek thy happy place

To yonder brightness? There I haste, for since I came from thence
I must have slept eternally, nor have felt the dew of morning.

Eternally thou must have slept nor have felt the morning dew.
But for yon nourishing sun, 'tis that by which thou art arisen.
The birds adore the sun : the beasts rise up and play in his beams,
And every flower and every leaf rejoices in his light,
Then, oh! thou fair one, sit thee down, for thou art as the grass,
Thou risest in the dew of morning and at night art folded up.

Alas! I am but as a flower; then will I sit me down,
Then will I weep, then I'll complain, and sigh for immortality,
And chide my maker,—thee, oh sun! that raisedst me to fall.
So saying she sat down and wept beneath the apple-trees.

Oh! be thou blotted out, oh sun! that raisedst me to trouble,
That gavest me a heart to crave, that raisedst me, thy phantom,
To feel thy heart, and see thy light, and wander here alone,
Hopeless, if I am like the grass, and so shall pass away.

Rise, sluggish soul. Why sitt'st thou here? Why dost thou sit and weep?
Yon sun shall wax old and decay, but thou shalt ever flourish.
The fruit shall ripen and fall down, the flowers consume away.

But thou shalt still survive. Arise and dry thy dewy tears.

Ah, shall I still survive? Whence came that sweet and comforting voice?
And whence that voice of sorrow? Oh sun! thou 'rt nothing now to me.
Go on thy course rejoicing, and let us both rejoice together.
I walk among his flocks and hear the bleating of his lambs.
Oh! that I could behold his face and follow his pure feet.
I walk by the footsteps of his flocks. Come hither, tender flocks.
Can you converse with a pure soul that seeketh for her maker?
You answer not. Then am I set your mistress in the garden.
I 'll watch you and attend your footsteps. You are not like the birds
That sing and fly in the bright air: but you do lick my feet
And let me touch your woolly backs and follow me as I sing.
For in my bosom a new song arises to the Lord,
Rise up, oh sun! most glorious minister of light and day.
Flow on, ye gentle airs, and bear the voice of my rejoicing.
Wave freshly, you clear water flowers, around the tender grass.
Follow me, oh my flocks! and hear me sing my rapturous song.
I will cause my voice to be heard on the clouds that gather in the sun.
I will call; and who shall answer me? I will sing; who shall reply?
For from my pleasant hills behold the living, living spring,

Running among my green pastures, delighting among my trees.
I am not here alone: my flocks, you are my brethren.
And you, oh birds! that sing and adorn the sky, you are my sisters.
I sing, and you reply to my song; I rejoice, and you are glad.
Follow me, oh my flocks; we will now descend into the valley.
Oh, how delicious are the grapes, flourishing in the sun!
How clear the spring of the rock, running among the golden sand!
How cool the breezes of the valley, and the arms of the branching trees!
Cover us from the sun. Come near and let us sit in the shade.
My Luvah here hath placed me in a green and pleasant land,
And given me fruits and pleasant waters, and warm hills and cool valleys.
Here will I build myself a house, and here call on his name,
Then I'll return when I am weary and take my pleasant rest.

So spoke the sinless soul, and laid her head in the snowy fleece
Of a curled ram, who stretched himself in sleep beside his mistress,
And soft sleep fell upon her eyelids in the silent noon of day.

Then Luvah passèd by, and looked, and saw the sinless soul,
And said: Let a pleasant house arise to be a dwelling-place
Of this immortal spirit growing in lower Paradise.
He spoke, and pillars were builded, and walls, as white as ivory.

The grass she slept upon was paved with pavement as of pearl.
Beneath her rose a downy bed, and a ceiling covered all.

Vala awoke. When in the pleasant gates of sleep I entered,
I saw my Luvah like a spirit stand in the bright air.
Around him stood spirits like me, who reared me a bright house,
And here I see the house remain in my most pleasant world.
My Luvah smiled. I kneelèd down. He laid his hand on my head,
And when he laid his hand upon me from the gates of sleep I came
Into this bodily house to tend my flocks in my pleasant garden.

So saying, she arose and walked around her beautiful house,
And then from her white door she looked to see her bleating lambs,
But her flocks were gone up from beneath the trees into the hills.
I see the hand that leadeth me doth also lead my flocks.
She went to her flocks, and turnèd oft to see her shining house.
She stooped to drink of the clear spring, and eat the grapes and apples.
She bore the fruits in her lap. She gathered flowers for her bosom.
She callèd to her flocks, saying, Follow me, oh my Flocks!
They followed her to the silent valley beneath the spreading trees,
And on the river's margin she ungirded her golden girdle.

She stood in the river and viewed herself within the wavy glass,
And her bright hair was wet with the waters: she rose up from the river,
And as she rose her eyes were opened to the world of waters,
And saw Tharmas sitting upon the rocks beside the wavy sea.

He stroked the water from his beard and mourned through the summer valley.
And Vala stood on the rocks of Tharmas and heard the mournful voice:
Oh, Enion! my weary head is in the bed of death,
For weeds of death have wrapped around my limbs in the hoary deeps.
I sit in the place of shells and mourn, and thou art closed in clouds.
When will the time of clouds be past, and the dismal night of Tharmas?
Arise, oh Enion! arise and smile upon my head,
As thou dost smile upon the barren mountains, and they rejoice.
When wilt thou smile on Tharmas, oh! thou bringer of golden day?
Arise, oh Enion! arise, for lo! I have calmed my seas.

So saying, his faint head he laid upon the oozy rock,
And darkness covered all the deep. The light of Enion faded,
Like a faint flame quivering upon the surface of the darkness.

Then Vala lifted up her hands to heaven to call on Enion.
She called, but none could answer her, and the echoes her voice returned.
Where is the voice of God that called me from the silent dew?

Where is the Lord of Vala? Dost thou hide in clefts of the rock?
Why shouldst thou hide thyself from Vala, from the soul that wanders desolate?

She ceased, and light beamed round her like the glory of the morning.
And she arose out of the river and girded her golden girdle.
And now her feet step on the grassy bosom of the ground
Among her flocks. She turned her eyes toward her pleasant house,
And saw in the doorway beneath the trees two little children playing.
She drew near to her house, and her flocks followed in her footsteps.
The children clung around her knees. She embraced them and wept.

Thou, little boy, art Tharmas, and thou, bright girl, Enion.
How are ye thus renewed and brought into the garden of Vala?
She embraced them in tears, till the sun descended the western hills,
And then she entered her bright house, leading her mighty children.
And when night came, her flocks laid round the house beneath the trees.

She laid the children on the beds which she saw prepared in the house,
Then last, herself laid down, and closed her eyelids in soft slumbers.
And in the morning, when the sun arose in the crystal sky,
Vala awoke, and called her children from their gentle slumbers:
Awake, oh Enion! awake, and let thine immortal eyes

Enlighten all the crystal house of Vala! Awake! awake!
Awake, Tharmas! Awake, awake, thou child of dewy tears.
Open the orbs of thy blue eyes and smile upon my gardens.

The children awoke and smiled on Vala. She kneeled by the golden couch,
She pressed them to her bosom, and her pearly tears dropped down.
Oh, my sweet children! Enion, let Tharmas kiss thy cheek.
Why dost thou turn thyself away from his sweet watery eyes?
Tharmas, henceforth in Vala's bosom thou shalt find sweet peace.
Oh, bless the lovely eyes of Tharmas and the eyes of Enion!

They rose; they went out wandering, sometimes together, sometimes alone.
Why weep'st thou, Tharmas, child of tears, in the bright house of joy?
Doth Enion avoid the sight of thy blue heavenly eyes?
And dost thou wander with my lambs, and wet their innocent faces
With thy bright tears, because the steps of Enion are in the gardens?
Arise, sweet boy, and let us follow the path of Enion.

So saying, they went down into the garden among the fruits,
And Enion sang among the flowers that grew among the fruits,
And Vala said: Go, Tharmas; weep not,—go to Enion.

He said: Oh, Vala, I am sick, and all this garden of pleasure

Swims like a dream before my eyes. But the sweet smiling fruit
Revives me to new death. I fade, even as a water-lily
In the sun's heat, till in the night, on the couch of Enion,
I drink new life, and feel the breath of sleeping Enion.
But in the morning she arises to avoid my eyes,
Then my loins fade, and in the house I sit me down and weep.

Cheer up thy countenance, bright boy, and go to Enion.
Tell her that Vala waits her in the shadows of her garden.
He went with timid steps, and Enion, like the ruddy morn
When infant spring appears in swelling buds and opening flowers,
Behind her veil withdraws; so Enion turned her modest head.

But Tharmas spoke. Vala seeks thee, sweet Enion, in the shades.
Follow the steps of Tharmas, oh! thou brightness of the garden.
He took her hand reluctant. She followed in infant doubts.
There in eternal childhood, straying among Vala's flocks,
In infant sorrow and joy alternate, Enion and Tharmas play'd
Round Vala, in the garden of Vala, and by her river's margin.
They are the shadows of Tharmas and Enion in Vala's world.

And the sleepers who rested from their harvest work beheld these visions,

Then were the sleepers entertained upon the couches of Beulah,
When Luvah and Vala were closed up in their world of shadowy forms.
Darkness was all beneath the heaven: only a little light,
Such as glows out from sleeping spirits, awoke in the deeps beneath.
As when a wind sweeps over a cornfield the noise of souls
Through all the immense, borne down by clouds swagging in autumnal heat,
Muttering along from heaven to heaven, hoarse roll the human forms
Beneath thick clouds, the dreadful lightnings burst and thunders roll,
Down pour the torrent floods from heaven on all the human harvest.

Then Urizen, sitting at his repose on beds in the bright south,
Cried, 'Times are ended.' He exulted, he arose in joy.
He poured his light, and all his sons and daughters poured their light
To exhale the spirits of Luvah and Vala through the atmosphere.
And Luvah and Vala saw the light. Their spirits soon exhaled
In all their ancient innocence. The floods depart, the clouds
Dissipate, or sink into the sea of Tharmas. Luvah sat
Alone on the bright heavens in peace. The spirits of men beneath
Cried out to be delivered, and the spirit of Luvah wept
Over the human harvest, and over Vala, the sweet wanderer,

In pain the human harvest waved in horrible groans of woe.
The universal groan went up, the Eternal Man was darkened.

Then Urizen arose and took his sickle in his hand.
There is a brazen sickle, and a scythe of iron hid
Deep in the south, guarded by a few solitary stars.
This sickle Urizen took; the scythe his sons embraced,
And went forth and began to reap, and all his joyful sons
Reaped the wide universe, and bound in sheaves a wondrous harvest.
They took them into the wide barn with loud rejoicings, and triumphs
Of flute and harp and drum and trumpet, horn and clarion.
The feast was spread in the bright south; and the Regenerated Man
Sat at the feast rejoicing, and the wine of Eternity
Was served round by the flames of Luvah all day and all the night.

And when morning began to dawn upon the distant hills,
A whirlwind rose up in the centre, and in the whirlwind a shriek.
And in the shriek a rattling of bones, and in the rattling of bones
A dolorous groan, and from the dolorous groan in tears,
Rose Enion like a gentle light, and Enion spoke, saying:

Oh Dream of Death! the human form dissolving, compassèd
By beasts and worms and creeping things, and darkness and despair.

The clouds fall off from my wet brow, the dust from my cold limbs,
Into the sea of Tharmas. Soon renewed, a golden Moth
I shall cast off my death-clothes and embrace Tharmas again.
For lo! the winter melted away upon the distant hills,
And all the black mould sings. She spoke to her infant race; her milk
Descends down on the land, the thirsty land drinks and rejoices.
Wondering to behold the emmet, the grasshopper, the jointed worm.
The roots shoot thick through solid rock, bursting their fibrous way.
They cry out in the joys of existence, and the broad tree stems
Rear on the mountains stem by stem. The scaly newt creeps forth
From the stone, and from the rocky crevice springs the armed fly,
The spider and the bat burst from the hardenèd slime, crying
To one another: What are we? And whence is our delight?
The little moss begins to spring, and lo! the tender weed
Creeps round about our secret nest. Flocks brighten on the hills,
Herds throng up through the valley, and the wild beasts fill the woods.

Joy thrilled through all the furious forms of Tharmas, humanizing.
Mild he embraced her whom he sought. He raised her through the heavens,
Sounding his trumpet to awake the dead. On high he soared

O'er ruined worlds, the misty tomb of the Eternal Prophet.

Then the Eternal Man arose. He welcomed them to the feast.
The feast was spread in the bright south; and the Eternal Man
Sat at the feast rejoicing, and the wine of Eternity
Was served round by the flames of Luvah all day and all the night.
And many Eternal Men sat at the golden feast to see
The female form now separate. They shuddered at the horrible thing
Born for the sport and amusement of Man, soon to drink up his powers.
They wept to see the shadow. They said to one another: This is sin.
This is the vegetative world. They remember the days of old.
And one of the Eternals spoke; all was silent at the feast.

Man is a worm renewed with joy, he seeks the caves of sleep
Among the flowers of Beulah in his selfish cold repose,
Forsaking brotherhood and universal love in selfish clay,
Folding the pure wings of his mind, seeking the places dark
Abstracted from the roots of Science, then enclosed anew
In walls of gold. We cast him like a seed into the earth
Till times and spaces have passed over him. Duly every morn
We visit him, covering with a veil the immortal seed.
With windows from the inclement sky we cover him, and with walls
And hearths protect the selfish terror, till divided all

In families we see our shadows born, and thence we know
That Man subsists by brotherhood and universal love.
We fall on one another's necks, more closely we embrace,
Not for ourselves, but for the Eternal Family we live.
Man liveth not by self alone, but in his brother's face
Each shall behold the Eternal Father and love and joy abound.

So spoke the Eternal at the Feast. They embraced the new-born Man,
Calling him Brother, image of the Eternal Father. They sat down
At the immortal tables, sounding loud their instruments of joy,
Calling the Morning into Beulah. The Eternal Man rejoiced.
When Morning dawned the Eternals rose to labour in the vintage.
Beneath they saw their sons and daughters, wondrous, inconceivable,
At the dark myriads in shadows in the worlds beneath.

The Morning dawned. Urizen rose, and in his hand the flail
Sounds on the floor, heard terrible by all beneath the heavens.
Dismal, loud, redounding, the nether floor shakes with the sound,
And all the Nations were threshed out, and the stars threshed from their husks.

Then Tharmas took the winnowing fan. The winnowing wind furious
Above, veered round by violent whirlwind driven west and south,
Tossèd the Nations like chaff into the sea of Tharmas.

Oh Mystery! fierce Tharmas cried, behold thy end is come!
Art thou she that made the Nations drunk with the cup of Religion?
Go down, ye kings and counsellors and giant warriors,
Go down into the depths; go down and hide yourselves beneath.
Go down with horse and chariots and trumpets of hoarse war.
Lo! how the pomp of Mystery goes down into the caves.
Her great men howl and throw the dust, and rend their hoary hair.
Her delicate women and children shriek upon the bitter wind,
Spoiled of their beauty, their hair rent, their skin shrivelled up.
Lo! darkness covers the long pomp of banners on the wind,
And black horses, and armed men, and miserable bound captives.
Where shall the graves receive them all, and where shall be their place?
And who shall mourn for Mystery, who never loosed her captives?
Let the slave, grinding at the mill, run out into the field;
Let him look up into the heavens and laugh in the bright air.
Let the enchained soul shut up in darkness and in sighing,
Whose face has never seen a smile in thirty weary years,
Rise and look out; his chains are loose, his dungeon doors are open,
And let his wife and children return from the oppressor's scourge.
They look behind at every step and believe it is a dream.
Are these the slaves that groan along the streets of Mystery?

Where are your bonds and task-masters? Are these the prisoners?
Where are your chains? Where are your tears? Why do you look around?
If you are thirsty, there is the river; go, bathe your parched limbs,
And the good of all the land is before you, for Mystery is no more.

Then all the slaves from every earth in the wide Universe
Sing a new song, drowning confusion in its happy notes,
While the flail of Urizen sounded loud, and the winnowing wind of Tharmas
So loud, so clear in the wide heavens, and the song that they sang was this,
Composed by an African Black from the little earth of Sotha:—

Aha! Aha! How came I here, in my sweet native land?
How came I here? Methinks I am as I was in my youth,
When in my father's house, in joy, I heard his cheering voice.
Methinks I see his flocks and herds and feel my limbs renewed,
And lo! my brethren in their tents, and their little ones around them!

The song arose to the golden feast. The Eternal Man rejoiced.
The Eternal Man said: Luvah, the vintage is ripe. Arise!
The sons of Urizen shall gather the vintage with sharp hooks,
And all thy sons, oh Luvah! bear away the families of earth.

I hear the flail of Urizen. His barns are full. No room
Remains, and in the vineyards stand the abounding sheaves beneath
The falling grapes that odorous burst upon the winds. Arise!
My flocks and herds trample the corn, my cattle browse upon
The ripe clusters. The shepherds shout for Luvah, Prince of Love.
Let the Bulls of Luvah tread the corn and draw the loaded waggon
Into the barn while children glean the ears around the door.
Then shall they lift their innocent hands and stroke his furious nose,
And he shall lick the little girl's white neck, and on her head
Scatter the perfumes of his breath, while from his mountains high
The lion of terror shall come down, and bending his bright mane
And crouching at their side, shall eat from the curly boy's white lap
His golden food, and in the evening sleep before the door.

Attempting to be more than man we become less, said Luvah,
As he arose from the bright feast, drunk with the wine of ages.
His crown of thorns fell from his head, he hung his living lyre
Behind the seat of the Eternal Man, and took his way,
Sounding the song of Los, descending to the vineyards bright.
His sons, arising from the feast with golden baskets, follow,
A fiery train, as when the Sun sings in the ripe vineyards.

Then Luvah stood before the wine-press. All his fiery sons
Brought up the loaded waggons with shoutings: ramping tigers play
In the jingling traces; furious lions sound the song of joy
To the golden wheels circling upon the pavement of heaven, and all
The villages of Luvah rising; the golden tiles of the villages
Reply to violins and tabors, to the pipe, flute, lyre, and cymbal.
These fill the legions of Mystery with maddening confusion.
Down, down, through the immense, with outcry, fury, and despair,
Into the wine-presses of Luvah, howling, fall the clusters
Of human families through the deep. The wine-presses are filled,
The blood of life flowed plentiful; odours of life arose
All round the heavenly arches, and the odours sang this song:

Terrible wine-presses of Luvah! Oh, caverns of the grave!
How lovely the delights of those risen again from death!
Oh, trembling joy! Excess of joy is like excess of grief.

So sang the human odours round the wine-presses of Luvah.
But in the wine-presses is wailing, terror and despair.
Forsaken of their elements they vanish and are no more—
No more but a desire of being, a ravening desire,
Desiring like the hungry worm, and like the gaping grave.

They plunge into the elements. The elements cast them forth,
Or else consume their shadowy semblance; but they, obstinate,
Though framed for destruction, cry—Oh, let us exist! for
This dreadful non-existence is worse than the pains of eternal birth:
Eternal death who can endure? Let us consume in fires,
In waters stifling, or in air corroding, or in earth shut up:
The pangs of eternal birth are better than the pangs of eternal death.

How red the sons and daughters of Luvah! How they tread the grapes,
Laughing and shouting, drunk with odours! Many fall overwearied:
Drowned in the wine is many a youth and maiden. Those around
Lay them on skins of tigers, of the leopard or wild ass,
Till they revive, or bury them in cool grots with lamentation.
But in the wine-presses the human grapes sing not nor dance,
They howl and writhe in shoals of torment and fierce flames consuming,
In chains of iron and in dungeons circled with ceaseless fires,
In pits and dens and shades of death, and shapes of torment and woe;
The plates and the screws, and racks, and saws, and cords, and fires, and floods;
The cruel joy of Luvah's daughters, lacerating with knives
And whips their victims, and the deadly sport of Luvah's sons.

Timbrels and violins sport round the wine-presses. The little seed,
The sportive root, the earthworm, the snake-beetle, the wise emmet,
Dance round the wine-presses of Luvah. The centipede is there,
The ground spider with many eyes, the mole clothed with velvet,
The earwig armed, the tender maggot, emblem of immortality;
The slow slug, the grasshopper that sings and laughs and drinks:
The winter comes; he folds his slender bones without a murmur.
There is the nettle, that can sting with her soft down; and there
The indignant thistle, whose bitterness is bred in his milk, who lives
On the contempt of his neighbours. There are all the idle weeds
That creep about the obscure places, showing their various limbs
Naked in all their beauty, dancing round the wine-presses.
They dance around the dying, and they drink the howls and groans;
They catch the shrieks in cups of gold; they hand them to one another.
These are the sports of love, the sweet delights of amorous play:
Tears of the grape, the death-sweat of the cluster, the last sigh
Of the mild youth who listens to the luring songs of Luvah.

The Eternal Man darkened with sorrow, and a wintry mantle
Covered the hills. He said—Oh Tharmas, rise! and oh, Urthona!

Then Tharmas and Urthona rose from the golden feast, satiated
With mirth and joy: Urthona, limping from his fall, on Tharmas leaned,
In his right hand his hammer. Tharmas held his shepherd's crook
Beset with gold, the ornaments formed by sons of Urizen.

Then Enion, and Ahania, and Vala, and the wife of dark Urthona
Rose from the feast, with joy ascending to their golden looms.
Then the winged shuttle sang, the spindle, the distaff and reel
Rang sweet the praise of industry through all the golden room.
Heaven rang with winged exultation. All beneath howled loud,
With tenfold rout and desolation roared the caverns beneath
When the wide woof flowed down and when the Nations were gathered together.
Tharmas went down to the wine-presses, and beheld the sons and daughters
Of Luvah quite exhausted with the labour and quite filled
With new wine, that they began to torment one another and tread
The weak. Luvah and Vala slept on the floor, o'erwearied.

Urthona called his sons around him: Tharmas called his sons
Numerous. They took the wine, they separated the lees,
And Luvah was put for dying on the ground by the sons of Tharmas and Urthona.
They formed the heaven of sweetest wood, of gold and silver and ivory,

Of glass and precious stones. They loaded all the waggons of heaven
And took away the wine of ages, with solemn songs and joy.

Luvah and Vala awoke, and all the sons and daughters of Luvah
Awoke. They wept to one another. They re-ascended
To the Eternal Man. In woe he cast them wailing into
The world of shadows, through the air, till winter is come and gone.
But the human wine stood wondering in all these delightful expanses,
The elements subsided, the heavens rolled on with vocal harmony.

Then Los, who is Urthona, rose in all his regenerate power.
The sea that rolled and foamed with darkness and the shadow of death
Vomited out and gave up all. The floods lift up their hands,
Singing and shrieking to the Man. They bow their hoary heads,
And murmuring in their channels flow and circle round his feet.

Then dark Urthona took the corn out of the stores of Urizen;
He ground it in his rumbling mills,—terrible the distress
Of all the Nations of the Earth, ground in the mills of Urthona.

In his hand Tharmas takes the storms: he turns the whirlwinds loose
Upon the wheels. The starry seas roar at his dread command,

And, eddying fierce, rejoice in the fierce agitation of the wheels
Of dark Urthona. Thundering earthquakes, fierce water-floods,
Rejoice to one another. Loud their voices shake the abyss,
Their dread forms tending the dire mills. The grey hoar-frost was there,
And his pale wife the aged snow. They watch over the fires,
They build the ovens of Urthona. Nature in darkness groans,
And Men are bound to sullen contemplation all the night.
Restless they turn on beds of sorrow, in their inmost brain
Feeling the crushing wheels: they rise, they write the bitter words
Of stern Philosophy, and knead the bread of Knowledge with tears and groans.

Such are the works of dark Urthona. Tharmas sifts the corn.
Urthona made the bread of ages, and he placed it
In golden and in silver baskets, in heavens of precious stone,
And then took his repose in winter, in the night of time.

The sun has left his blackness and has found a fresher morning,
And the mild moon rejoices in the clear and cloudless night,
And Man walks forth from midst of fires: the evil is all consumed.
His eyes behold the angelic spheres among the night and day;
The stars consumed, like a lamp blown out, and in their stead, behold!

One earth—one sea beneath; nor erring globes wander, but stars
Of fire rise up nightly from the ocean; and one sun
Each morning, like a new-born Man, issues with songs of joy,
Calling the ploughman to his labour, the shepherd to his rest.
He walks upon the eternal mountains, raising his heavenly voice,
Conversing with the animal forms of wisdom night and day,
That, risen from the sea of fire, renewed walk over the earth;
For Tharmas brought his flocks upon the hills, and in the vales
Around the Eternal Man's bright tent the little children play
Among the woolly flocks. The hammer of Urthona sounds
In the deep caves beneath, his limbs renewed; his lions roar
Around the furnaces, and in evening sport upon the plains.
They raise their faces from the earth, conversing with the Man:

How is it we have walked through fire and yet are not consumed?
How is it that all things are changed, even as in ancient times?
The sun arises from his dewy bed, and the fresh airs
Play in his smiling beams, giving the seeds of life to grow,
And the fresh earth beams forth ten thousand thousand springs of life.

Urthona is arisen in his strength: no longer now
Divided from Enitharmon—no longer the Spectre of Los.

Where is the Spectre of prophecy? where is the delusive phantom?
Departed: and Urthona issues from the ruinous walls,
In all his ancient strength, to form the golden armour of science
For intellectual war—the war of swords departed now,
In dark religions are departed—and sweet science reigns.

END OF THE DREAM

FRAGMENTS

The following fragments discovered among the pages of the manuscript of 'Vala' are interesting. Some were used by Blake in the poem with variations. They give a useful glimpse into the growth of the imagery, and of the ideas underlying.

The following bears two pencilled illustrations—the first representing Urizen; the second Ahania, not seeing Luvah as of old, but only his feet. The whole passage was as carefully copied out by Blake as the Nights I. and II., and seems to have been intended for Night II. But there is no place where it could come in. We must suppose it to have been rejected. Some lines will be recognised as afterwards used later in the poem.

The horse is of more value than the Man, the Tiger fierce
Laughs at the Human form. The Lion mocks and thirsts for blood.
They cry, O Spider, spread thy web! Enlarge thy bones, and fill'd
With marrow, sinews, and flesh, exalt thyself, attain a voice.
Call to thy dark armed hosts, for all the sons of Men muster together
To desolate their cities! Man shall be no more! Awake, O Hosts,
The Bowstring sang upon the hills. Luvah and Vala rode
Triumphant in the bloody sky. The Human form is no more.

The listening stars heard. The first beam of the morning started back.
He cried out to his father—Depart! Depart! But sudden seized,

And clad in steel, and his horse proudly neighed. He smelt the battle
Afar off. Rushing back, reddening with rage, the Mighty Father
Seized his bright sheep-hook, studded with gems and gold. He swung it round
His head, shrill sounding in the sky. Down rushed the sun with noise
Of war. The mountains fled away; they sought a place beneath.
Vala remained in deserts of dark solitude, nor sun nor moon
By night nor day to comfort her. She laboured in thick smock.
Tharmas endured not; he fled howling. Then a barren waste sunk down,
Conglobing in the dark confusion. Meantime, Los was born;
Thou, O Enitharmon. Hark! I hear the hammer of Los.
They melt the bones of Vala and the bones of Luvah in wedges;
The innumerable sons and daughters of Luvah, closed in furnaces,
Melt into furrows. Winter blows his bellows. Ice and snow
Tend his dire anvils. Mountains moan, and rivers faint and fail.
There is no city, nor cornfield, nor orchard; all is rock and sand.
There is no sun, nor moon, nor stars, but ragged wintry rocks
Jostling together in the void: suspended by inward fires.

Impatience now no longer can endure. Distracted Luvah,
Bursting forth from the loins of Enitharmon, thou fierce terror,

Go, howl in vain. Smite, smite his fetters; smite, O wintry hammers;
Smite, Spectre of Urthona; mock the fiend who drew us down
From heavens of joy into their deep. Now rage, but rage in vain.

Thus sang the demons of the deep. The clarion of war blew loud.
The feast redounds, and crowned with roses and the circling vine
The enormous Bride and Bridegroom sat. Beside them Urizen,
With faded radiance, sigh'd: forgetful of the flowing wine,
And of Ahania, his pure Bride; but she was distant far.

But Los and Enitharmon sat in discontent and scorn.
Craving the more the more enjoying, drawing out sweet bliss
From all the turning wheels of heaven and the chariots, of the slain.
At distance—far in night repelled, in direful hunger craving,
Summer and winter round revolving in the mighty deeps—
Enion——

And so the fragment ends. Though it was carefully recopied by Blake, the metre and music were never sufficiently considered. Line 33 *will be recognised as line* 695 *of 'Vala,' Night VII. The Demons of the deep there sing the song attributed to the Spectre Songs of Albion in 'Jerusalem,' p.* 65. *The feast of which we have heard is part of the Sun-myth of Urizen. Line* 38, *as will be noticed, is line* 346 *of 'Vala,' Night I. It was for this portion of the book that the page was destined, as is shown by its similarity in paper, style of sketch, and handwriting to the whole of Night II. as much as by the subject.*

Here is another fragment—

. . . Rahab triumphs over all. She took Jerusalem
Captive, a willing captive, by delusive arts impelled
To worship Urizen's dragon form, to offer his own children
Upon the bloody altars. John saw these things revealed in heaven
On Patmos Isle, and heard the soul cry out to be delivered.
He saw the harlot of the Kings of Earth, and saw her cup
Of fornication, food of Orc and Satan, pressed from the fruit of Mystery.
But when she saw the form of Ahania weeping on the void,
And heard Enion's voice sound from the caverns of the grave,
No more spirit remained in her. She secretly left the synagogue;
She communed with Orc in secret; she hid him with the flax
That Enitharmon had numbered away from the heavens.
She gathered it together to consume her Harlot Robes
In bitterest contrition; sometimes self-condemning, repentant,
And sometimes kissing her robe of jewels and weeping over them;
Sometimes returning to the synagogue of Satan in pride,
And sometimes weeping before it in humility and trembling.
The synagogue of Satan uniting against mystery,—
Satan divided against Satan,—resolved in open Sanhedrin
To burn Mystery with fire, and form another from her ashes.
For God put it into their heart to fulfil all His will.

The ashes of Mystery began to animate; they called
it Deism
And Natural Religion. As of old, so now anew
began
24 Babylon again in infancy, called Natural Religion.

In this fragment lines 4 *and* 5 *repeat what is told in* '*Milton*,' *p.* 42, *l.* 22, *and show, along with many other examples, that the symbolic sense in which Blake read the Bible was the sense in which he wrote his own poems.*

The last lines show the same idea as that contained in the accounts of the Twenty-seven Heavens—'*Where Luther ends Adam begins again in eternal circle.*'—'*Jerusalem*,' *p.* 75, *line* 24.

Another fragment here follows.

This time we have evidently a sketch of a portion of Night I. The symbol is '*Virgo-Scorpio*' *in an early mental form.*

Beneath the veil of Vala rose Tharmas from dewy
tears.
The Eternal Man bow'd his bright head, and Urizen,
Prince of Light,
Awakened Vala. Ariston ran forth with bright
Ahana, (*sic*)
And dark Urthona roused his shady bride from her
deep den.
Pitying, they viewed the new-born demon, for they
could not love.
Male-formed the demon mild, athletic force his
shoulders spread,
And his bright feet firm as a brazen altar; but the
parts
To love devoted female. All astonished stood the
hosts
Of heaven, whilst Tharmas with winged speed flew to
the sandy shore,
He rested on the desert wild, and on the raging sea
He stood and stretched his wings and——

With printless feet, scouring the corners of the joyful
sky,

Female her form, bright on the summer, but the parts of love
Male, and her bow, radiant as day, darted a lovely scorn.
Tharmas beheld from his rock——

On the back of the paper bearing these fragments the following is written in pencil:—

The ocean calm, the clouds fold round. The fiery flame of love
Inwraps the immortal limbs, struggling in terrific joy
Not long. Thunders and lightnings swift, rendings and blushing winds
Sweep o'er the struggling copulation in fell writhing pangs.
They lie in twisting agonies beneath the covering heavens.

The womb impressed, Enion fled and hid in verdant mountains,
Yet her heavenly orbs——

From Enion pours the seed of life, and death in all her limbs
Froze. In the womb of Tharmas rush the rivers of Enion's pain.
Trembling he lay, swelled with the deluge in the anguish——

Here a fragment from Night I., hardly altered when incorporated with the poem. Yet here, as elsewhere, some hint of the essential idea escapes, and reveals itself in the first improvisation, though the thought is less obvious when the sustained myth is produced.

Mingling his horrible brightness with her tender limbs, then high she soared,
Shrieking above the ocean, a bright wonder that Nature shuddered at—

Half woman and half serpent. All his lovely changing colours mix
With her fair crystal clearness. In her lips and cheeks his poisons rose
In blushes like the morning, and his scaly armour softening,
A monster, lonely in the heavens or wandering on the earth,
With female voice warbling upon the hills and hollow vales,
Beauty all blushing with desire, a self-enjoying wonder.
For Enion brooded, groaning loud; the rough sea vegetates golden rocks,
And thus her voice;—Glory! Delight! O sweet enjoyment born
To mild eternity, shut in a three-fold shape delightful,
To wander in sweet solitude, enraptured at every wind.

Then across the ocean Enion brooded groaning. The golden rocks vegetated,
Infolding the bright woman from the desolating winds.

The last two lines are erased. The idea grew with contemplation. In the poem we no longer have merely the virgo-scorpio, *the woman-serpent, the mixture of beauty and desire. The two attributes come forth and reveal themselves as twin children, who draw her life into themselves—or absorb her attributes—till she vanishes, and they appear as Time and Space in their first innocence.*

In the above lines a few verbal alterations were made, not without significance. In the first line brightness *was crossed out and* darkness *substituted. In the third* serpent *was struck out and replaced by* cherub. *In the fifth,* scaly armour *is made to give place to* rocky features. *The meaning is obvious. The brightness of the serpent's gems* (*or the rainbow's colours*), *being food of the five senses,* is *darkness to the spirit. The cherub of mortal love* is *the serpent, and the rocky features of the flesh or of literal scripture, or of morality, are the same as the scales of Satan's natural armour.*

On the other side in pencil is a mere scrap, also from Night I.:—

That I should hide thee with my power and d——
And now thou darkenest in thy presence; never from
my sight——

There is no more here. A sketch beside it shows the back of a woman who is seated in the coils of a serpent, whose body seems to have grown from her thighs like the fishy half of a mermaid.

Another fragment begins with the passage in Night VIII., line 263—

The Lamb of God stood before Satan opposite.

The first ten lines are the same, but at the tenth and after we have the following:—

Such seemed the synagogue to distant view; around
them stood
The daughters of Canaan and Moab, binding on the
stones
Their victims, and with knives tormenting them,
singing with tears
Over their victims. Thus was the Lamb of God con-
demned to death.
They nailed him upon the tree of Mystery, and weep-
ing over him,
And mocking, then worshipping, calling him lord and
king,
Sometimes as twelve daughters lovely, and sometimes
as five
They stood in beaming beauty, and sometimes as one,
even Rahab
Who is Mystery, Babylon the Great, Mother of
Harlots.

The following continues the passage, but has all been struck out:—

And Rahab stripped off Luvah's robe from off the
limbs of God,

Then first she saw his glory, and her harlot form
appeared
In all its turpitude beneath the divine light——
She made herself a mantle of Luvah's robes,
Also the vegetative bodies which Enitharmon wove in
her loins
Opened within the heart, and in the loins, and in the
brain
To Beulah, and the dead in Beulah descended through
their gates.
And some were woven one-fold, some two-fold, and
some three-fold.
In head and heart and reins, according to their fittest
order,

Of most mournful pity and compassion to the spec-
trous dead.
Darkness and sorrow covered all flesh; eternity was
darkened.
Urizen sitting in his web of deceitful religion was
tormented.
He felt the female death,—a dull and numbing
stupor——

Such are the fragments found among the pages of the manuscript of 'Vala.'

THE MS. OF 'VALA'

The early pages of 'Vala,' *up to Night III., line* 106, *were probably written in* 1797, *all but the opening lines, which occupy space where a complete erasure has been made.*

The poem began with lines 6, 7, *and* 8 *when first written. Its title at that time was to have been* 'The Four Zoas, *or the Torments of Love and Jealousy.*'

Lines 9 *and* 10 *of Night I. are even more recent, and are in pencil. So is line* 18. *In the margin occur two lines that seem to have no place in the text, but rather to be an author's note of visionary experience. They are written sideways—*

'The men have received their death-wounds and their emanations are fled
To me for refuge, and I cannot turn them out for pity's sake.'

Blake seems to have read over his poem as far as line 21, *and jotted in these two lines to tell what happened when the emanations were lost. The* 'men' *are the male portions, moods, or mental states,* 'sons' *of Los.*

A later reading for the beginning of line 23 *is—*

'I have hidden thee, Jerusalem, in silent contention.'

Lines 38, 39, *and* 40 *are later than the rest.*

In 'Jerusalem,' *lines* 30, 31, 32, 38, 39, 48, 49, 50 *are given in page* 22 *as lines* 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24 *of that page. The context is of interpretative value as the essential ideas are the same.*

Lines 41 *to* 45 *inclusive in pencil opposite the serpent's mouth in design on MS., seem to be intended for the words that Tharmas wept into his cloud.*

Lines 46 *to* 57 *inclusive, sideways on margin, later than text.*

Lines 66 *to* 98 *inclusive, marked later by Blake for erasure.*

Lines 99 *to* 122 *inclusive, left to stand as the story of the incident. In line* 93 *the last words,* whence I emerged, *are substituted for* of death and hell *previously written.*

For line 105, *another reading, later, is—*

'A tabernacle for Jerusalem, she sat among the rocks.'

Line 123 *was at first written*

'Ah me, wretched, what have I done,—what deed?'—

and Enion's name was added after in the second reading.

Lines 123 *to* 131 *inclusive are crossed out, but here reinstated. The following added to them and separately crossed out—*

'So wailed she, trembling before her own created phantasm,
Which animating times on times by the force of her sweet song,
Reared . . .'

The last altered before erasure to—

'But standing on the rocks her woven shadow glowing bright,
Reared . . .'

Instead of these, namely 99 *onwards, the lines* 197 *to* 211 *inclusive were to have been inserted there. They are of later date.*

Lines 132 *to* 154 *inclusive, left to stand as the story.*

In line 151, *a later reading for* his lovely changing colours mix, *was* his scaly armour softening.

Lines 155 *to* 157 *inclusive, crossed out in pencil by Blake.*

Lines 158 *to* 164, *to stand.*

In line 161 *the word* '*and*' *should occur before* '*growing.*' *It was omitted in error.*

Lines 165 *to* 168, *later. See fragment No. I.*

Lines 169 *to* 177, *not to stand.*

Lines 178 *to* 186, *separately condemned as not to stand.*

In place of parts of 185-6 *was, till Blake partly erased it—*

'Thus Enion gave them all her spectrous life in dark despair,'

showing that it was her despair, not theirs.

Lines 187 *to* 196, *later.*

Line 189 *at first stood thus, till Blake altered it—*

'And many tears, and in evening years gave visions and sent heaven.'

Lines 197 *to* 211 *should perhaps have been placed as already indicated, before* 132. *But they have no real position here at all, being a late paragraph written separately.*

Lines 212 *to* 224, *to stand. Then an erased line—*

'Nine years they view the glowing spheres reading the visions of Beulah.'

Then comes a note that the next line, that numbered 225, *is to be the beginning of Night II. If this division had remained as final, Night I. would, after all erasures, have had only half the present number of lines.*

Lines 225 *to* 262, *to stand.*

Lines 263 *to* 270 *afterwards erased by Blake.*

No long erasures restored after this, all to stand.

Lines 305 *to* 315, *later.*

Lines 331 *to* 337, *later.*

Lines 348 *erased in pencil.*

Blake gives later this alternative reading to line 357—

'Ephraim called out to Tiriel; Awake, O brother Mountain.'

After line 397 *the words*

End of the First Night

are written. This is the second place marked for the end of the First Night.

Lines 398 *to* 427 *is a much later fragment, written on two sides of a piece of paper. At the end of line* 413 *we read for the third time—*

End of the First Night.

In 360, *add the word* '*Human*' *before* '*blood*,' *omitted in error.*

In line 434 *Blake later wrote* Snowdon *as an alternative reading for* Mount Gilead, *and in* 442, Beth Peor *is changed later to* Conway Vale; *and in* 469, *over the last word* deep, *is written later* Atlantic.

Lines 428 *to end of Night I. are much later than the former pages, and are written on another kind of paper. Of these lines,* 488 *is an addition to the rest, made later in pencil.*

The placing of these lines in Night I. at all is conjectural. They have no other place. They were written later than the pages of Night II., which follow, but belong to the date of the lines 398, *etc., which are marked as belonging to this Night.*

By comparing the fragments of MS. given above on the Hermaphrodites, and the woman-serpent, with the passages marked for erasure by Blake, in the early pages of Night I., three stages of symbolic idea are seen like successive growths in the poet's mind. Beauty, the female, and Desire—called Enion and Tharmas—the male, are the hero and heroine of the story. They are '*Virgo*' *and* '*Scorpio*'; *they mingle, and are seen as Hermaphrodite. They mingle more simply and are seen as marriage. Finally they separate into Feeling and Change, and appear as Enitharmon and Los, the infants*

afterwards '*known to mortals*' (*note the* to mortals) *as Time and Space. Blake is seen here still groping among his visions for the best expression of what his reflections told him must be their true meaning.*

There is no correct and authentic text, therefore, for the First Night of Vala, what is given here being the mass of writing out of which Blake never finally selected such a text. Much that he rejected is restored for its value in showing the growth and meaning of his idea.

NIGHT THE SECOND

Night II. was headed Night the First, and the word First erased. It is early in date except a few insertions.

In line 3, Albion *was written at first only* Man, *with no name.*

Line 4 *is later, and the last word* ears *was written at first* porches. *So are lines* 8, 25. *Lines* 35 *to* 62 *are also of later date. At* 63 *the manuscript, copied out in fair hand, continues. Line* 71 *is later, in pencil. Line* 98, *last words,* '*Oh Lamb,*' *and* 99, 100, *and* 101 *are later, and so is* 104. *The first MS. read thus, before Blake altered it—*

'She bore me sons and daughters,
And they have taken her away and hid her from my sight.
They have surrounded me with walls of iron and brass,—
Discordant principles of love and hate. I suffer affliction
Because I love, for I was lone, and hatred awakens in me.

The speaker is Luvah in the furnaces, as shown by line 110. *Their walls of iron and brass are thus explained clearly. Iron is love, as shown in Preludium to America, third line, and elsewhere.*

In line 106, Human Terror *was at first written.* Human Delusion *is later.*

Line 111 *is later. Lines* 120 *to* 133 *are later. The MS. continued originally so that* 119 *preceded* 134.

In line 135, Pyramid *was at first* globe.

In line 138, centre *was erased,* basement *substituted, and then erased.*

In line 143, cubes *was at first written* globes.

Lines 167 *and* 168 *are later.*

Lines 172 *to* 209 *form also a passage written later.*

Lines 242 *and* 243 *later*; *line* 243 *in pencil.*

In line 248, orbs *is altered later to* cubes.

Lines 253 *to* 259 *later.*

Lines 263 *to* 280 *later.*

In line 273, spring *is altered later to* season.
Line 283 *later.*
Lines 295 *to* 377, *all later. Line* 379, *also later.*
In line 415, terrible *is altered later to* spectrous.
According to Blake's counting at an early period—not known when—before many insertions—some of which may have been lost as he re-copied—line 158 *as printed was marked as* 100, *and line* 286 *as* 200.
In line 398, vintage *was corrected by Blake into* harvest, *which now stands.*
In line 318, terrible *is left, though Blake gave* spectrous *as a later reading.*
How much later all the passages inserted by him were added can only be conjectured, but probably many of them may be dated provisionally about the time of the printing of 'Jerusalem,' unless 'Jerusalem' superseded the whole of this MS. —insertions included.

NIGHT THE THIRD

Here lines 28 *and* 29 *were erased and line* 30 *inserted in the later period of the MS. as a substitute. All three are printed here.*
Lines 91 *and* 92 *are later. The word* Albion *was perhaps written by mistake for* Ahania, *but if so, Blake overlooked the error. They were visions of Ahania. See above, lines* 24-26. *Compare 'Jerusalem,' p.* 29.
Lines 105 *to* 107, *about closing the Western Gate, are later, in pencil.*
At '"Am I not God," said Urizen,' etc., begins the portion of the MS. not copied out, but from now to the end apparently of a date nearly *that of the insertions, though another change, still more near to their exact date, occurs in Night VI.*
Lines 131 *and* 132 *later.*

The following verbal alterations occur—

In line 14, Ahania *altered later to* shadow.
In line 63, Fallen one, *altered later to* Albion.
In line 68, Fallen one, *altered later to* Albion.
In line 69, Man *altered later to* Albion.
In line 71, Fallen one, *altered later to* Albion.
In line 81, Man *altered later to* Albion.
In line 83, Fallen Man, *altered later to* Albion.

NIGHT THE FOURTH

The lines of the seventh age, 242, 245, *are later, but seemingly by oversight. The lines* 246 *to* 278 *are apparently later.*

In line 264, Man *was altered later to* Albion.

In line 274, the deeps *altered later to* starry wheels, *an expression much used in 'Jerusalem.' The earlier term explains it.*

Of these, the line 271 *is later still, in pencil, thus dating the pencil insertions as belonging to a third period, the pen insertions of the early books being probably made at Felpham, or when the MS. was resumed. This would account for its being in itself a sort of compound of all Blake's other books, except 'Milton' and 'Jerusalem,' which are enriched by scraps taken from 'Vala,' but are not summarised in it, except in so far as the myth of Satan and Palamabron is concerned, an episode in the earlier part of 'Milton' designed when 'Milton' was still intended to be a poem in twelve books. 'One thing of real consequence I have accomplished by coming into the country, which is to me consolation enough,' writes Blake in January* 1802. *'I have re-collected all my scattered thoughts on art.' 'Vala,' in its corrected and enlarged form, seems to have been the noting-place of this re-collection, which then expanded into 'Jerusalem' and 'Milton.'*

Here and there, pages written after the Felpham time seem to have been added to the later nights.

NIGHT THE FIFTH

This is practically of one date.

NIGHT THE SIXTH

Is also practically of one date.

The word 'Southern' in line 144 *is confusing. They were his children, and so southern, yet they were in the North with him. Compare line* 78.

Lines 225, 234, *and* 235 *are late. Line* 244 *is in pencil.*

After line 257 *a later handwriting than that used since Night III. Line* 107 *characterises the rest of the MS. It resembles that of the alterations, such as the change of 'Man' to 'Albion,' etc.*

In this Night, on facsimile No. 7 *in the Quaritch edition, a hint of faint words may, perhaps, be detected on the right-*

hand margin. They are a little couplet in pencil, of which one word, illegible in the original, looks like an impossible term, and causes the couplet to read as follows:—

'Till thou dost *injure* the distrest
Thou shalt never have peace within thy breast.'

After fruitless efforts, we reluctantly leave the deciphering of the word that cannot be injure *to future editors. It would have biographical interest.*

NIGHT THE SEVENTH

This, like Night I., was written in fragments, and their order indicated by Blake in a series of contradictory directions. It has been arranged for press conjecturally, and the beginning taken according to Blake's last idea. The first lines bear the number of the Night at their head, and are the third commencement destined for it.

The lines 115 *to* 134 *are later, a concrete illustration of the preceding abstractions. Line* 135 *succeeded* 114 *originally. In* 155 affliction *is altered later into* wisdom.

In line 287, '*From Enion's brain*' *is later.*

Lines 300 *to* 306 *are later. Here the MS. is resumed after a pause, but all at about the same date.*

Lines 325 *to* 327 *are later.*

Line 494 *begins a fresh portion of MS. It is called line* 153 *of Blake's first draft of this Night, and is another commencement.*

Line 609 *ends a page. The MS. calls it* 272, *and directs that one of the beginnings shall be brought here, and used as the remainder of the Night.*

In line 583, *the last word but one should probably be* weary.

In line 634, steeds *was afterwards altered to* clouds *by Blake.*

The word up *before* to *should be added in line* 643.

From line 650 *much that follows is copied with slight verbal additions, mostly destructive of metre, but explanatory in intention, and found in p.* 65 *of* '*Jerusalem.*'

In what follows, lines 620, 621, *and* 623 *are later, and also lines* 676 *and* 677.

Line 692 *is later, also lines* 698, 704, *and* 708.

Beside the passage that ends with line 694 *a pencil note, that has no place in the poem, occurs on the margin:—*

'Unorganised innocence an impossibility:
Innocence dwells with Wisdom, but never with Ignorance,'

The passage 729 *to* 743 *is later.*
Line 734, *the words* of Orc *are later than the rest.*
Line 786 *is the only possible end of Night VII.*

NIGHT THE EIGHTH

In this Night the line 4 *is later, and in defiance of the lack of a full stop, lines* 10 *to* 15 *were to be erased, but are restored, as they were never re-written.*

Line 100 *is later. Lines* 104 *to* 106 *are later. Lines* 108 *to* 112 *are an insertion, apparently later.*

In line 155, *the words* these terrors *are a later reading of Blake's for* the human form.

Lines 197 *to* 235 *is a later fragment on other papers, but its place for insertion marked here. See facsimile No.* 15, *where line* 255 *bears the early numbering, as* 195.

Line 252 *is later. Line* 261, *containing the four Zoas by name, erased, as these are united, not cut off when the spiritual body is revealed.*

Lines 263 *to* 409 *is an enlargement of a late fragment. Of this enlargement the line* 273 *is still later, and lines* 275 *to* 290 *are later. Lines* 325 *to* 334 *are later.*

The passage '*But when Rahab,*' *etc., line* 335, *was written three leaves earlier. The MS. directs us to take it from there and place it here, to line* 408. *This terminates the enlargement of the fragment. The original MS. had, when sketched, the line* 609 *as next after* 263. *It continues without a break to end of Night VIII.*

In line 430, *the word* Urthona *was altered later to* the Spectre *by Blake. The earlier reading is restored for its clearness of meaning. Of course* '*Urthona*' *was the spectre.*

NIGHT THE NINTH

The heading of this Night suggests that it was conceived (*if the appearance of the writing be a guide*) *at the time when the title of the poem was to have been* '*The Death and Judgment of the Ancient Man,*' *the name* '*Albion*' *not being used in the MS. as yet.*

In this Night, line 32 *is later, also line* 50. *Lines* 113 *and* 127 *are later. They seem utterances produced by the realisation of the subject of the poem in the mind of the poet as he sat reading his own manuscript. The same may be said of lines* 139 *and* 140, *also insertions.*

The lines 200 *to* 202 *are also insertions, In the next line it*

is noteworthy that The Eternal Man is the phrase employed. 'Albion' is not used after Night IV.

The suggestion seems to be that by now Blake had given up the idea of using any more of this poem for 'Jerusalem' or for 'Milton,' and had now decided on the abbreviation of 'Milton.' He therefore did not even look through his MS. at the date when the word 'Albion' was inserted into the earlier 'Night.'

If the exact early text were restored, it would only gain in chance errors. No real point of poetry or of personality is involved. An enemy of Blake and of poetry may do this restoration some day.

Line 256 *is later.*

Lines 330 *and* 331 *later; also lines* 380, 381, *and* 385.

Lines 488, 489, 490, *and* 491 *are also later. Line* 586 *is later; also line* 620, *repeated from Night I. line* 252, *is altered by Blake from*

'First born for the sport and amusement of Man, now born to drink up all his powers.'

Here it stands,—

'Not born for the sport and amusement of Man, but soon to drink up all his Powers.'

In the course of editing, many slips of the pen left by Blake are here corrected. They only affect the scansion and never the sense, still less do they alter the mystical or symbolic terms of any line. Nevertheless a note of each is made in the three-volume edition published by Quaritch, so that any student fearing to be led astray by them from a correct apprehension of Blake can restore the slips and blemishes, and discover for himself that neither sense nor sound is improved, but only stumblings multiplied, and the

'Long resounding, long heroic line'

is broken and flawed, to the injury of the 'intellectual battle' which Blake desired to fight.

The title-page, portions of which are almost too faint for reproduction, shows several changes of an important character.

The work seems at first to have been intended to bear the name of

THE DEATH AND
JUDGMENT
OF THE
ANCIENT MAN.
A DREAM
OF NINE NIGHTS.
BY WILLIAM BLAKE.
1797.

In the first lines, however, it is Los, and not the Man, who is made the hero of the tale. This was a much later idea. It seems to have arisen from the perception that the Spirit of Prophecy is the portion of man essentially capable of falling without completely losing its characteristic quality. It is the 'Shadowy Prophet who six thousand years ago fell from his station,' who 'now returns,' and through whose voice Blake himself claims to speak, whether under his own name or under symbolic pseudonym, as Los.

The statement that Los was the friend of Albion, in whom Albion should eventually see the lineaments of the Eternal Friend, from whom he had separated ('Jerusalem,' p. 46, l. 22), was the result of contemplation, and had not been considered by Blake at the outset.

'Albion,' as the name for the Ancient Man, or, as he is sometimes called, the 'Fallen Man,' was also an afterthought. It first appears as a correction in pencil on the title-page, and the imperfect attempt shown in these notes to carry the new name through the MS. was made probably during the Felpham period, when Blake may have picked up from books in Hayley's library patriotic ideas with regard to the symbolic suitability of ancient English names, and those of English towns. In Night II. of 'Vala,' l. 3, Man *is altered to* Albion, *as has been seen, and the name is substituted in the same way in Night III., ll.* 68, 69, 71, 79, 81, 83, *etc. Where these passages occur in 'Jerusalem,' whose printing was not begun till* 1804, *the name 'Albion' is definitely adopted, p.* 29. *It is, however, still alternated here and there with the more general term (here retained) in the text of 'Vala.'*

Another title was considered as better suited to the poem and was written higher up on the page:—

THE FOUR ZOAS
OR
THE TORMENTS OF LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

This idea was afterwards seen to be merely part of the story of how Los falls into division and arises into unity. The title was only faintly pencilled. An almost invisible design on the page represents figures with fiends in a chaldron at the bottom of the page, and along the margin a trumpet-bearer is descending, to call to the Last Judgment.

Finally the name

VALA

was boldly penned as the true title, and repeated as the heading of the poem's first page.

The value of these changes in assisting the interpretation of the poem itself is evident. They almost explain it without further key.

The motto of the work may be called that of Blake's artistic life. It is taken from the Epistle to the Ephesians,—'For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.' He has printed it very carefully and legibly in Greek, though the faintness of the letters causes the words to have a broken appearance as they stand at the head of the first page in the facsimile given with the Quaritch edition. In the reference to Ephesians the Greek digamma at the chapter heading looked so like a very good Arabic numeral 5 that the editor mistook it for one, and falsely and rashly accused Blake of error. The verse is, of course, the twelfth of the sixth chapter. The reason for his use of the Greek is probably that he felt it to be more evident in its meaning than the English, especially in the last words, where our 'high places' does not indicate mental height, or the height of heaven, so clearly as Blake wished. 'Upward,' as he says elsewhere, 'is inward.' The words πρὸς τὰ πνευματικὰ τῆς πονηρίας ἐν τοῖς ἐπουρανίοις *probably suggested to him an allusion to what he speaks of as the rage of Orc (who is Luvah, Prince of the Air: East in symbolic Orientation), though he had the sense not to offend by putting it into English words other than those of the Authorised Version to bring this out. 'Mental' warfare was his constant occupation. Nor had he any doubt as to the kind of peace which he trusted it would acquire. Against the sixth line of the poem is a reference to the Gospel of St. John, chap. xvii. 20, 21, 22, 23. 'Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also who shall believe on me through their word, that they may be one in us, that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them, that they may be one even as we are one, I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one, and that the world may*

know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them as thou hast loved me.'

This 'glory' is what Blake meant by the 'emanation,' in particular 'Jerusalem,' as in the poem of that name, p. 54, *l.* 5. *Here is the ultimate object of his art expressed. Side by side with this, Milton's high and cold desire to 'justify the ways of God to Man' strikes with a tomb-like chill.*

On the margin of the first page can also be detected a reference to the verse about the Word being made flesh and dwelling among us (John i. 14), *with the central term of the phrase in Greek added. This practically dates Blake's Greek studies as between* 1797 *and* 1804, *probably more near the latter than the former date, as the quotations do not belong to the first draft, but to the corrections which were added along with the later pages of 'Vala.' In their turn these marginal notes are more precisely dated, by the fact that in November* 1801 *Blake and Hayley were reading a translation of the 'Iliad' together of an evening, comparing it with the Greek as they advanced. Gilchrist's 'Life' gives an extract from Hayley's letter to Johnson recording this. The language, we may suppose, was fresh to Blake then, and its novelty gave its words the emphasis belonging to terms of endearment. He refers to Ephesians xiv.* 10 (sic) *against line* 634 *of Night IX. and following lines, which tends to show that he was much occupied with the Epistle at this time, though by what slip of the pen he gave it fourteen chapters is incomprehensible. There is hardly a word in the whole of its few pages that is not evidently a source of inspiration to much that is to be read in 'Vala,'—even its metaphors and figures of speech being adopted with sympathetic enthusiasm.*

The text of 'Vala' here printed, as will have been seen by the notes, offers the work as nearly as possible in the form in which Blake sketched it, many paragraphs which he afterwards erased, blotted, or crossed out in large blocks being carefully restored. Nevertheless his later insertions are included, and the whole put in a conjecturally arranged consecutive order. Of course the text thus produced is a sort of hybrid. It contains matter belonging to two different poetic periods and two different manners. But the poem could not be printed twice over, and therefore is presented to the reader not exactly as it was left by Blake's furiously rapid pen, nor is it re-arranged according to the fancy of the editor.

In a general way the more simple part of the story is earlier, and the scraps of explanation and allusions to the tribes of Israel and English or Welsh names are later, as where Reuben is suddenly intruded at l. 47, *Night II., or Snowdon, or in Night IX., line* 626, *'Science' for 'Nature,' or the insertion*

of the words 'of Orc' into l. 734 of Night VII., to the utter destruction of the music.

It seems by the occurrence of many long and often re-written passages of this poem in the 'Jerusalem' and 'Milton' that Blake, before he gave away the MS., had decided not to publish it at all, having quite outgrown all pleasure in its purpose and tone.

The MS. was perhaps for this reason never properly looked over by the author, or even finally sorted into chapters or 'Nights.' Some Nights are seen to have more than one beginning and more than one ending indicated. It is only possible to conjecture the sequence. The numbering of the lines which occurs here and there on the manuscript pages is so continually thrown wrong by insertions and erasures as to offer but little guide. When the editors of the Quaritch edition received the MS. from the brothers Linnell it was unpaged and unsorted. An attempt had been made to put it in order, but without success. The arrangement of the loose sheets after reading them occupied many long days.

There remained an even more delicate task. Blake had not, though he says in the first lines that he had done so, marshalled the long-resounding, long-heroic verse, in order of intellectual battle. *He had, however, left many passages of perfect sound and emphasis. The restoration of the halting or stumbling lines to a condition in which they could equal the musical quality and cadence of their neighbours was an exceedingly irksome task, but not, in most cases, particularly difficult. One system has been pursued. Wherever a correction was obvious and was almost forced upon the mind by the evident metrical intention, it has been made. But all the lines that did not practically correct themselves have been left untouched, however much their irregularity seemed to cry aloud for revision. But that the reader might take nothing through the editors without an opportunity to judge for himself, the corrections were all indicated in the notes, and any one who pleases may restore from them every slip and blot that the manuscript contained without fear of suppression or falsification. Some of those verbal emendations have been withdrawn on reconsideration in the present edition. A few misprints are to be found among them, and among the numberings of the lines to which they refer in the Quaritch edition.*

The question of whether or not any editorial retouching should remain has been considered by the present editor (to whom that invidious and terrible task fell in the Quaritch edition) after an interval of about ten years; and he still reluctantly holds that if it is done without concealment and the original text indicated throughout, it is, in this particular case, desirable. But he does not reprint the notes.

Both the Rossetti brothers have retouched Blake's text in editing him without leaving any indication where they had done so. This cannot be justified. From this blame the present editor is free, and he is also free from the reproach of attempting to insert any fresh poetical matter that our author did not supply, in order to beautify his work. 'Beautify,' since the days of Shakespeare's Polonius, has most justifiably been considered 'a vile phrase.'

The text produced retains scrupulously every term that has a mystical or symbolic meaning. It only deals with what may be called 'padding.' It could have been read aloud to Blake himself, had it been arranged in his day, and he would probably have failed to discover that his work had been retouched here, so far as the wording of the lines went. He might have objected to any of the work being printed at all. He might have wrathfully cried out at the large editorial liberty that is taken by the publication of long paragraphs through which he had drawn his pen. But they are beautiful; they assist us in following his mind; we cannot spare a word until the process of understanding his cryptic method of speech is complete, and its interpretation fully and finally established, and meantime the paragraphs are mentioned in the notes.

But though he read over parts of his MS., thrusting in fragments of later symbolism here and there, he never did his clear duty by his own metre. It was all written in long and sustained bursts of inspiration. When in the heat of composition he had thrown off hundreds of perfect lines together, he left them without polishing or fidgeting with them after—an example that might have been followed with advantage in other works by poets of to-day. But when he dropped a word here, or reduplicated one there, or thrust unneeded syllables into a line that was as long as it could be without such addition—he left these blemishes with equal respect. His advice to make the errors of a wise man our rule rather than the perfections of a fool cannot possibly be twisted into meaning that such errors are to be actually made our rule. Some authors have allowed others to corrupt their text when they might have saved it—Shakespeare being here the chief of sinners; and we all admit that beside a facsimile edition, an edited edition of him has its place on our shelves. We wish to know of his bewildering text, but not always to reprint it. Blake made his own slips of the pen, and his arrogant, or perhaps his helpless, hand refused the task of picking it up and making whole the halt and lame.

The editor's argument for daring to come to the rescue will be best appreciated by one or two examples—the first that come will serve. They are specimens of many others, as the

Quaritch edition exists to show. Blake wrote, Night I., lines 117-119—

'Shuddering she wove nine days and nights, sleepless, her food was tears.
But on the tenth trembling morn, the circle of Destiny complete
Rolled round the sea, englobing, in a mighty globe self-balanced.'

In the centre line here, the word on *after* but *is dropped in the text, and noted in the Quaritch edition.*
Line 129 *stood*

'Already my eyes are reverted: all that I behold'

which is, of course, not a line at all, though the first five words might be from the poem of Alexander Selkirk.

'Already are my eyes reverted: all that I behold'—

is the line Blake seems to have felt, though not written.
Lines 141 *and* 142 *were*

'The Spectre said: Thou sinful woman, was it thy desire
That I should hide thee with my power and delight thee with beauty?'

The third word from the end is dropped in the text, duly noted elsewhere.

Let whoever thinks that in a poem of this length and beauty the loyalty we owe to what we have learned of the metre in which he intended to write, from the best of the poet's lines, is of no consequence, while the historical fact that he did not always write without little slips is the most important thing to know about him, get a Quaritch edition, and retract all the emendations from it. He will annoy his own ears to no poetic purpose, and of biographical purpose he will only do twice what it was enough to do once. He will go further from Blake by following him too timidly. Those who fear lest they are being imposed on by a false and smoothed-up impression of Blake will cease their fear as they read the many rough and even false lines left in this text in all places where they could not be changed without change of meaning, and by reading Nights IV. and VIII., in whose many hundreds of lines there are hardly a dozen retouches.

MEANING OF 'VALA'

To understand 'Vala' is to understand all Blake. This poem encloses the rest in the scope of its meaning and in the variety of its language. Beyond it only elaborations of details are to be found and a change of predilection, which seems, but is not, a change of conviction, in right of which friendship and sympathy are exalted above love.

The sub-title, 'The Torments of Love and Jealousy,' gives a hint for interpretation, and some lines go further than others in showing how the poem is to be read.

Night VII. may be used as a key to the rest,—the seventh stanza, chapter, or section of anything in Blake having this quality of frankness in almost all his poems.

There is no space here for detailed interpretation, but merely to name some of the most significant lines in Night VII. will almost reveal the secret.

Blake, the visionary, is married. He who sees every feeling as a human form, generally named, sees all the emotions as well as the thoughts that belong to married life coming and going as living creatures. He describes them, but he has learned enough since the day of the early poem, 'The Passions,' not to do so under emotional, but under visionary names. 'The gate of the tongue is closed' means that free, prosaic speech is forbidden when the life of the sexes is publicly spoken of. But in 'Eternity'—that is to say, in the region where all moods are imaginatively seen as persons—everything is different.

These are the numbers of the most explanatory lines in Night VII.—

36	133	140	146	154	162	175	203
213	217	243	273	286	307	310	378
381	396	404	428	435	461	494	579
589	594	609	610	628	668	780.	

In these the 'Gate of the Tongue' is almost open. It is certainly translucent.

In Night VIII., 3, 62, 74-76, 96, 101, *and all the lines to* 119 *are luminous.*

The hundred and nineteenth line is the most significant of all, 'Men they seemed to one another.'

All the 'sons and daughters' of the many parents named are such seemings, and are known to us as feelings and moods, or seen by us as natural objects, their 'human' form being concealed.

In Blake's note on his picture 'The Last Judgement,' these words occur—

'Man passes on, but' (*mental and emotional*) 'states remain for ever. He passes through them like a traveller who may as well suppose that the places he has passed

through exist no more, as a man may suppose that the states he has passed through exist no more. Everything is eternal.'

With regard to names in 'Vala' and elsewhere, whether they are such as 'Los,' belonging to Blake only, or such as Albion or Jerusalem, the same may be said as he says of the people in this picture—

'It ought to be understood that the persons Moses and Abraham are not here meant, but the states signified by those names,—the individuals being representatives or visions of those states as they were revealed to mortal man in the series of divine revelations as they are written in the Bible.

'These various states I have seen in my imagination. When distant they appear as one man, but as you approach they appear multitudes of nations.'

This explains the use of the word nations *in all the Books. Another expression from the same prose notes is of help here—*

'Beneath these (*Adam and Eve*) is the seat of the harlot named Mystery in the Revelations. She is seized by two beings, each with three heads. They represent vegetative existence. As it is written in the Revelations, they strip her naked and burn her with fire. It represents the eternal consumption of vegetable life and death, with its lusts. The wreathed torches in their hands represent eternal fire, which is the fire of generation or vegetation. It is an eternal consummation.'

Traces of the language of 'Milton' and 'Jerusalem,' as well as of 'Vala,' are here with a detail or so—the wreathed torches—not in these poems. The notes to the picture bear the date 1810, *and are among the latest known of Blake's writings. Yet it seems as though the corrections to 'Vala' by Blake were even later, or that 'Jerusalem' was in progress. It must be remembered that its printed date is probably only that of its title-page, for in the description, after—*

'On the right . . . an aged patriarch is awaked by his aged wife,'

we find thrust in afterwards, just as in 'Vala,' the name Albion,—

'He is Albion, our Ancestor, patriarch of the Atlantic continent, whose history preceded that of the Hebrews, and in whose sleep and chaos creations began. The good woman is Britannia, wife of Albion; Jerusalem is their daughter.'

The Ninth Night of 'Vala' is called 'The Last Judgement,' as was the picture to which these notes were made, yet the two have little in common. The notes say:—

'The Last Judgement is an overwhelming of bad art and science. Mental things are alone real. What is called corporeal, nobody knows of. Its dwelling-place is a fallacy

and its existence an imposture. Where is the existence out of mind? Where is it but in the mind of a fool? . . . Error is created. Truth is eternal. Error or creation will be burned up, and then, and not till then, truth or eternity will appear. It is burned up the moment men cease to behold it.'

In 'Vala' the power of Urizen is constantly opposed to that of Orc.

Another sentence from the notes explains this—

'Many persons, such as Paine and Voltaire, with some of the ancient Greeks, say: "We will not converse concerning good and evil: we will live in Paradise and Liberty." You may do so in spirit, but not in the mortal body as you pretend until after a last Judgement. For in Paradise they have no corporeal and mortal body. *That* originated with the fall, and was called Death, and cannot be removed but by a last Judgement. While we are in the world of mortality, we must suffer. The whole creation groans to be delivered. There will always be as many hypocrites born as honest men, and they will always have superior power in mortal things. You cannot have liberty in this world without (what you call) moral virtue, and you cannot have moral virtue without the subjection of that half of the human race who hate what you call moral virtue.'

The first words, 'what you call,' were added later. The whole paragraph is very late, especially in its allusion to Paine and Voltaire, once spoken of differently—now only so far in error as the Druids were, who 'mistook allegorical and mental significance for corporeal command,—whereby human sacrifice would have depopulated the earth.' The correlative error, as explained in the 'Descriptive Catalogue'—Angels do in the right mental place what Paine and Voltaire would do in the wrong.

'Angels are happier than men because they are not always prying after good and evil in one another, and eating the tree of knowledge for Satan's gratification.'

Men, however, must now live otherwise than angels do, for

'All life consists of these two throwing off error and knaves from our company continually, and receiving truth or wise men into our company continually.'

It will be noticed that these two processes correspond to the two sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, their symbols. The expression error and knaves *and* truth or wise men, *never to be forgotten while reading Blake, as he never wrote outside the scheme of treatment belonging to them, is elaborated elsewhere. But the statement 'men seemed they to one another,' is the one touch revealing what is peculiar to Blake himself in the basis of his philosophic system, whose superstructure was also chiefly his own.*

Whoever can so far recover from the fever of sympathy and enthusiasm into which the abundance of Blake's poetic gift of utterance throws us all,—a fever which, after more than thirty years of reading, still whirls the present editor often away from all critical anchorage,—will, by glancing again at the lines picked out in the list already given, and those that conclude this note, see the working of Blake's mind, as bees are seen building honey in a glass hive. The workings of his body will be seen equally clearly, and the same organ is for symbolic reasons identified now with Orc and now with Urizen, according as the origin of activity is now in the brain and now in the loins.

We all know that in masses of men the suppression of sexual tendencies gives vividness to intellectual action, and is apt to cause the whole nature to turn into calculation and imperious will, now acting together, now alternately. Such suppression is called 'Religion' in Blake. Urizen's habitual errors and horrors result from it, including a rebellion against that suppression not made beautiful by love, as is the romantic rebellion.

Blake clearly identifies himself and his wife with Los, Enitharmon, and others. He as clearly sees elements of both sexes in moods belonging to both,—the 'Hermaphroditic' beings. It is quite clear from 'Vala' (a mere name for the beauty of Nature) that he is often writing directly from personal experience, and is describing such experience.

He always held to the belief that Imagination was essentially good, and Experience, outside its bounds, essentially evil. Nature was Satan. But nature excites imagination. The evil becomes a source of good. This is 'mercy,' 'creation,' etc., and it is thus that the Fall (entry of imagination into experience) is the same as the Incarnation, only with this difference: the fall is individual to us each. The Incarnation is a voluntary repetition of the Fall, with intent to reach a community of experience leading beyond individualism to the ecstasy of a mingled personality and love into which we may all enter. The Incarnation is also the entering of Imagination into Reasoning. This symbol is worked out in 'Jerusalem,' Blake's attempt at 'piercing Apollyon with his own bow.'

Whoever has an attribute is *that attribute. Blake is Los. His unhappy mind is Urizen, in the North; his happy mind, Urizen in the South.* He *is his mind in each case. Love is the beauty of nature, as well as its evil and deception —its poison, its Satan. Luvah and Vala are praised, passingly; but it is only when (in the poem of 'Jerusalem') love rises to something beyond itself, and 'Vala come up to Jerusalem' is a possible vision, that an element of ultimate praise is found.*

This being kept in mind, the rest of the art of reading Blake follows. Countries north or south are moods, as are the

points of the compass. Moods have sons and daughters, with wills of their own, that branch out, opposing that of their parents. But a dictionary of Blake, with all the pedigrees of his people and all the aspects in which we know them, is wanted; and the time when each reader will be allowed to make it for himself, after many hours of doubtful reading for lack of it, is passing. These notes are already too long, but they are unjustifiably short. A few more specially illuminative lines must be now named, with the interpretative passages presently to be found in 'Jerusalem'—particularly the prefaces—and in 'Milton.' They show the matter-of-fact way in which Blake dealt with imagination, and explain what puzzled people for so long, both in his works and in his manner of speech when living. 'Science,' it must not be forgotten, is used to include in its meaning love restricted only by itself and its destiny, outgrowing particularity and rule, as in Night IV. 146, *and in the last line of the poem. This is merely a temporary use of the word. Blake had a way of catching up phrases, names, and fragments of names all through his life, and using them as though they had firm and established rights to recognition. His meaning is permanent enough. In line* 544 *of Night VIII., the term 'improved knowledge' is used.*

The purpose of Blake's life, as distinguished from his meaning, is limited in the sequel to the description of his picture of 'The Last Judgement.'

'If the spectator could enter into these images in his imagination, approaching them on the fiery chariot of contemplative thought, . . . could make a friend and companion of one of these images of wonder, which always intreat him to leave mortal things, as he must know,—then would he arise from the grave, then would he meet the lord in the air, then would he be happy.'

This recalls the Greek words from Ephesians on the margin at the beginning of the poem. The words as he must know *show that Blake believed that ultimately he could make all men happy by the power of his imagination acting through theirs. This was his (and Los's) friendship to Albion, and this friendship was Jerusalem.*

The same page already quoted says—

'A man can only reject error by the advice of a friend or by the immediate inspiration of God.'

And this explains the mental friends *Blake boasts of in the poem beginning—'I rose up at the dawn of day.'*

Here follow some numbers of lines from Night VIII., later than the 119*th, specially suggestive of meaning—*

187	252	258	275	306	345	375	393
415	452	457	475	479	534	544	553

to the end of Night VIII.

This passage justifies the use Blake makes of his own and all other experience, as do the first five lines of Night IX.

The sun, in line 8, includes all that has been written about Urizen: the moon, all that has been written of Ahania, all their words, deeds, and visions.

An elaboration of what was implied in the use of the word 'nations,' quoted above, is found in all that follows. All this is in each of us, yet also in the world's history.

To Blake himself it was associated with the rejection of the materialistic limits and style of Venetian painters, whose works came to him too well disguised, and not with enough early surprise to win for them personally *the praise for beauty that he awards to them as Vala (a name rightly theirs), but only the wrath he pours upon Satan—much the same thing—with a difference.*

With regard to what follows in Night IX., and how it leads up to the last line of the poem, another sentence or two from the notes to the picture of 'The Last Judgement' give the evident explanation. They follow the words already quoted: 'All life consists in these two throwing off error and knaves,' etc. 'Religion' is here raised to include the ideas implied by 'science' only in the days when 'Vala' was written, in 1793. *This prose note belongs to* 1810,—*Vala has come up to Jerusalem. It is the 'time of the end.'*

'He who is out of the Church and opposes it, is no less an agent of religion than he who is in it. No man can embrace true art till he has explored and cast out false art, such is the nature of mortal things, or he will be himself cast out by those who have embraced true art. Thus my picture is a history of art and science, the foundation of society, which is humanity itself. What are the gifts of the spirit but mental gifts? When any individual rejects error and embraces truth, a last judgement passes on that individual.'

That the body was worked and produced by the mind—not necessarily the conscious mind—and was *the mind, was part of Blake's materialism. All that happens in us, he reminds us, is the work of spirits, 'no less than digestion and sleep.'*

A few more special lines from Night IX.—

67	80	89	130	132	145	151	170	180	204	221	232
261	277	280	354	564	577	591	610	613	621	626	635

The line 232, *connected with the use of the circular motion in all Blake, from that of birth to that of the spheres—not a pedantic circle as of Ptolemy, but the complex, actual imperfect circle—implies more for his visionary faculty than any other one symbol, except that of the sexes, that produces it as one and two produce three.*

NOTE.—*The title-page is page* 2 *in the original; page* 1 *a picture without words. The following 'Prophetic Book' is from a photographic reproduction of the original, which was written throughout by Blake on his metal plates in a kind of italic print. Italics, however, in these volumes being used exclusively for words of the editor's insertions, the whole is put into the same type as the other poems. Old and incorrect spelling, and Blake's peculiar method of using capitals, are followed throughout, as are the few places where words were rendered illegible on the plate generally on purpose by Blake's own hand. The dots indicate such illegible and carefully erased words. What should have been line* 34 *of page* 36 *was all erased. Blake's punctuation has not been retained, as it tended to make the work incomprehensible. He often used a colon for a full stop, and frequently simply left out all punctuation at the end of a sentence. He put full stops habitually where commas should have been.*

The punctuation used here is therefore all conjectural. The best sense possible is made of the sentences. In page 16, *where the long list of counties occur, it seems as though Blake had grouped each set of three before the name of the presiding genius, called by the name of a son of Jacob in the first set—lines* 44 *to* 49*—and in the case of Scotland used a reverse order, and put each set of three after the genius of Israel. But the reader must take this as editorial guess-work. The lines are numbered by the editor, as in 'Vala,' for reference. The numbering of the pages in the original are marked here for reference. Some are short pages, half filled, some were quite filled with illustrations. This, and not the copy in the British Museum, has the latest and best numbering as arranged by Blake.*

Every one will be surprised to see how few misprints there are in this book. They are all scrupulously Blake's, imitated because of his claim in the preface to have studied each word. It must be remembered that it was printed all by hand backwards in varnish on metal.

JERUSALEM

THE

EMANATION OF

THE GIANT ALBION

1804

Printed by W. Blake, Sth. Molton St.

To the Public

After my three years' slumber on the banks of the Ocean, I again display my Giant forms to the Public. My former Giants and Fairies having reciev'd the highest reward possible, the . . . and . . . of those with whom to be connected is to be . . . I cannot doubt that this more consolidated and extended Work will be as kindly recieved. The Enthusiasm of the following Poem, the Author hopes . . . I also hope the Reader will be with me wholly One in Jesus our Lord, who is the God and Lord to whom the Ancients look'd and saw his day afar off, with trembling and amazement.

The Spirit of Jesus is continual forgiveness of Sin; he who waits to be righteous before he enters into the Saviour's kingdom, the Divine Body, will never enter there. I am perhaps the most sinful of men. I pretend not to holiness; yet I pretend to love, to see, to converse with daily, as man with man, and the more to have an interest in the Friend of Sinners. Therefore, Reader, what you do not approve, and . . . me for this energetic exertion of my talent.

Reader! . . . of books . . . of heaven,
And of that God from whom . . .
Who in mysterious Sinai's awful cave
To Man the wondrous art of writing gave.
Again he speaks in thunder and in fire,
Thunder of Thought and flames of fierce desire;
Even from the depths of Hell his voice I hear,
Within the unfathom'd caverns of my Ear.
Therefore I print, nor vain my types shall be
Heaven, Earth, and Hell, henceforth shall live in harmony.

Of the Measure in which
the following Poem is written.

We who dwell on Earth can do nothing of ourselves; everything is conducted by Spirits, no less than Digestion or Sleep.

. . . . . .

When this Verse was first dictated to me I consider'd a Monotonous Cadence like that used by Milton and Shakspeare, and all writers of English Blank Verse, derived from the modern bondage of Rhyming, to be a necessary and indispensible part of Verse. But I soon found that in the mouth of a true Orator, such monotony was not only awkward, but as much a bondage as rhyme itself. I therefore have produced a variety in every line, both of cadences and number of syllables. Every word and every letter is studied and put into its fit place; the terrific numbers are reserved for the terrific parts, the mild and gentle for the mild and gentle parts, and the prosaic for inferior parts; all are necessary to each other. Poetry Fetter'd, Fetters the Human Race; Nations are Destroy'd or Flourish in proportion as Their Poetry, Painting, and Music are Destroy'd or Flourish. The Primeval State of Man was Wisdom, Art, and Science

Μουσα ο Ιεσους (*sic*)

(4)

JERUSALEM

CHAP. I

Of the Sleep of Ulro, and of the passage through Eternal Death, and of the awaking to Eternal Life.

This theme calls me in sleep night after night, and ev'ry morn
Awakes me at sunrise ; then I see the Saviour over me,
Spreading his beams of love, and dictating the words of this mild song.

Awake ! awake ! O sleeper of the land of shadows, wake ! expand !
I am in you, and you in me, mutual in love divine ;
Fibres of love from man to man thro' Albion's pleasant land.
In all the dark Atlantic vale down from the hills of Surrey
A black water accumulates. Return, Albion ! return !
Thy brethren call thee, and thy fathers and thy sons,
Thy nurses and thy mothers, thy sisters and thy daughters
Weep at thy soul's disease, and the Divine Vision is darken'd ;
Thy Emanation that was wont to play before thy face,
Beaming forth with her daughters into the Divine bosom.
Where hast thou hidden thy Emanation, lovely Jerusalem ?
From the vision and fruition of the Holy-one ?
I am not a God afar off, I am a brother and friend ;
Within your bosoms I reside, and you reside in me ;
Lo ! we are One ; forgiving all Evil ; Not seeking recompense ;
Ye are my members, O ye sleepers of Beulah, land of shades !

But the perturbed Man away turns down the valleys dark ;

. . . . . .

Phantom of the over-heated brain ! shadow of immortality !
Seeking to keep my soul a victim to thy Love ! which binds
Man the enemy of man into deceitful friendships ;
Jerusalem is not ! her daughters are indefinite ;
By demonstration man alone can live, and not by faith.
My mountains are my own, and I will keep them to myself ;
The Malvern and the Cheviot, the Wolds, Plinlimmon, and Snowdon
Are mine ; here will I build my Laws of Moral Virtue ;
Humanity shall be no more, but war and princedom and victory !

So spake Albion in jealous fears, hiding his Emanation
Upon the Thames and Medway, rivers of Beulah ; dissembling
His jealousy before the throne divine, darkening, cold.

(5)

The banks of the Thames are clouded ; the ancient porches of Albion are
Darken'd ; they are drawn thro' unbounded space, scatter'd upon
The Void in incohererent despair ! Cambridge and Oxford and London
Are driven among the starry Wheels, rent away and dissipated
In Chasms and Abysses of sorrow, enlarg'd without dimension, terrible ;
Albion's mountains run with blood, the cries of war and of tumult
Resound into the unbounded night ; every Human perfection

Of mountain and river and city are small, and wither'd and darken'd.
Cam is a little stream; Ely is almost swallow'd up;
Lincoln and Norwich stand trembling on the brink of Udan-Adan;
Wales and Scotland shrink themselves to the west and to the north,
Mourning for fear of the warriors in the Vale of Entuthon-Benython;
Jerusalem is scatter'd abroad like a cloud of smoke thro' non-entity;
Moab and Ammon, and Amalek and Canaan, and Egypt and Aram,
Recieve her little-ones for sacrifices and the delights of cruelty.

Trembling I sit day and night; my friends are astonish'd at me,
Yet they forgive my wanderings, I rest not from my great task.
To open the Eternal Worlds, to open the immortal Eyes
Of Man inwards into the Worlds of Thought, into Eternity;
Ever expanding in the Bosom of God the Human Imagination.
O Saviour, pour upon me thy Spirit of meekness and love,
Annihilate the Selfhood in me, be thou all my life,
Guide thou my hand which trembles exceedingly upon the rock of ages,
While I write of the building of Golgonooza, and of the terrors of Entuthon,
Of Hand and Hyle and Coban, of Kwantak, Peachey, Brerecon, Slayd, and Hutton,
Of the terrible sons and daughters of Albion and their Generations.

Scofield, Kox, Kotape, and Bowen revolve most mightily upon

The Furnace of Los, before the eastern gate bending their fury.
They war to destroy the Furnaces, to desolate Golgonooza,
And to devour the Sleeping Humanity of Albion in rage and hunger.
They revolve into the Furnaces Southward, and are driven forth Northward,
Divided into Male and Female forms time after time.
From these Twelve all the Families of England spread abroad.

The Male is a Furnace of beryll; the Female is a golden Loam.
I behold them, and their rushing fires overwhelm my Soul
In London's darkness, and my tears fall day and night
Upon the Emanations of Albion's Sons; the Daughters of Albion,
Names anciently remember'd, but now contemn'd as fictions,
Although in every bosom they controll our Vegetative powers.

These are united into Tirzah and her Sisters on Mount Gilead,
Cambel and Gwendolen, and Conwenna and Cordella and Ignoge,
And these united into Rahab in the Covering Cherub on Euphrates,
Gwiniverra and Gwinefred, and Gonorill and Sabrina beautiful,
Estrild, Mehetabel, and Ragan, lovely Daughters of Albion,
They are the beautiful Emanations of the Twelve Sons of Albion.

The Starry Wheels revolv'd heavily over the Furnaces,
Drawing Jerusalem in anguish of maternal love.

Eastward a pillar of a cloud, with Vala upon the mountains
Howling in pain, redounding from the arms of Beulah's Daughters,
Out from the Furnaces of Los, above the head of Los.
A pillar of smoke writhing afar into Non-Entity, redounding
Till the cloud reaches afar, outstretch'd among the Starry Wheels,
Which revolve heavily in the mighty Void above the Furnaces.

O what avail the loves and tears of Beulah's lovely Daughters!
(They hold the Immortal Form in gentle bands and tender tears,
But all within is open'd into the deeps of Entuthon Benython;
A dark and unknown night, indefinite, unmeasurable, without end,—
Abstract Philosophy warring in enmity against Imagination,
Which is the Divine Body of the Lord Jesus, blessed for ever.)
And there Jerusalem wanders with Vala upon the mountains,
Attracted by the revolutions of those Wheels, the Cloud of smoke
Immense, and Jerusalem and Vala weeping in the Cloud
Wander away into the Chaotic Void, lamenting with her Shadow
Among the Daughters of Albion, among the Starry Wheels;
Lamenting for her children, for the sons and daughters of Albion.

Los heard her lamentations in the deeps afar; his tears fall

Incessant before the Furnaces, and his Emanation
divided in pain,
Eastward toward the Starry Wheels, but Westward
a black Horror.

His

(6)

His Spectre driv'n by the Starry Wheels of Albion's
sons, black and
Opake, divided from his back; he labours and he
mourns:
For as his Emanation divided, his Spectre also divided
In terror of those starry wheels; and the Spectre
stood over Los
Howling in pain: a black'ning Shadow, black'ning,
dark, and opake,
Cursing the terrible Los, bitterly cursing him for his
friendship
To Albion, suggesting murderous thoughts against
Albion.

Los rag'd and stamp'd the earth in his might and
terrible wrath;
He stood and stamp'd the earth; then he threw down
his hammer in rage and
In fury; then he sat down and wept, terrified: Then
arose
And chaunted his song, labouring with the tongs and
hammer,
But still the Spectre divided, and still his pain
increas'd:
In pain the Spectre divided, in pain of hunger and
thirst,
To devour Los's Human Perfection; but when he saw
that Los

(7)

Was living, panting like a frighted wolf and howling,
He stood over the Immortal in the solitude and dark-
ness:

Upon the dark'ning Thames, across the whole Island westward,
A horrible Shadow of Death, among the Furnaces, beneath
The pillar of folding smoke; and he sought by other means
To lure Los: by tears, by arguments of science, and by terrors,
Terrors in every Nerve; by spasms and extended pains:
While Los answer'd unterrified to the opake blackening Fiend.

And thus the Spectre spake: Wilt thou still go on to destruction,
Till thy life is all taken away by this deceitful Friendship?
He drinks thee up like water, like wine he pours thee
Into his tuns; thy Daughters are trodden in his vintage;
He makes thy Sons the trampling of his bulls, they are plow'd
And harrowed for his profit; lo! thy stolen Emanation
Is his garden of pleasure. All the Spectres of his Sons mock thee.
Look how they scorn thy once admired palaces, now in ruins
Because of Albion, because of deceit and friendship! For lo!
Hand has peopled Babel and Nineveh, Hyle, Ashur, and Aram;
Coban's son is Nimrod, his son Cush is adjoin'd to Aram
By the Daughter of Babel in a woven mantle of pestilence and war.
They put forth their spectrous, cloudy sails, which drive their immense
Constellations over the deadly deeps of indefinite Udan-Adan.

Kox is the Father of Shem and Ham and Japheth : he is the Noah
Of the Flood of Udan-Adan. Ham is the Father of the Seven
From Enoch to Adam. Schofield is Adam who was New-
Created in Edom. I saw it indignant, and thou art not moved.
This has divided thee in sunder, and wilt thou still forgive?
O, thou seest not what I see ! what is done in the furnaces.
Listen ; I will tell thee what is done in moments to thee unknown :
Luvah was cast into the Furnaces of affliction and sealed,
And Vala fed in cruel delight the Furnaces with fire ;
Stern Urizen beheld, urged by necessity to keep
The evil day afar, and if perchance with iron power
He might avert his own despair ; in woe and fear he saw
Vala encircle round the Furnaces where Luvah was clos'd ;
With joy she heard his howlings, and forgot he was her Luvah
With whom she lived in bliss in times of innocence and youth !
Vala comes from the Furnaces in a cloud, but wretched Luvah
Is howling in the Furnaces, in flames among Albion's Spectres,
To prepare the Spectre of Albion to reign over thee, O Los,
Forming the Spectres of Albion, according to his rage,
To prepare the Spectre sons of Adam, who is Scofield the Ninth
Of Albion's sons, and the father of all his brethren in the Shadowy
Generation. Cambel and Gwendolen wove webs of war and of

Religion, to involve all Albion's sons, and when they had
Involv'd Eight, their webs roll'd outwards into darkness,
And Scofield the Ninth remain'd on the outside of the Eight
And Kox, Kotope, and Bowen. One in him, a Fourfold wonder
Involv'd the Eight. Such are the Generations of the Giant Albion,
To separate a Law of Sin, to punish thee in thy members.

Los answer'd: Altho' I know not this, I know far worse than this.
I know that Albion hath divided me, and that thou, O my Spectre,
Hast just cause to be irritated; but look stedfastly upon me,
Comfort thyself in my strength; the time will arrive
When all Albion's injuries shall cease, and when we shall
Embrace him tenfold bright, rising from his tomb in immortality.
They have divided themselves by Wrath, they must be united by
Pity; let us therefore take example and warning, O my Spectre.
O that I could abstain from wrath! O that the Lamb
Of God would look upon me and pity me in my fury,
In anguish of regeneration, in terrors of self-annihilation!
Pity must join together those whom wrath has torn in sunder,
And the Religion of Generation which was meant for the destruction
Of Jerusalem, become her covering till the time of the End.
O holy generation, Image of regeneration!
O point of mutual forgiveness between Enemies!

Birthplace of the Lamb of God incomprehensible!
The Dead despise and scorn thee, and cast thee out as accursed:
Seeing the Lamb of God in thy gardens and thy palaces,
Where they desire to place the Abomination of Desolation.
Hand sits before his furnace, scorn of others and furious pride
Freeze round him to bars of steel and to iron rocks beneath
His feet: indignant self-righteousness like whirlwinds of the north

(8)

Rose up against me, thundering from the Brook of Albion's River,
From Ranelagh and Strumbolo, from Cromwell's gardens and Chelsea
The place of wounded Soldiers; but when he saw my Mace
Whirl'd round from heaven to earth, trembling he sat, his cold
Poisons rose up, and his sweet deceits cover'd them all over
With a tender cloud. As thou art now, such was he. O Spectre,
I know thy deceit and thy revenges, and unless thou desist
I will certainly create an eternal Hell for thee. Listen:
Be attentive, be obedient! Lo, the Furnaces are ready to recieve thee;
I will break thee into shivers and melt thee in the Furnaces of death;
I will cast thee into forms of abhorrence and torment, if thou
Desist not from thine own will and obey not my stern command.

I am closed up from my children, my Emanation is dividing,
And thou, my Spectre, art divided against me. But mark,
I will compell thee to assist me in my terrible labours; to beat
These hypocritic Selfhoods on the Anvils of bitter Death
I am inspired; I act not for myself, for Albion's sake
I now am what I am—a horror and an astonishment,
Shudd'ring the heavens to look upon me. Behold! what cruelties
Are practised in Babel and Shinar, and have approach'd to Zion's Hill.

While Los spoke, the terrible Spectre fell shudd'ring before him.
Watching his time with glowing eyes to leap upon his prey,
Los open'd the Furnaces in fear; the Spectre saw to Babel and Shinar;
Across all Europe and Asia, he saw the tortures of the Victims,
He saw now from the outside what he before saw and felt from within;
He saw that Los was the sole, uncontroll'd Lord of the Furnaces.
Groaning, he kneel'd before Los's iron-shod feet on London Stone,
Hung'ring and thirsting for Los's life, yet pretending obedience,
While Los pursu'd his speech in threat'nings loud and fierce:—

Thou art my Pride and Self-righteousness. I have found thee out.
Thou art reveal'd before me in all thy magnitude and power;
Thy Uncircumcised pretences to Chastity must be cut in sunder.

Thy holy wrath and deep deceit cannot avail against me,
Nor shalt thou ever assume the triple-form of Albion's Spectre,
For I am one of the living; dare not to mock my inspired fury.
If thou wast cast forth from my life, if I was dead upon the mountains,
Thou mightest be pitied and lov'd; but now I am living; unless
Thou abstain ravening, I will create an eternal Hell for thee.
Take thou this Hammer and in patience heave the thundering Bellows,
Take thou these tongs, strike thou alternate with me, labour obedient:
Hand and Hyle and Koban, Skofeld, Kox, and Kotope, labour mightily
In the Wars of Babel and Shinar; all their Emanations were
Condens'd. Hand has absorb'd all his brethren in his might,
All the infant Loves and Graces were lost, for the mighty Hand
Con-

(9)

Condens'd his Emanations into hard, opake substances;
And his infant thoughts and desires into cold, dark cliffs of death.
His hammer of gold he siez'd, and his anvil of adamant;
He siez'd the bars of condens'd thoughts to forge them
Into the sword of war, into the bow and arrow,
Into the thundering cannon, and into the murdering gun.
I saw the limbs form'd for exercise, contemn'd, and the beauty of
Eternity look'd upon as deformity, and loveliness as a dry tree.

I saw disease forming a Body of Death around the Lamb
Of God to destroy Jerusalem, and to devour the body of Albion,
By war and stratagem to win the labour of the husbandman:
Awkwardness arm'd in steel, folly in a helmet of gold,
Weakness with horns and talons, ignorance with a rav'ning beak—
Every Emanative joy forbidden as a Crime,
And the Emanations buried alive in the earth with pomp of religion;
Inspiration deny'd, Genius forbidden by laws of punishment,
I saw, terrified. I took the sighs and tears and bitter groans,
I lifted them into my Furnaces to form the spiritual sword
That lays open the hidden heart; I drew forth the pang
Of sorrow red hot, I work'd it on my resolute anvil,
I heated it in the flames of Hand and Hyle and Coban
Nine times; Gwendolen and Cambel and Gwineverra
Are melted into the gold, the silver, the liquid ruby,
The crysolite, the topaz, the jacinth, and every precious stone.
Loud roar my Furnaces and loud my hammer is heard.
I labour day and night. I behold the soft affections
Condense beneath my hammer into forms of cruelty,
But still I labour in hope, tho' still my tears flow down
That he who will not defend Truth, may be compell'd to defend
A Lie; that he may be snared and caught and snared and taken,
That Enthusiasm and Life may not cease; arise, Spectre, arise!

Thus they contended among the Furnaces with groans and tears;
Groaning, the Spectre heav'd the bellows, obeying Los's frowns,
Till the Spaces of Erin were perfected in the furnaces
Of affliction, and Los drew them forth, compelling the harsh Spectre To

(10)

Into the Furnaces and into the valleys of the Anvils of Death,
And into the mountains of the Anvils and of the heavy Hammers
Till he should bring the Sons and Daughters of Jerusalem to be
The Sons and Daughters of Los, that he might protect them from
Albion's dread Spectres: storming loud, thunderous and mighty
The Bellows and the Hammer move, compell'd by Los's hand.

And this is the manner of the Sons of Albion in their strength:
They take the Two Contraries, which are call'd Qualities, with which
Every Substance is clothed; they name them Good and Evil.
From them they make an Abstract, which is a Negation
Not only of the Substance from which it is derived,
A murderer of its own Body, but also a murderer
Of every Divine Member; it is the Reasoning Power,
An Abstract objecting power, that Negatives every thing.
This is the Spectre of Man, the Holy Reasoning Power,
And in its Holiness is closed the Abomination of Desolation,

Therefore Los stands in London building Golgonooza,
Compelling his Spectre to labours mighty; trembling in fear
The Spectre weeps, but Los unmov'd by tears or threats remains.

I must Create a System, or be enslav'd by another Man's;
I will not Reason and Compare: my business is to Create.

So Los, in fury and strength, in indignation and burning wrath;
Shudd'ring the Spectre howls, his howlings terrify the night.
He stamps around the Anvil, beating blows of stern despair;
He curses Heaven and Earth, Day and Night, and Sun and Moon!
He curses Forest, Spring, and River, Desert and sandy Waste,
Cities and Nations, Families and Peoples, Tongues and Laws,
Driven to desperation by Los's terrors and threat'ning fears.

Los cries: Obey my voice and never deviate from my will,
And I will be merciful to thee; be thou invisible to all
To whom I make thee invisible, but chief to my own Children.
O Spectre of Urthona! Reason not against their dear approach,
Nor them obstruct with thy temptations of doubt and despair.
O Shame, O strong and mighty Shame, I break thy brazen fetters.
If thou refuse, thy present torments will seem southern breezes
To what thou shalt endure if thou obey not my great will.

The Spectre answer'd: Art thou not ashamed of those thy Sins
That thou callest thy Children? Lo, the Law of God commands
That they be offered upon his Altar; O cruelty and torment,
For thine are also mine! I have kept silent hitherto
Concerning my chief delight, but thou hast broken silence;
Now I will speak my mind. Where is my lovely Enitharmon?
O thou my enemy, where is my Great Sin? She is also thine.
I said, now is my grief at worst, incapable of being
Surpassed; but every moment it accumulates more and more.
It continues accumulating to eternity; the joys of God advance,
For he is Righteous; he is not a Being of pity and Compassion,
He cannot feel Distress; he feeds on Sacrifice and Offering,
Delighting in cries and tears and clothed in holiness and solitude.
But my griefs advance also, for ever and ever without end.
O that I could cease to be! Despair! I am Despair,
Created to be the great example of horror and agony; also my
Prayer is vain. I called for compassion: compassion mock'd:
Mercy and pity threw the grave-stone over me, and with lead
And iron bound it over me for ever. Life lives on my
Consuming, and the Almighty hath made me his Contrary
To be all evil, all reversed and for ever dead; knowing

And seeing life, yet living not. How can I then behold
And not tremble? how can I be beheld and not abhorr'd?

So spoke the Spectre, shudd'ring, and dark tears ran down his shadowy face,
Which Los wiped off, but comfort none could give or beam of hope.
Yet ceased he not from labouring at the roarings of his Forge
With iron and brass, Building Golgonooza in great contendings
Till his Sons and Daughters came forth from the Furnaces
At the sublime Labours, for Los compelled the invisible Spectre

(11)

To labours mighty, with vast strength, with his mighty chains
In pulsations of time and extensions of space, like Urns of Beulah.
With great labour upon his anvils, and in his ladles the Ore
He lifted, pouring it into the clay ground prepar'd with art;
Striving with Systems to deliver Individuals from those Systems:
That whenever any Spectre began to devour the Dead,
He might feel the pain as if a man gnaw'd his own tender nerves.

Then Erin came forth from the Furnaces, and all the Daughters of Beulah
Came from the Furnaces by Los's mighty power for Jerusalem's
Sake, walking up and down among the Spaces of Erin;

And the Sons and Daughters of Los came forth in perfection lovely,
And the Spaces of Erin reach'd from the starry heighth to the starry depth.

Los wept with exceeding joy, and all wept with joy together:
They fear'd they never more should see their Father, who
Was built in from Eternity, in the Cliffs of Albion.

But when the joy of meeting was exhausted in loving embrace,
Again they lament. O what shall we do for lovely Jerusalem?
To protect the Emanations of Albion's mighty ones from cruelty?
Sabrina and Ignoge begin to sharpen their beamy spears
Of light and love; their little children stand with arrows of gold:
Ragan is wholly cruel, Scofield is bound in iron armour:
He is like a mandrake in the earth before Reuben's gate:
He shoots beneath Jerusalem's walls to undermine her foundations.
Vala is but thy shadow, O thou loveliest among women:
A shadow animated by thy tears, O mournful Jerusalem!

(12)

Why wilt thou give to her a Body whose life is but a Shade?
Her joy and love, a shade—a shade of sweet repose;
But animated and vegetated, she is a devouring worm.
What shall we do for thee, O lovely, mild Jerusalem?

And Los said: I behold the finger of God in terrors!
Albion is dead! his Emanation is divided from him!

But I am living! yet I feel my Emanation also dividing.
Such thing was never known! O pity me, thou all-piteous one!
What shall I do, or how exist, divided from Enitharmon?
Yet why despair? I saw the finger of God go forth
Upon my Furnaces, from within the Wheels of Albion's Sons;
Fixing their Systems, permanent; by mathematic power
Giving a body to Falshood that it may be cast off for ever.
With Demonstrative Science piercing Apollyon with his own bow:
God is within and without, he is even in the depths of Hell.

Such were the lamentations of the Labourers in the Furnaces.

And they appear'd within and without incircling on both sides
The Starry Wheels of Albion's Sons, with Spaces for Jerusalem,
And for Vala the shadow of Jerusalem, the ever mourning shade,
On both sides, within and without beaming gloriously.

Terrified at the sublime Wonder, Los stood before his Furnaces,
And they stood around, terrified with admiration at Erin's Spaces;
For the Spaces reach'd from the starry heighth to the starry depth,
And they builded Golgonooza, terrible eternal labour.

What are those golden builders doing? where was the burying-place
Of soft Ethinthus? near Tyburn's fatal Tree? is that

Mild Zion's hill's most ancient promontory? near mournful,
Ever-weeping Paddington? is that Calvary and Golgotha
Becoming a building of pity and compassion? Lo!
The stones are pity, and the bricks well-wrought affections,
Enamel'd with love and kindness, and the tiles engraven gold—
Labour of merciful hands: the beams and rafters are forgiveness;
The mortar and cement of the work, tears of honesty, the nails
And the screws and iron braces are well-wrought blandishments,
And well-contrived words, firm fixing, never forgotten,
Always comforting the remembrance: the floors, humility:
The cielings, devotion: the hearths, thanksgiving.
Prepare the furniture, O Lambeth, in thy pitying looms!
The curtains, woven tears and sighs, wrought into lovely forms
For comfort: there the secret furniture of Jerusalem's chamber
Is wrought. Lambeth, the Bride, the Lamb's Wife loveth thee:
Thou art one with her, and knowest not of self in thy supreme joy.
Go on, builders in hope, tho' Jerusalem wanders far away
Without the gate of Los, among the dark Satanic wheels.

Fourfold the Sons of Los in their divisions; and fourfold
The great City of Golgonooza; fourfold toward the north,
And toward the south fourfold, and fourfold toward the east and west,

Each within other toward the four points; that toward Eden, and that toward the World of Generation,
And that toward Beulah, and that toward Ulro.
Ulro is the space of the terrible starry wheels of Albion's sons;
But that toward Eden is walled up till time of renovation:
Yet it is perfect in its building, ornaments, and perfection.

And the Four Points are thus beheld in Great Eternity:
West, the Circumference; South, the Zenith; North, The Nadir; East, the Center, unapproachable for ever.
These are the four Faces towards the Four Worlds of Humanity
In every man. Ezekiel saw them by Chebar's flood.
And the Eyes are the South, and the Nostrils are the East,
And the Tongue is the West, and the Ear is the North.

And the North Gate of Golgonooza toward Generation
Has four sculptur'd Bulls terrible before the Gate of iron,
And iron the Bulls; and that which looks toward Ulro,
Clay bak'd and enamel'd, eternal glowing as four furnaces;
Turning upon the Wheels of Albion's sons with enormous power,
And that toward Beulah four—gold, silver, brass, and iron: And

(13)

And that toward Eden four, form'd of gold, silver, brass, and iron.

The South, a golden Gate, has four Lions terrible, living;

That toward Generation four, of iron carv'd wondrous:
That toward Ulro four, clay bak'd, laborious workmanship:
That toward Eden four, immortal gold, silver, brass, and iron.

The Western Gate, fourfold, is clos'd; having four Cherubim
Its guards, living, the work of elemental hands—laborious task—
Like men, hermaphroditic, each winged with eight wings:
That towards Generation, iron; that toward Beulah, stone;
That toward Ulro, clay; that toward Eden, metals;
But all clos'd up till the last day, when the graves shall yield their dead.

The Eastern Gate, fourfold; terrible and deadly its ornaments
Taking their forms from the Wheels of Albion's sons, as cogs
Are form'd in a wheel, to fit the cogs of the adverse wheel.

That toward Eden, eternal ice, frozen in seven folds
Of forms of death; and that toward Beulah, stone:
The seven diseases of the earth are carved terrible.
And that toward Ulro, forms of war, seven enormities:
And that toward Generation, seven generative forms.

And every part of the City is fourfold; and every inhabitant fourfold;
And every pot and vessel and garment and utensil of the houses:
And every house, fourfold; but the third Gate in every one
Is clos'd as with a threefold curtain of ivory and fine linen and ermine.

And Laban stands in the middle of the City: a moat of fire
Surrounds Laban, Los's Palace, and the golden Looms of Cathedron.

And sixty-four thousand Genii guard the Eastern Gate;
And sixty-four thousand Gnomes guard the Northern Gate;
And sixty-four thousand Nymphs guard the Western Gate;
And sixty-four thousand Fairies guard the Southern Gate.

Around Golgonooza lies the land of death eternal: a Land
Of pain and misery and despair and ever-brooding melancholy.
In all the Twenty-seven Heavens, number'd from Adam to Luther;
From the blue Mundane Shell, reaching to the Vegetative Earth.

The Vegetative Universe opens like a flower from the Earth's center,
In which is Eternity. It expands in Stars to the Mundane Shell,
And there it meets Eternity again, both within and without,
And the abstract Voids between the Stars are the Satanic Wheels.

There is the Cave, the Rock, the Tree, the Lake of Udan-Adan,
The Forest and the Marsh, and the Pits of bitumen deadly;
The Rocks of solid fire, the Ice valleys, the Plains
Of burning sand, the rivers, cataract, and Lakes of Fire;
The Islands of the fiery Lakes, the Trees of Malice, Revenge,

And black Anxiety, and the Cities of the Salamandrine men.
(But whatever is visible to the Generated Man
Is a Creation of mercy and love, from the Satanic Void.)
The land of darkness flamed, but no light, and no repose;
The land of snows, of trembling, and of iron hail incessant;
The land of earthquakes; and the land of woven labyrinths;
The land of snares and traps and wheels, and pitfalls and dire mills;
The Voids, the Solids, and the land of clouds and regions of waters,
With their inhabitants, in the Twenty-seven Heavens beneath Beulah.
Self-righteousnesses conglomerating against the Divine Vision:
A Concave Earth, wondrous, Chasmal, Abyssal, Incoherent,
Forming the Mundane Shell, above, beneath, on all sides surrounding
Golgonooza. Los walks round the walls night and day.

He views the City of Golgonooza, and its smaller Cities:
The Looms and Mills and Prisons and Work-houses of Og and Anak;
The Amalekite, the Canaanite, the Moabite, the Egyptian,
And all that has existed in the space of six thousand years;
Permanent, and not lost, not lost nor vanished, and every little act,
Word, work, and wish that has existed, all remaining still
In those Churches, ever consuming, and ever building by the Spectres
Of all the inhabitants of Earth, wailing to be Created;

Shadowy to those who dwell not in them, meer possibilities;
But to those who enter into them they seem the only substances,
For everything exists, and not one sigh, nor smile, nor tear,

(14)

One hair, nor particle of dust, not one can pass away.

He views the Cherub at the Tree of Life, also the Serpent;
Orc the first-born coil'd in the south: the Dragon Urizen:
Tharmas the Vegetated Tongue, even the Devouring Tongue:
A threefold region, a false brain, a false heart,
And false bowels; altogether composing the False Tongue
Beneath Beulah: as a wat'ry flame revolving every way,
And as dark roots and stems, a Forest of affliction, growing
In seas of sorrow. Los also views the Four Females,
Ahania, and Enion, and Vala, and Enitharmon lovely,
And from them all the lovely beaming Daughters of Albion.
Ahania and Enion and Vala are three evanescent shades.
Enitharmon is a vegetated mortal, Wife of Los,
His Emanation, yet his Wife till the sleep of death is past.
Such are the Buildings of Los, and such are the Woofs of Enitharmon.

And Los beheld his Sons and he beheld his Daughters,
Every one a translucent Wonder, a Universe within,
Increasing upwards into length and breadth and heighth,
Starry and glorious, and they every one in their bright loins

Have a beautiful golden gate which opens into the vegetative world,
And every one a gate of rubies and all sorts of precious stones
In their translucent hearts which opens into the vegetative world,
And every one a gate of iron, dreadful and wonderful,
In their translucent heads, which opens into the vegetative world,
And every one has the three regions—Childhood, Manhood, and Age;
But the gate of the tongue, the western gate, in them is closed,
Having a wall builded against it, and thereby the gates
Eastward and Southward and Northward are encircled with flaming fires,
And the North is Breadth, the South is Heighth and Depth,
The East is Inwards, and the West is Outwards every way.

And Los beheld the mild Emanation, Jerusalem eastward bending
Her revolutions toward the Starry Wheels in maternal anguish,
Like a pale cloud arising from the arms of Beulah's Daughters,
In Entuthon Benython's deep Vales beneath Golgonooza,

(15)

And Hand and Hyle rooted into Jerusalem by a fibre
Of strong revenge, and Skofeld vegetated by Reuben's Gate
In every Nation of the Earth, till the Twelve Sons of Albion
Enrooted into every Nation; a mighty Polypus growing
From Albion over the whole Earth—such is my awful Vision,

I see the Fourfold Man: the Humanity in deadly sleep,
And its fallen Emanation; the Spectre and its cruel Shadow;
I see the Past, Present, and Future existing all at once
Before me. O Divine Spirit, sustain me on thy wings!
That I may awake Albion from his long and cold repose,
For Bacon and Newton, sheath'd in dismal steel, their terrors hang
Like iron scourges over Albion; Reasonings like vast Serpents
Infold around my limbs, bruising my minute articulations.

I turn my eyes to the Schools and Universities of Europe,
And there behold the Loom of Locke, whose Woof rages dire,
Wash'd by the Water-wheels of Newton, black the cloth
In heavy wreathes folds over every Nation; cruel Works
Of many Wheels I view; wheel without wheel, with cogs tyrannic,
Moving by compulsion each other; not as those in Eden, which
Wheel within Wheel in freedom revolve in harmony and peace.

I see in deadly fear in London Los raging round his Anvil
Of death, forging an Ax of Gold; the Four Sons of Los
Stand round him cutting the Fibres from Albion's hills,
That Albion's sons may roll apart over the Nations,
While Reuben enroots his brethren in the narrow Canaanite,

From the Limit Noah to the Limit Abram, in whose Loins
Reuben in his Twelve-fold majesty and beauty shall take refuge,
As Abraham flees from Chaldea, shaking his goary locks;
But first Albion must sleep, divided from the Nations.
I see Albion sitting upon his Rock in the first Winter,
And thence I see the Chaos of Satan and the World of Adam
When the Divine Hand went forth on Albion in the mid-Winter;
And at the place of Death when Albion sat in Eternal Death
Among the Furnaces of Los in the Valley of the Son of Hinnom.

(16)

Hampstead, Highgate, Finchley, Hendon, Muswell-hill, rage loud
Before Bromion's iron Tongs and glowing Poker; reddening fierce
Hertfordshire glows with fierce vegetation; in the Forests
The Oak frowns terrible; the Beech and Ash and Elm enroot
Among the Spiritual fires; loud the Corn-fields thunder along—
The Soldier's fife, the Harlot's shriek, the Virgin's dismal groan,
The Parent's fear, the Brother's jealousy, the Sister's curse—
Beneath the Storms of Theotormon, and the thund'ring Bellows,
Heaves in the hand of Palamabron, who in London's darkness
Before the Anvil watches the bellowing flames; thundering
The Hammer loud rages in Rintrah's strong grasp; swinging loud,

Round from heaven to earth, down falling with heavy blow
Dead on the Anvil, where the red-hot wedge groans in pain;
He quenches it in the black trough of his Forge; London's River
Feeds the dread Forge, trembling and shuddering along the Valleys.

Humber and Trent roll dreadful before the Seventh Furnace,
And Tweed and Tyne anxious give up their Souls for Albion's sake;
Lincolnshire, Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, Leicestershire,
From Oxfordshire to Norfolk on the Lake of Udan Adan,
Labour within the Furnaces, walking among the Fires,
With Ladles huge and iron Pokers over the Island white.

Scotland pours out his Sons to labour at the Furnaces,
Wales gives his Daughters to the Looms; England nursing mothers
Gives to the Children of Albion and to the Children of Jerusalem,
From the blue Mundane Shell even to the Earth of Vegetation;
Throughout the whole Creation which groans to be deliver'd,
Albion groans in the deep slumbers of Death upon his Rock.

Here Los fix'd down the Fifty-two Counties of England and Wales,
The Thirty-six of Scotland, and the Thirty-four of Ireland;
With mighty power, when they fled out at Jerusalem's Gates,

Away from the Conflict of Luvah and Urizen fixing the Gates.
In the Twelve Counties of Wales and thence Gates looking every way
To the Four Points: conduct to England and Scotland and Ireland,
And thence to all the Kingdoms and Nations and Families of the Earth.
The Gate of Reuben in Carmarthenshire; the Gate of Simeon in
Cardiganshire; and the Gate of Leve in Montgomeryshire;
The Gate of Judah, Merionethshire; the Gate of Dan, Flintshire;
The Gate of Napthali, Radnorshire; the Gate of Gad, Pembrokeshire;
The Gate of Asher, Carnarvonshire; the Gate of Issachar, Brecknokshire;
The Gate of Zebulun, in Anglesea and Sodor, so is Wales divided;
The Gate of Joseph, Denbighshire; the Gate of Benjamin, Glamorganshire,
For the protection of the Twelve Emanations of Albion's Sons.

And the Forty Counties of England are thus divided in the Gates
Of Reuben:—Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex,—Simeon; Lincoln, York, Lancashire,—
Levi; Middlesex, Kent, Surrey,—Judah; Somerset, Glouster, Wiltshire,—
Dan; Cornwal, Devon, Dorset,—Napthali; Warwick, Leicester, Worcester,—
Gad; Oxford, Bucks, Harford,—Asher; Sussex, Hampshire, Berkshire,—
Issachar; Northampton, Rutland, Nott'gham,—Zebulun; Bedford, Huntg'n., Camb.,—
Joseph; Stafford, Shrops., Heref.,—Benjamin; Derby, Cheshire, Monmouth,—

And Cumberland, Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Durham are
Divided in the Gates of Reuben, Judah, Dan, and Joseph.

And the Thirty-six Counties of Scotland divided in the Gates
Of Reuben, Kincard., Haddntn., Forfar; Simeon, Ayr, Argyll, Banff;
Levi, Edinburh, Roxbro', Ross; Judah, Abrdeen, Berwick, Dumfries;
Dan, Bute, Caitnes, Clakmanan; Napthali, Nairn, Invernes, Linlithgo;
Gad, Peebles, Perth, Renfru; Asher, Sutherlan, Sterling, Wigtoun;
Issachar, Selkirk, Dumbartn, Glasgo; Zebulun, Orkney, Shetland, Skye;
Joseph, Elgin, Lanerk, Kinros; Benjamin, Krumarty, Murra, Kirkubriht,
Governing all by the sweet delights of secret amorous glances
In Enitharmon's Halls builded by Los and his mighty Children.

All things acted on Earth are seen in the bright Sculptures of
Los's Halls, and every Age renews its powers from these Works,
With every pathetic story possible to happen from Hate or
Wayward Love, and every sorrow and distress is carved here:
Every Affinity of Parents, Marriages, and Friendships are here
In all their various combinations wrought with wondrous Art.
All that can happen to Man in his pilgrimage of seventy years.
Such is the Divine Written Law of Horeb and Sinai;
And such the Holy Gospel of Mount Olivet and Calvary.

(17)

His Spectre divides, and Los in fury compells it to divide,
To labour in the fire, in the water, in the earth, in the air,
To follow the Daughters of Albion as the hound follows the scent
Of the wild inhabitant of the forest, to drive them from his own,
To make a way for the Children of Los to come from the Furnaces.
But Los himself against Albion's Sons his fury bends, for he
Dare not approach the Daughters openly lest he be consumed
In the fires of their beauty and perfection, and be Vegetated beneath
Their Looms, in a Generation of death and resurrection to forgetfulness.
They wooe Los continually to subdue his strength; he continually
Shews them his Spectre; sending him abroad over the four points of heaven,
In the fierce desires of beauty and in the tortures of repulse; He is
The Spectre of the Living pursuing the Emanations of the Dead.
Shudd'ring they flee: they hide in the Druid Temples in cold chastity,
Subdued by the Spectre of the Living and terrified by undisguis'd desire.

For Los said: Tho' my Spectre is divided, as I am a Living Man
I must compell him to obey me wholly, that Enitharmon may not
Be lost, and lest he should devour Enitharmon. Ah, me!

Piteous image of my soft desires and loves: O Enitharmon,
I will compell my Spectre to obey; I will restore to thee thy Children.
No one bruises or starves himself to make himself fit for labour.

Tormented with sweet desire for these beauties of Albion,
They would never love my power if they did not seek to destroy
Enitharmon. Vala would never have sought and loved Albion
If she had not sought to destroy Jerusalem: such is that false
And Generating Love; a pretence of love to destroy love;
Cruel hypocrisy, unlike the lovely delusions of Beulah;
And cruel forms, unlike the merciful forms of Beulah's Night.

They know not why they love nor wherefore they sicken and die,
Calling that Holy Love: which is Envy, Revenge, and Cruelty,
Which separated the stars from the mountains: the mountains from Man,
And left Man a little grovelling Root, outside of Himself.
Negations are not Contraries: Contraries mutually Exist,
But Negations Exist Not: Exceptions and Objections and Unbeliefs
Exist not, nor shall they ever be Organised for ever and ever.
If thou separate from me, thou art a Negation; a meer
Reasoning and Derogation from me, an Objecting and cruel Spite,

And Malice and Envy; but my Emanation, alas! will become
My Contrary. O thou Negation, I will continually compell
Thee to be invisible to any but whom I please, and when
And where and how I please, and never, never shalt thou be Organized
But as a distorted and reversed Reflexion in the Darkness,
And in the Non-Entity; nor shall that which is above
Ever descend into thee, but thou shalt be a Non-Entity for ever;
And if any enter into thee, thou shalt be an Unquenchable Fire,
And he shall be a never-dying Worm, mutually tormented by
Those that thou tormentest, a Hell and Despair for ever and ever.

So Los in secret with himself communed, and Enitharmon heard
In her darkness and was comforted; yet still she divided away
In gnawing pain from Los's bosom in the deadly Night.
First as a red Globe of blood trembling beneath his bosom
Suspended over her he hung; he infolded her in his garments
Of wool; he hid her from the Spectre in shame and confusion of
Face; in terrors and pains of Hell and Eternal Death, the
Trembling Globe shot forth Self-living, and Los howl'd over it,
Feeding it with his groans and tears day and night without ceasing;
And the Spectrous Darkness from his back divided in temptations,

And in grinding agonies in threats, stiflings, and direful strugglings.

Go thou to Skofield: ask him if he is Bath or if he is Canterbury?
Tell him to be no more dubious; demand explicit words.
Tell him I will dash him into shivers where and at what time
I please; tell Hand and Skofield they are my ministers of evil
To those I hate, for I can hate also as well as they.

(18)

From every one of the Four Regions of Human Majesty
There is an outside spread Without and an Outside spread Within,
Beyond the Outline of Identity both ways, which meet in one,
An orbed Void of doubt, despair, hunger, and thirst, and sorrow.
Here the Twelve Sons of Albion, join'd in dark Assembly,
Jealous of Jerusalem's children, ashamed of her little-ones
(For Vala produced the Bodies, Jerusalem gave the Souls),
Became as Three Immense Wheels, turning upon one another
Into Non-Entity, and their thunders hoarse appall the Dead
To murder their own Souls, to build a Kingdom among the Dead.
Cast! Cast ye Jerusalem forth! The Shadow of delusions!
The Harlot daughter! Mother of pity and dishonourable forgiveness!

Our Father Albion's sin and shame! But father now no more;
Nor sons, nor hateful peace and love, nor soft complacencies,
With transgressions meeting in brotherhood around the table,
Or in the porch or garden. No more the sinful delights
Of age and youth, and boy and girl, and animal and herb,
And river and mountain, and city and village, and house and family,
Beneath the Oak and Palm, beneath the Vine and Fig-tree,
In self-denial! But War and deadly contention between
Father and Son, and light and love! All bold asperities,
Of Haters met in deadly strife, rending the house and garden,
The unforgiving porches, the tables of enmity, and beds
And chambers of trembling and suspition, hatreds of age and youth,
And boy and girl, and animal and herb, and river and mountain,
And city and village, and house and family. That the Perfect
May live in glory, redeem'd by Sacrifice of the Lamb
And of his children before sinful Jerusalem. To build
Babylon, the City of Vala, the Goddess Virgin-Mother.
She is our Mother, Nature; Jerusalem is our Harlot-Sister
Return'd with Children of pollution to defile our House
With Sin and Shame. Cast! Cast her into the Potter's Field;
Her little-ones she must slay upon our Altars; and her aged

Parents must be carried into captivity to redeem her Soul,
To be for a Shame and a Curse, and to be our slaves for ever.

So cry Hand and Hyle, the eldest of the fathers of Albion's
Little-ones: to destroy the divine Saviour, the Friend of Sinners.
Building Castles in desolated places, and strong Fortifications,
Soon Hand mightily devour'd and absorb'd Albion's Twelve Sons.
Out from his bosom a mighty Polypus, vegetating in darkness,
And Hyle and Coban were his two chosen ones for Emissaries
In War: forth from his bosom they went and return'd,
Like Wheels from a great Wheel reflected in the Deep;
Hoarse turn'd the Starry Wheels, rending a way in Albion's Loins
Beyond the Night of Beulah. In a dark and unknown Night,
Outstretched his Giant beauty on the ground in pain and tears.

(19)

His Children exil'd from his breast pass to and fro before him,
His birds are silent on his hills, flocks die beneath his branches;
His Tents are fall'n; his trumpets, and the sweet sound of his harp
Are silent on his clouded hills, that belch forth storms and fire;
His milk of Cows and honey of Bees, and fruit of golden harvest

Is gather'd in the scorching heat and in the driving rain;
Where once he sat he weary walks in misery and pain,
His Giant beauty and perfection fallen into dust,
Till from within his wither'd breast grown narrow with his woes,
The corn is turn'd to thistles and the apples into poison,
The birds of song to murderous crows, his joys to bitter groans,
The voices of children in his tents to cries of helpless infants,
And self-exiled from the face of light and shine of morning
In the dark world, a narrow house, he wanders up and down,
Seeking for rest and finding none; and hidden far within,
His Eon weeping in the cold and desolated Earth.

All his Affections now appear withoutside; all his Sons
Hand, Hyle and Coban, Guantok, Peachey, Brereton, Slayd, and Hutton,
Scofeld, Kox, Kotope, and Bowen his Twelve Sons, Satanic Mill;
Who are the Spectres of the Twenty-four, each Double-formed
Revolve upon his mountains groaning in pain; beneath
The dark incessant sky seeking for rest and finding none,
Raging against their Human natures, ravening to gormandize
The Human majesty and beauty of the Twenty-four,
Condensing them into solid rocks with cruelty and abhorrence
Suspition and revenge, and the seven diseases of the Soul

Settled around Albion and around Luvah in his secret cloud;
Willing the Friends endur'd, for Albion's sake, and for
Jerusalem his Emanation shut within his bosom,
Which harden'd against them more and more as he builded onwards
On the Gulph of Death in self-righteousness, that roll'd
Before his awful feet, in pride of virtue for victory;
And Los was roof'd in from Eternity in Albion's Cliffs
Which stand upon the ends of Beulah, and without-side all
Appear'd a rocky form against the Divine Humanity.

Albion's Circumference was clos'd; his Center began dark'ning
Into the Night of Beulah, and the Moon of Beulah rose
Clouded with storms; Los his strong Guard walk'd round beneath the Moon,
And Albion fled inward among the currents of his rivers.

He found Jerusalem upon the River of his City soft repos'd
In the arms of Vala, assimilating in one with Vala,
The Lilly of Havilah; and they sang soft thro' Lambeth's vales
In a sweet moony night and silence that they had created
With a blue sky spread over with wings and a mild moon
Dividing and uniting into many female forms; Jerusalem
Trembling! then in one comingling in eternal tears,
Sighing to melt his Giant beauty, on the moony river.

(20)

But when they saw Albion fall'n upon mild Lambeth's vale,
Astonish'd, Terrified, they hover'd over his Giant limbs.
Then thus Jerusalem spoke, while Vala wove the veil of tears,
Weeping in pleadings of Love, in the web of despair:—

Wherefore hast thou shut me into the winter of human life
And clos'd up the sweet regions of youth and virgin innocence,
Where we live, forgetting error, not pondering on evil,
Among my lambs and brooks of water, among my warbling birds;
Where we delight in innocence before the face of the Lamb,
Going in and out before him in his love and sweet affection?

Vala replied, weeping and trembling, hiding in her veil:—

When winter rends the hungry family and the snow falls
Upon the ways of men, hiding the paths of man and beast,
Then mourns the wanderer; then he repents his wanderings and eyes
The distant forest; then the slave groans in the dungeon of stone,
The captive in the mill of the stranger, sold for scanty hire.
They view their former life, they number moments over and over,
Stringing them on their remembrance as on a thread of sorrow.
Thou art my sister and my daughter, thy shame is mine also;

Ask me not of my griefs—thou knowest all my griefs.

Jerusalem answer'd, with soft tears, over the valleys:—

O Vala, what is Sin! that thou shudderest and weepest
At sight of thy once lov'd Jerusalem? What is Sin but a little
Error and fault that is soon forgiven? but mercy is not a Sin,
Nor pity nor love nor kind forgiveness. O! if I have Sinned,
Forgive and pity me! O unfold thy Veil in mercy and love!
Slay not my little ones, beloved Virgin, daughter of Babylon,
Slay not my infant loves and graces, beautiful daughter of Moab;
I cannot put off the human form; I strive but strive in vain.
When Albion rent thy beautiful net of gold and silver twine
Thou hadst woven it with art, thou hadst caught me in the bands
Of love; thou refused'st to let me go; Albion beheld thy beauty
Beautiful thro' our Love's comeliness, beautiful thro' pity.
The Veil shone with thy brightness in the eyes of Albion.
Because it inclos'd pity and love, because we lov'd one another,
Albion lov'd thee; he rent thy Veil; he embrac'd thee; he loved thee.
Astonish'd at his beauty and perfection, thou forgavest his furious love.
I redounded from Albion's bosom in my virgin loveliness;
The Lamb of God reciev'd me in his arms; he smil'd upon us,
He made me his Bride and Wife, he gave thee to Albion;

Then was a time of love; O, why is it passed away?

42 Then Albion broke silence and with groans reply'd :—

(21)

O Vala! O Jerusalem! do you delight in my groans?
You, O lovely forms, you have prepared my death-cup.
The disease of Shame covers me from head to feet; I have no hope.
Every boil upon my body is a separate and deadly Sin.
5 Doubt first assailed me, then Shame took possession of me.
Shame divides Families, Shame hath divided Albion in sunder.
First fled my Sons and then my Daughters, then my Wild Animations,
My Cattle next, last ev'n the Dog of my Gate, the Forests fled,
The Corn-fields, and the breathing Gardens outside separated
10 The Sea, the Stars, the Sun, the Moon, driv'n forth by my disease.
All is Eternal Death unless you can weave a chaste
Body over an unchaste Mind! Vala! O that thou wert pure!
That the deep wound of Sin might be clos'd up with the Needle
And with the Loom, to cover Gwendolen and Ragan with costly Robes
15 Of Natural Virtue, for their Spiritual forms without a Veil
Wither in Luvah's Sepulcher; I thrust him from my presence,
And all my Children follow'd his loud howlings into the Deep.
Jerusalem! dissembler Jerusalem! I look into thy bosom,
I discover thy secret places. Cordella, I behold

Thee whom I thought pure as the heavens in innocence and fear;
Thy Tabernacle taken down, thy secret Cherubim disclosed.
Art thou broken? Ah me, Sabrina, running by my side,
In childhood what wert thou? unutterable anguish. Conwenna,
Thy cradled infancy is most piteous, O hide, O hide!
Their secret gardens were made paths to the traveller;
I knew not of their secret loves with those I hated most,
Nor that their every thought was Sin and secret appetite.
Hyle sees in fear, he howls in fury over them; Hand sees
In jealous fear, in stern accusation with cruel stripes
He drives them thro' the Streets of Babylon before my face,
Because they taught Luvah to rise into my clouded heavens.
Battersea and Chelsea mourn for Cambel and Gwendolen;
Hackney and Holloway sicken for Estrild and Ignoge;
Because the Peak, Malvern, and Cheviot Reason in Cruelty,
Penmaenmawr and Dhinas-bran Demonstrate in Unbelief;
Manchester and Liverpool are in tortures of Doubt and Despair.
Malden and Colchester Demonstrate. I hear my Children's voices,
I see their piteous faces gleam out upon the cruel winds
From Lincoln and Norwich, from Edinburgh and Monmouth;
I see them distant from my bosom scourg'd along the roads
Then lost in clouds; I hear their tender voices; clouds divide;

I see them die beneath the whips of the Captains; they are taken
In solemn pomp into Chaldea across the bredths of Europe.
Six months they lie embalm'd in silent death, worshipped,
Carried in Arks of Oak before the armies in the spring;
Bursting their Arks they rise again to life, they play before
The Armies: I hear their loud cymbals and their deadly cries.
Are the Dead cruel? are those who are infolded in moral Law
Revengeful? O that Death and Annihilation were the same!

Then Vala answered, spreading her scarlet Veil over Albion:—

(22)

Albion, thy fear has made me tremble; thy terrors have surrounded me;
Thy Sons have nail'd me on the Gates, piercing my hands and feet
Till Skofield's Nimrod, the mighty Huntsman Jehovah, came,
With Cush his Son and took me down. He in a golden Ark
Bears me before his Armies, tho' my Shadow hovers here;
The Flesh of multitudes fed and nourish'd me in my childhood;
My morn and evening food were prepar'd in Battles of Men.
Great is the cry of the Hounds of Nimrod along the valley
Of Vision; they scent the odor of War in the Valley of Vision.

All Love is lost; terror succeeds, and Hatred instead of Love,
And stern demands of Right and Duty instead of Liberty.
Once thou wast to me the loveliest Son of heaven; but now
Where shall I hide from thy dread countenance and searching eyes?
I have looked into the secret Soul of him I loved
And in the dark recesses found Sin and can never return.

Albion again utter'd his voice beneath the silent Moon:—

I brought Love into light of day to pride in chaste beauty,
I brought Love into light and fancied Innocence is no more.

Then spake Jerusalem:—O Albion! my Father Albion!
Why wilt thou number every little fibre of my Soul,
Spreading them out before the Sun like stalks of flax to dry?
The Infant Joy is beautiful, but its anatomy
Horrible ghast and deadly; nought shalt thou find in it
But dark despair and everlasting brooding melancholy.

Then Albion turn'd his face toward Jerusalem and spoke:—

Hide thou Jerusalem in impalpable voidness, not to be
Touch'd by the hand nor seen with the eye. O Jerusalem!
Would thou wert not and that thy place might never be found.
But come, O Vala, with knife and cup; drain my blood

To the last drop; then hide me in thy Scarlet Tabernacle,
For I see Luvah whom I slew; I behold him in my Spectre
As I behold Jerusalem in thee, O Vala dark and cold.

Jerusalem then stretch'd her hand toward the Moon and spake:—

Why should Punishment Weave the Veil with Iron Wheels of War,
When Forgiveness might it Weave with Wings of Cherubim?

Loud groan'd Albion from mountain to mountain and replied:—

(23)

Jerusalem! Jerusalem! deluding shadow of Albion!
Laughter of my phantasy! unlawful pleasure! Albion's curse!
I came here with intention to annihilate thee! But
My soul is melted away, inwoven within the Veil.
Hast thou again knitted the Veil of Vala, which I for thee
Pitying rent in ancient times? I see it whole and more
Perfect, and shining with beauty: But thou! O wretched Father!

Jerusalem reply'd, like a voice heard from a sepulcher:
Father, once piteous! Is Pity a Sin? Embalm'd in Vala's bosom
In an Eternal Death for Albion's sake, our best beloved.
Thou art my Father and my Brother. Why hast thou hidden me
Remote from the divine Vision, my Lord and Saviour?

Trembling stood Albion at her words in jealous dark despair;

He felt that Love and Pity are the same: a soft repose,
Inward complacency of Soul, a Self-annihilation.

I have erred! I am ashamed! and will never return more:
I have taught my children sacrifices of cruelty. What shall I answer?
I will hide it from Eternals! I will give myself for my Children!
Which way soever I turn, I behold Humanity and Pity!

He recoil'd; he rush'd outwards; he bore the Veil whole away;
His fires redound from his Dragon Altars in Errors returning.
He drew the Veil of Moral Virtue, woven for Cruel Laws,
And cast it into the Atlantic Deep, to catch the Souls of the Dead.
He stood between the Palm tree and the Oak of weeping
Which stand upon the edge of Beulah; and there Albion sunk
Down in sick, pallid languor. These were his last words, relapsing
Hoarse from his rocks, from caverns of Derbyshire and Wales
And Scotland, utter'd from the Circumference into Eternity:—

Blasphemous Sons of Feminine delusion! God in the dreary Void
Dwells from Eternity, wide separated from the Human Soul;
But thou, deluding Image by whom imbu'd the Veil I rent,
Lo, here is Vala's Veil whole, for a Law, a Terror, and a Curse!

And therefore God takes vengeance on me; from my clay-cold bosom
My children wander trembling victims of his Moral Justice.
His snows fall on me and cover me, while in the Veil I fold
My dying limbs. Therefore, O Manhood, if thou art aught
But a meer Phantasy, hear dying Albion's Curse!
May God who dwells in this dark Ulro and voidness, vengeance take,
And draw thee down into this Abyss of sorrow and torture,
Like me thy Victim. O that Death and Annihilation were the same!

(24)

What have I said? What have I done? O all-powerful Human Words,
You recoil back upon me in the blood of the Lamb slain in his Children.
Two bleeding Contraries, equally true, are his Witnesses against me.
We reared mighty Stones; we danced naked around them;
Thinking to bring Love into light of day, to Jerusalem's shame;
Displaying our Giant limbs to all the winds of heaven! Sudden
Shame siez'd us; we could not look on one another for abhorrence; the Blue
Of our immortal Veins and all their Hosts fled from our Limbs,
And wander'd distant in a dismal Night clouded and dark.
The Sun fled from the Briton's forehead; the Moon from his mighty loins;
Scandinavia fled with all his mountains fill'd with groans,

O what is Life and what is Man? O what is Death? Wherefore
Are you, my Children, natives in the Grave to where I go,
Or are you born to feed the hungry ravenings of Destruction,
To be the sport of Accident, to waste in Wrath and Love, a weary
Life, in brooding cares and anxious labours, that prove but chaff?
O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! I have forsaken thy Courts,
Thy Pillars of ivory and gold; thy Curtains of silk and fine
Linen; thy Pavements of precious stones; thy Walls of pearl
And gold; thy Gates of Thanksgiving; thy Windows of Praise;
Thy Clouds of Blessing; thy Cherubims of Tender-mercy
Stretching their Wings sublime over the Little-ones of Albion.
O Human Imagination! O Divine Body! I have Crucified,
I have turned my back upon thee into the Wastes of Moral Law:
There Babylon is builded in the Waste, founded in Human desolation.
O Babylon, thy Watchman stands over thee in the night;
Thy severe Judge all the day long proves thee, O Babylon,
With provings of destruction, with giving thee thy heart's desire.
But Albion is cast forth to the Potter, his Children to the Builders
To build Babylon, because they have forsaken Jerusalem.
The Walls of Babylon are Souls of Men; her Gates the Groans

Of Nations; her Towers are the Miseries of once happy Families;
Her Streets are paved with Destruction, her Houses built with Death;
Her Palaces with Hell and the Grave; her Synagogues with Torments
Of ever-hardening Despair squar'd and polish'd with cruel skill;
Yet thou wast lovely as the summer cloud upon my hills
When Jerusalem was thy heart's desire in times of youth and love.
Thy Sons came to Jerusalem with gifts, she sent them away
With blessings on their hands and on their feet, blessings of gold
And pearl and diamond: thy Daughters sang in her Courts.
They came up to Jerusalem; they walked before Albion;
In the Exchanges of London every Nation walk'd,
And London walk'd in every Nation mutual in love and harmony.
Albion cover'd the whole Earth; England encompass'd the Nations;
Mutual each within other's bosom in Visions of Regeneration;
Jerusalem cover'd the Atlantic Mountains and the Erythrean.
From bright Japan and China to Hesperia, France and England,
Mount Zion lifted his head in every Nation under heaven;
And the Mount of Olives was beheld over the whole Earth:
The footsteps of the Lamb of God were there; but now no more,
No more shall I behold him, he is clos'd in Luvah's Sepulcher.
Yet why these smitings of Luvah, the gentlest, mildest Zoa?

If God was Merciful this could not be! O Lamb of God,
Thou art a delusion and Jerusalem is my Sin! O my Children,
I have educated you in the crucifying cruelties of Demonstration
Till you have assum'd the Providence of God and slain your Father.
Dost thou appear before me who liest dead in Luvah's Sepulcher;
Dost thou forgive me, thou who wast Dead and art Alive?
Look not so merciful upon me, O thou Slain Lamb of God.
I die! I die in thy arms, tho' Hope is banish'd from me.

Thund'ring the Veil rushes from his hand. Vegetating Knot by
Knot, Day by Day, Night by Night, loud roll the indignant Atlantic
Waves and the Erythrean, turning up the bottoms of the Deeps.

(25)

And there was heard a great lamenting in Beulah; all the Regions
Of Beulah were moved as the tender bowels are moved; and they said:—

Why did you take Vengeance, O ye Sons of the mighty Albion?
Planting these Oaken Groves; Erecting these Dragon Temples.
Injury the Lord heals, but Vengeance cannot be healed:
As the Sons of Albion have done to Luvah, so they have in him
Done to the Divine Lord and Saviour, who suffers with those that suffer,

For not one sparrow can suffer, and the whole Universe not suffer also
In all its Regions, and its Father and Saviour not pity and weep.
But Vengeance is the destroyer of Grace and Repentance in the bosom
Of the Injurer, in which the Divine Lamb is cruelly slain.
Descend, O Lamb of God, and take away the imputation of Sin
By the Creation of States and the deliverance of Individuals Evermore. Amen.

Thus wept they in Beulah over the Four Regions of Albion;
But many doubted and despair'd, and imputed Sin and Righteousness
To Individuals and not to States, and these Slept in Ulro.

(26)

Such Visions have appear'd to me as I my order'd race have run.

Jerusalem is named Liberty among the Sons of Albion.

(27)

TO THE JEWS

Jerusalem the Emanation of the Giant Albion! Can it be? Is it a Truth that the Learned have explored? Was Britain the Primitive Seat of the Patriarchal Religion? If it is true, my title-page is also true, that Jerusalem was, and is, the Emanation of the Giant Albion. It is True, and cannot be controverted. Ye are united, O ye Inhabitants of Earth, in One Religion—The Religion of Jesus; the most Ancient, the Eternal, and the Everlasting Gospel. The Wicked will turn it to Wickedness, the Righteous to Righteousness. Amen! Huzza! Selah!

"All things Begin and End in Albion's Ancient Druid Rocky Shore."

Your Ancestors derived their origin from Abraham, Heber, Shem, and Noah, who were Druids, as the Druid Temples (which are the Patriarchal Pillars and Oak Groves) over the whole Earth witness to this day.

You have a tradition that Man anciently contained in his mighty limbs all things in Heaven and Earth: this you recieved from the Druids.

"But now the Starry Heavens are fled from the mighty limbs of Albion."

Albion was the Parent of the Druids, and in his Chaotic State of Sleep Satan and Adam and the whole World was created by the Elohim.

1 The fields from Islington to Marybone,
To Primrose Hill and Saint John's Wood,
Were builded over with pillars of gold,
And there Jerusalem's pillars stood.

2 Her Little-ones ran on the fields,
The Lamb of God among them seen;
And fair Jerusalem his Bride,
Among the little meadows green.

3 Pancrass and Kentish-town repose
Among her golden pillars high,
Among her golden arches which
Shine upon the starry sky.

4 The Jews-harp-house and the Green Man,
The Ponds where Boys to bathe delight;
The fields of Cows by William's farm
Shine in Jerusalem's pleasant sight.

5 She walks upon our meadows green,
The Lamb of God walks by her side,
And every English Child is seen,
Children of Jesus and his Bride.

6 Forgiving trespasses and sins,
Lest Babylon with cruel Og,
With Moral and Self-righteous Law,
Should Crucify in Satan's Synagogue!

7 What are those golden Builders doing,
Near mournful, ever-weeping Paddington,
Standing above that mighty Ruin
Where Satan the first victory won?

8 Where Albion slept beneath the Fatal Tree,
And the Druid's golden knife
Rioted in human gore
In offerings of Human Life?

9 They groan'd aloud on London Stone,
They groan'd aloud on Tyburn's Brook;
Albion gave his deadly groan,
And all the Atlantic Mountains shook.

10 Albion's Spectre from his Loins
Tore forth in all the pomp of War;
Satan his name, in flames of fire
He stretch'd his Druid Pillars far.

11 Jerusalem fell from Lambeth's Vale,
Down thro' Poplar and Old Bow;
Thro' Malden and acros the Sea,
In War and howling, death and woe.

12 The Rhine was red with human blood,
The Danube roll'd a purple tide;
On the Euphrates Satan stood,
And over Asia stretch'd his pride.

13 He wither'd up sweet Zion's Hill,
From every Nation of the Earth;
He wither'd up Jerusalem's Gates,
And in a dark Land gave her birth.

14 He wither'd up the Human Form,
By laws of sacrifice for sin,
Till it became a Mortal Worm,
But O! translucent all within.

15 The Divine Vision still was seen,
Still was the Human Form Divine,
Weeping in weak and mortal clay,
O Jesus, still the Form was thine.

16 And thine the Human Face, and thine
The Human Hands and Feet and Breath,
Entering thro' the Gates of Birth
And passing thro' the Gates of Death.

17 And O, thou Lamb of God, whom I
Slew in my dark, self-righteous pride,
Art thou return'd to Albion's Land,
And is Jerusalem thy Bride?

18 Come to my arms and never more
Depart, but dwell for ever here;
Create my Spirit to thy Love;
Subdue my Spectre to thy Fear.

19 Spectre of Albion! warlike Fiend!
In clouds of blood and ruin roll'd;
I here reclaim thee as my own,
My Selfhood, Satan, arm'd in gold.

20 Is this thy soft Family-Love,
Thy cruel Patriarchal pride,
Planting thy Family alone,
Destroying all the World beside?

21 A man's worst enemies are those
Of his own house and family;
And he who makes his law a curse,
By his own law shall surely die.

22 In my Exchanges every Land
Shall walk, and mine in every Land;
Mutual shall build Jerusalem,
Both heart in heart and hand in hand.

If Humility is Christianity, you, O Jews, are the true Christians. If your tradition that Man contained

in his Limbs all Animals is True, and they were separated from him by cruel Sacrifices; and when compulsory cruel Sacrifices had brought Humanity into a Feminine Tabernacle in the loins of Abraham and David; the Lamb of God, the Saviour became apparent on Earth as the Prophets had foretold. The Return of Israel is a Return to Mental Sacrifice and War. Take up the Cross, O Israel, and follow Jesus.

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CHAP. II.

Every ornament of perfection, and every labour of love
In all the Garden of Eden, and in all the golden mountains
Was become an envied horror, and a remembrance of jealousy;
And every Act a Crime, and Albion the punisher and judge.
And Albion spoke from his secret seat and said:—

All these ornaments are crimes; they are made by the labours
Of loves; of unnatural consanguinities and friendships,
Horrid to think of when enquired deeply into; and all
These hills and valleys are accursed witnesses of Sin.
I therefore condense them into solid rocks, stedfast,
A foundation and certainty and demonstrative truth,
That Man be separate from Man, and here I plant my seat.

Cold snows drifted around him, ice covered his loins around;
He sat by Tyburn's brook, and underneath his heel shot up
A deadly Tree; he nam'd it Moral Virtue, and the Law
Of God who dwells in Chaos hidden from the human sight.

The tree spread over him its cold shadows (Albion groan'd),
They bent down, they felt the earth, and again enrooting
Shoot into many a Tree; an endless labyrinth of woe.
From willing sacrifice of self, to sacrifice of (miscall'd) Enemies
For Atonement, Albion began to erect Twelve Altars
Of rough unhewn rocks before the Potter's Furnace.
He nam'd them Justice and Truth. And Albion's Sons
Must have become the first Victims, being the first transgressors;
But they fled to the mountains to seek ransom: building A Strong
Fortification against the Divine Humanity and Mercy,
In Shame and Jealousy to annihilate Jerusalem.

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Then the Divine Vision like a silent Sun appear'd above
Albion's dark rocks, setting behind the Gardens of Kensington;
On Tyburn's River, in clouds of blood, where was mild Zion Hill's
Most ancient promontory, and in the Sun a Human Form appear'd;
And thus the Voice Divine went forth upon the rocks of Albion:—

I elected Albion for my glory; I gave to him the Nations
Of the whole Earth; He was the Angel of my Presence, and all
The Sons of God were Albion's Sons, and Jerusalem was my joy.
The Reactor hath hid himself thro' envy, I behold him,
But you cannot behold him till he be reveal'd in his System.

Albion's Reactor must have a Place prepar'd ; Albion must Sleep
The Sleep of Death till the Man of Sin and Repentance be revealed.
Hidden in Albion's Forests he lurks ; he admits of no Reply
From Albion, but hath founded his Reaction into a Law
Of Action, for Obedience to destroy the Contraries of Man.
He hath compell'd Albion to become a Punisher, and hath possess'd
Himself of Albion's Forests and Wilds ; and Jerusalem is taken.
The City of the Woods in the Forest of Ephratah is taken.
London is a stone of her ruins ; Oxford is the dust of her walls ;
Sussex and Kent are her scatter'd garments ; Ireland her holy place ;
And the murder'd bodies of her little ones are Scotland and Wales ;
The Cities of the Nations are the smoke of her consummation ;
The Nations are her dust, ground by the chariot wheels
Of her lordly conquerors, her palaces levelled with the dust.
I come that I may find a way for my banished ones to return.
Fear not, O little Flock, I come—Albion shall rise again.

So saying, the mild Sun inclos'd the Human Family.
Forthwith from Albion's dark'ning locks came two Immortal forms,
Saying, We alone are escaped, O merciful Lord and Saviour.
We flee from the interiors of Albion's hills and mountains,

From his Valleys Eastward, from Amalek, Canaan, and Moab,
Beneath his vast ranges of hills surrounding Jerusalem.

Albion walk'd on the steps of fire before his Halls,
And Vala walk'd with him in dreams of soft, deluding slumber;
He looked up and saw the Prince of Light with splendor faded;
Then Albion ascended, mourning, into the porches of his Palace.
Above him rose a Shadow from his wearied intellect,
Of living gold, pure, perfect, holy: in white linen pure he hovered,
A sweet, entrancing self-delusion, a watery vision of Albion,
Soft, exulting in existence, all the Man absorbing.

Albion fell upon his face, prostrate before the wat'ry Shadow,
Saying: O Lord, whence is this change? thou knowest I am nothing!
And Vala trembled and cover'd her face, and her locks were spread on the pavement.
We heard, astonished at the Vision, and our hearts trembled within us.
We heard the voice of slumberous Albion, and thus he spake,
Idolatrous to his own Shadow, words of eternity uttering:—

O I am nothing when I enter into judgment with thee;
If thou withdraw thy breath, I die and vanish into Hades;
If thou dost lay thine hand upon me, behold I am silent;
If thou withhold thine hand, I perish like a fallen leaf.
O I am nothing, and to nothing must return again;
If thou withdraw thy breath, Behold I am oblivion,

He ceas'd, the shadowy voice was silent, but the cloud hover'd over their heads
In golden wreathes, the sorrow of Man, and the balmy drops fell down.
And lo! that son of Man, that Shadowy Spirit of mild Albion,
Luvah descended from the cloud, in terror Albion rose:
Indignant rose the awful man and turn'd his back on Vala.
We heard the voice of Albion starting from his sleep:
Whence is this voice crying Eniou, that soundeth in my ears?
O cruel pity! O dark deceit! can love seek for dominion?
And Luvah strove to gain dominion over Albion.
They strove together above the Body where Vala was inclos'd,
And the dark body of Albion left prostrate upon the crystal pavement,
Cover'd with boils from head to foot, the terrible smitings of Luvah.

Then frown'd the fallen Man and put forth Luvah from his presence,
Saying: Go and die the Death of Man, for Vala the sweet wanderer.
I will turn the volutions of your ears outward, and bend your nostrils
Downward, and your fluxile eyes englob'd roll round in fear;
Your with'ring lips and tongue shrink up into a narrow circle,
Till into narrow forms you creep. Go, take your weary way,
And learn what 'tis to absorb the Man, you Spirits of Pity and Love.

They heard the voice and fled swift as the winter's setting sun,

And now the human blood foam'd high; the Spirits Luvah and Vala
Went down the Human Heart where Paradise and its joys abounded
In jealous fears and fury and rage, and flames roll round their fervid feet,
And the vast form of Nature, like a serpent, play'd before them.
And as they fled in folding fires and thunders of the deep,
Vala shrunk in like the dark sea that leaves its slimy banks;
And from her bosom Luvah fell far as the east and west.
And the vast form of Nature like a serpent roll'd between,
Whether of Jerusalem's or Vala's ruins congenerated we know not.
All is confusion, all is tumult, and we alone are escaped.
So spoke the fugitives; they join'd the Divine Family trembling.

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And the Two that escaped were the Emanation of Los and his
Spectre; for wherever the Emanation goes, the Spectre
Attends her as her guard, and Los's Emanation is named
Enitharmon, and his Spectre is named Urthona; they knew
Not where to flee; they had been on a visit to Albion's Children,
And they strove to weave a Shadow of the Emanation
To hide themselves, weeping and lamenting for the Vegetation
Of Albion's Children, fleeing thro' Albion's vales in streams of gore.

Being not irritated by insult, bearing insulting benevolences,
They percieved that corporeal friends are spiritual enemies.
They saw the Sexual Religion in its embryon Uncircumcision,
And the Divine hand was upon them, bearing them thro' darkness
Back safe to their Humanity, as doves to their windows;
Therefore the Sons of Eden praise Urthona's Spectre in Songs,
Because he kept the Divine Vision in time of trouble.

They wept and trembled, and Los put forth his hand and took them in
Into his Bosom, from which Albion shrunk in dismal pain,
Rending the fibres of Brotherhood, and in Feminine Allegories
Inclosing Los; but the Divine Vision appeared with Los,
Following Albion into his Central Void among his Oaks.

And Los prayed and said:—O Divine Saviour, arise
Upon the Mountains of Albion as in ancient time. Behold!
The Cities of Albion seek thy face, London groans in pain
From Hill to Hill, and the Thames laments along the Valleys.
The little Villages of Middlesex and Surrey hunger and thirst,
The Twenty-eight Cities of Albion stretch their hands to thee
Because of the Opressors of Albion in every City and Village.
They mock at the Labourer's limbs, they mock at his starv'd Children;

They buy his Daughters that they may have power to sell his sons ;
They compell the Poor to live upon a crust of bread ; by soft, mild arts
They reduce the Man to want, then give with pomp and ceremony.
The praise of Jehovah is chaunted from lips of hunger and thirst.
Humanity knows not of Sex, wherefore are Sexes in Beulah ?
In Beulah the Female lets down her beautiful Tabernacle,
Which the Male enters magnificent between her Cherubim,
And becomes One with her, mingling, condensing in Self-love
The Rocky Law of Condemnation and double Generation and Death
Albion hath enter'd the Loins, the place of the Last Judgment,
And Luvah hath drawn the Curtains around Albion in Vala's bosom,
The Dead awake to Generation : Arise, O Lord, and rend the Veil.

So Los in lamentations follow'd Albion ; Albion cover'd

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His western heaven with rocky clouds of death and despair.

Fearing that Albion should turn his back against the Divine Vision,
Los took his globe of fire to search the interiors of Albion's
Bosom, in all the terrors of friendship, entering the caves
Of despair and death, to search the tempters out, walking among

Albion's rocks and precipices; caves of solitude and dark despair,
And saw every Minute Particular of Albion degraded and murder'd,
But saw not by whom; they were hidden within in the minute particulars
Of which they had possess'd themselves; and there they take up
The articulations of a man's soul, and laughing throw it down
Into the frame, then knock it out upon the plank, and souls are bak'd
In bricks to build the pyramids of Heber and Terah. But Los
Search'd in vain; clos'd from the minutia he walk'd, difficult.
He came down from Highgate thro' Hackney and Holloway towards London,
Till he came to old Stratford and thence to Stepney and the Isle
Of Leutha's Dogs, thence thro' the narrows of the River's side,
And saw every minute particular, the jewels of Albion, running down
The kennels of the streets and lanes as if they were abhorr'd.
Every Universal Form was become barren mountains of Moral
Virtue, and every Minute Particular harden'd into grains of sand,
And all the tendernesses of the soul cast forth as filth and mire
Among the winding places of deep contemplation intricate,
To where the Tower of London frown'd dreadful over Jerusalem;
A building of Luvah builded in Jerusalem's eastern gate to be
His secluded Court; thence to Bethlehem, where was builded

Dens of despair in the house of bread; enquiring in vain
Of stones and rocks he took his way, for human form was none,
And thus he spoke, looking on Albion's City with many tears:—

What shall I do? what could I do? if I could find these Criminals,
I could not dare to take vengeance; for all things are so constructed
And builded by the Divine hand that the sinner shall always escape,
And he who takes vengeance alone is the criminal of Providence.
If I should dare to lay my finger on a grain of sand
In way of vengeance, I punish the already punish'd. O whom
Should I pity if I pity not the sinner who is gone astray?
O Albion, if thou takest vengeance, if thou revengest thy wrongs,
Thou art for ever lost! What can I do to hinder the Sons
Of Albion from taking vengeance, or how shall I them perswade?

So spoke Los, travelling thro' darkness and horrid solitude;
And he beheld Jerusalem in Westminster and Marybone
Among the ruins of the Temple, and Vala, who is her Shadow.
Jerusalem's Shadow bent northward over the Island white.
At length he sat on London Stone, and heard Jerusalem's voice.

Albion, I cannot be thy Wife; thine own Minute Particulars
Belong to God alone, and all thy little ones are holy.

They are of Faith and not of Demonstration; wherefore is Vala
Cloth'd in black mourning upon my river's currents? Vala, awake!
I hear thy shuttles sing in the sky, and round my limbs
I feel the iron threads of love and jealousy and despair.

Vala reply'd:—Albion is mine; Luvah gave me to Albion,
And now recieves reproach and hate. Was it not said of old,
Set your Son before a man, and he shall take you and your sons
For slaves; but set your Daughter before a man, and She
Shall make him and his sons and daughters your slaves for ever!
And is this Faith? Behold, the strife of Albion and Luvah
Is great in the east, their spears of blood rage in the eastern heaven.
Urizen is the champion of Albion; they will slay my Luvah:
And thou, O harlot daughter! daughter of despair, art all
This cause of these shakings of my towers on Euphrates.
Here is the House of Albion, and here is thy secluded place,
And here we have found thy sins; and hence we turn thee forth
For all to avoid thee, to be astonish'd at thee for thy sins;
Because thou art the impurity and the harlot, and thy children
Children of whoredoms, born for sacrifice, for the meat and drink
Offering, to sustain the glorious combat and the battle and war,
That Man may be purified by the death of thy delusions.

So saying, she her dark threads cast over the trembling River,
And over the valleys, from the hills of Hertfordshire to the hills
Of Surrey, across Middlesex, and across Albion's House
Of Eternity; pale stood Albion at his eastern gate,

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Leaning against the pillars, and his disease rose from his skirts.
Upon the Precipice he stood, ready to fall into Non-Entity.

Los was all astonishment and terror; he trembled sitting on the Stone
Of London; but the interiors of Albion's fibres and nerves were hidden
From Los; astonish'd he beheld only the petrified surfaces,
And saw his Furnaces in ruins, for Los is the Demon of the Furnaces.
He saw also the Four Points of Albion revers'd inwards,
He siez'd his Hammer and Tongs, his iron Poker and his Bellows,
Upon the valleys of Middlesex, Shouting loud for aid Divine.

In stern defiance came from Albion's bosom, Hand, Hyle, Koban,
Gwantak, Peachy, Brertun, Slaid, Huttn, Skofeld, Kock, Kotope,
Bowen, Albion's Sons; they bore him a golden couch into the porch,
And on the Couch repos'd his limbs, trembling from the bloody field,
Rearing their Druid Patriarchal rocky Temples around his limbs.
All thing begin and end in Albion's Ancient Druid Rocky Shore.

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Turning his back to the Divine Vision, his Spectrous
Chaos before his face appear'd, an Unformed Memory.

Then spoke the Spectrous Chaos to Albion dark'ning
cold,
From the back and loins where dwell the Spectrous
Dead.

I am your Rational Power, O Albion! and that
Human Form
You call Divine, is but a Worm seventy inches long,
That creeps forth in a night and is dried in the
morning sun,
In fortuitous concourse of memorys accumulated and
lost.
It plows the Earth in its own conceit, it overwhelms
the Hills
Beneath its winding labyrinths, till a stone of the brook
Stops it in midst of its pride among its hills and rivers.
Battersea and Chelsea mourn, London and Canterbury
tremble;
Their place shall not be found as the wind passes over.
The ancient Cities of the Earth remove as a traveller;
And shall Albion's Cities remain when I pass over them
With my deluge of forgotten remembrances over the
tablet?

So spoke the Spectre to Albion; he is the Great Self-
hood.
Satan, Worship'd as God by the Mighty Ones of the
Earth,
Having a white Dot call'd a Center, from which
branches out
A Circle in continual gyrations; this became a Heart,
From which sprang numerous branches varying their
motions,
Producing many Heads, three or seven or ten, and
hands and feet

Innumerable at will of the unfortunate contemplator,
Who becomes his food, such is the way of the Devouring Power.

And this is the cause of the appearance in the frowning Chaos;
Albion's Emanation, which he had hidden in Jealousy,
Appear'd now in the frowning Chaos prolific upon the Chaos,
Reflecting back to Albion in Sexual Reasoning Hermaphroditic.

Albion spoke:—Who art thou that appearest in gloomy pomp,
Involving the Divine Vision in colours of autumn ripeness?
I never saw thee till this time, nor beheld life abstracted,
Nor darkness immingled with light on my furrow'd field.
Whence camest thou? who art thou, O loveliest? the Divine Vision
Is as nothing before thee, faded is all life and joy!

Vala replied in clouds of tears, Albion's garment embracing:—

I was a City and a Temple built by Albion's Children;
I was a Garden planted with beauty. I allured on hill and valley
The River of Life to flow against my walls and among my trees.
Vala was Albion's Bride and Wife in great Eternity,
The loveliest of the daughters of Eternity when in daybreak
I emanated from Luvah over the Towers of Jerusalem,
And in her Courts among her little Children offering up
The Sacrifice of fanatic love! why loved I Jerusalem?

Why was I one with her embracing in the Vision of Jesus?
Wherefore did I loving create love, which never yet
Immingled God and Man, when thou and I hid the Divine Vision
In cloud of secret gloom which, behold, involve me round about!
Know me now, Albion: look upon me: I alone am Beauty.
The Imaginative Human Form is but a breathing of Vala;
I breathe him forth into the Heaven from my Secret Cave,
Born of the Woman to obey the Woman, O Albion, the mighty!
For the Divine appearance is Brotherhood, but I am Love,

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Elevate into the Region of Brotherhood with my red fires.

Art thou Vala? replied Albion, image of my repose.
O how I tremble! how my members pour down milky fear!
A dewy garment covers me all over, all manhood is gone!
At thy word and at thy look death enrobes me about
From head to feet, a garment of death and eternal fear.
Is not that Sun thy husband, and that Moon thy glimmering Veil?
Are not the Stars of heaven thy Children? art thou not Babylon?
Art thou Nature, Mother of all? is Jerusalem thy Daughter?
Why have thou elevate inward, O dweller of outward chambers?
From grot and cave beneath the Moon, dim region of death,

Where I laid my Plow in the hot noon, where my hot team fed,
Where implements of War are forged, the Plow to go over the Nations,
In pain girding me round like a rib of iron in heaven. O Vala,
In Eternity they neither marry nor are given in marriage.
Albion, the high Cliff of the Atlantic, is become a barren Land.

Los stood at his Anvil; he heard the contentions of Vala;
He heav'd his thund'ring Bellows upon the valleys of Middlesex;
He open'd his Furnaces before Vala, then Albion frown'd in anger
On his Rock, ere yet the Starry Heavens were fled away
From his awful Members; and thus Los cried aloud
To the Sons of Albion, and to Hand, the eldest Son of Albion:—

I hear the screech of Childbirth loud pealing, and the groans
Of Death in Albion's clouds dreadful utter'd over all the Earth.
What may Man be? who can tell! but what may Woman be?
To have power over Man from Cradle to corruptible Grave.
There is a Throne in every Man, it is the Throne of God.
This Woman has claim'd as her own, and Man is no more:
Albion is the Tabernacle of Vala and her Temple,
And not the Tabernacle and Temple of the Most High.
O Albion, why wilt thou Create a Female Will
To hide the most evident God in a hidden covert, even
In the shadows of a Woman and a secluded Holy Place,

That we may pry after him as after a stolen treasure,
Hidden among the Dead and mured up from the paths of life?
Hand, art thou not Reuben enrooting thyself into Bashan
Till thou remainest a vaporous Shadow in a Void? O Merlin!
Unknown among the Dead, where never before Existence came,
Is this the Female Will, O ye lovely Daughters of Albion? To
Converse concerning Weight and Distance in the Wilds of Newton and Locke?

So Los spoke, standing on Mam-Tor, looking over Europe and Asia.
The Graves thunder beneath his feet from Ireland to Japan.

Reuben slept in Bashan like one dead in the valley,
Cut off from Albion's mountains and from all the Earth's summits,
Between Succoth and Zaretan, beside the Stone of Bohan;
While the Daughters of Albion divided Luvah into three Bodies.
Los bended his Nostrils down to the Earth, then sent him over
Jordan to the Land of the Hittite; every-one that saw him
Fled! they fled at his horrible Form; they hid in caves
And dens, they looked on one another and became what they beheld.

Reuben return'd to Bashan; in despair he slept on the Stone.
Then Gwendolen divided into Rahab and Tirza in Twelve Portions;
Los rolled his Eyes into two narrow circles, then sent him

Over Jordan; all terrified fled; they became what they beheld.

If Perceptive Organs vary, Objects of Perception seem to vary;
If the Perceptive Organs close, their Objects seem to close also.
Consider this, O mortal Man! O worm of sixty winters! said Los;
Consider Sexual Organisation, and hide thee in the dust.

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Then the Divine hand found the Two Limits, Satan and Adam,
In Albion's bosom, for in every Human bosom those Limits stand.
And the Divine voice came from the Furnaces, as multitudes without
Number; the voices of the innumerable multitudes of Eternity.
And the appearance of a Man was seen in the Furnaces,
Saving those who have sinned from the punishment of the Law
(In pity of the punisher whose state is eternal death),
And keeping them from Sin by the mild counsels of his love.

Albion goes to Eternal Death. In Me all Eternity
Must pass thro' condemnation and awake beyond the Grave:
No individual can keep these Laws, for they are death
To every energy of man, and forbid the springs of life.
Albion hath enter'd the State Satan! Be permanent, O State!
And be thou for ever accursed, that Albion may arise again!

And be thou created into a State. I go forth to Create
States, to deliver Individuals evermore. Amen.

So spoke the voice from the Furnaces, descending into Non-Entity.

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Reuben return'd to his place; in vain he sought beautiful Tirzah,
For his Eyelids were narrow'd, and his Nostrils scented the ground,
And Sixty Winters Los raged in the Divisions of Reuben
Building the Moon of Ulro, plank by plank and rib by rib.
Reuben slept in the Cave of Adam, and Los folded his Tongue
Between Lips of mire and clay, then sent him forth over Jordan.
In the love of Tirzah he said: Doubt is my food day and night.
All that beheld him fled, howling, and gnawed their tongues
For pain: they became what they beheld. In reasonings Reuben returned
To Heshbon, disconsolate he walk'd thro' Moab, and he stood
Before the furnaces of Los in a horrible dreamful slumber,
On Mount Gilead looking toward Gilgal: and Los bended
His Ear in a spiral circle outward, then sent him over Jordan.

The Seven Nations fled before him; they became what they beheld.
Hand, Hyle, and Coban fled; they became what they beheld.

Gwantock and Peachy hid in Damascus beneath Mount Lebanon,
Brereton and Slade in Egypt; Hutton and Skofeld and Kox
Fled over Chaldea in terror, in pains in every nerve;
Kotope and Bowen became what they beheld, fleeing over the Earth,
And the Twelve Female Emanations fled, with them agonizing.

Jerusalem trembled, seeing her Children driv'n by Los's Hammer
In the visions of the dreams of Beulah on the edge of Non-Entity;
Hand stood between Reuben and Merlin, as the Reasoning Spectre
Stands between the Vegetative Man and his Immortal Imagination.

And the Four Zoas clouded rage East and West, and North and South;
They change their situations in the Universal Man.
Albion groans, he sees the Elements divide before his face,
And England, who is Brittannia, divided into Jerusalem and Vala;
And Urizen assumes the East, Luvah assumes the South,
Is his dark Spectre ravening from his open Sepulcher.

And the Four Zoas, who are the Four Eternal Senses of Man,
Become Four Elements sepparating from the Limbs of Albion:
These are their names in the Vegetative Generation
. . . . . .
And Accident and Chance were found hidden in Length, Bredth, and Highth,
And they divided into Four ravening, deathlike Forms,
Fairies and Genii and Nymphs and Gnomes of the Elements.

These are States Permanently Fixed by the Divine Power.
The Atlantic Continent sunk round Albion's cliffy shore,
And the Sea poured in amain upon the Giants of Albion
As Los bended the Senses of Reuben. Reuben is Merlin,
Exploring the Three States of Ulro: Creation, Redemption, and Judgment.

And many of the Eternal Ones laughed after their manner.

Have you known the Judgment that is arisen among the
Zoas of Albion, where a Man dare hardly to embrace
His own Wife, for the terrors of Chastity that they call
By the name of Morality; their Daughters govern all
In hidden deceit; they are Vegetable only fit for burning.
Art and Science cannot exist but by Naked Beauty display'd.

Then those in Great Eternity, who contemplate on Death,
Said thus: 'What seems to Be—Is. To those to whom
It seems to Be, and is productive of the most dreadful
Consequences to those to whom it seems to Be; even of
Torments, Despair, Eternal Death; but the Divine Mercy
Steps beyond and Redeems Man in the Body of Jesus. Amen.
And Length, Bredth, Highth again obey the Divine Vision. Hallelujah!

(37)

I feel my Spectre rising upon me. Albion, arouse thyself!

Why dost thou thunder with frozen Spectrous wrath against us?
The Spectre is in Giant Man insane and most deform'd;
Thou wilt certainly provoke my Spectre against thine in fury!
He has a Sepulcher hewn out of a Rock ready for thee,
And a Death of Eight thousand years forg'd by thyself upon
The point of his Spear! if thou persistest to forbid with Laws
Our Emanations, and to attack our secret supreme delights.

So Los spoke. But when he saw blue death in Albion's feet,
Again he join'd the Divine Body, following, merciful,
While Albion fled more indignant, revengeful, covering

(38)

His face and bosom with petrific hardness, and his hands
And feet, lest any should enter his bosom and embrace
His hidden heart; his Emanation wept and trembled within him,
Uttering not his jealousy, but hiding it as with
Iron and steel, dark and opake, with clouds and tempests brooding;
His strong limbs shudder'd upon his mountains high and dark.

Turning from Universal Love petrific as he went,
His cold against the warmth of Eden rag'd with loud
Thunders of deadly war (the fever of the human soul),
Fires, and clouds of rolling smoke! but mild the Saviour follow'd him,
Displaying the Eternal Vision, the Divine Similitude,

In loves and tears of brothers, sisters, sons, fathers, and friends,
Which if Man ceases to behold, he ceases to exist,

Saying: Albion! Our wars are wars of life, and wounds of love,
With intellectual spears, and long winged arrows of thought.
Mutual in one another's love and wrath all renewing
We live as One Man: for contracting our infinite senses
We behold multitude; or, expanding, we behold as one,
As One Man all the Universal Family: and that One Man
We call Jesus the Christ; and he in us, and we in him,
Live in perfect harmony in Eden, the land of life,
Giving, recieving, and forgiving each others' trespasses.
He is the Good shepherd, he is the Lord and master;
He is the Shepherd of Albion, he is all in all
In Eden, in the garden of God, and in heavenly Jerusalem.
If we have offended, forgive us, take not vengeance against us.

Thus speaking, the Divine Family follow Albion:
I see them in the Vision of God upon my pleasant valleys.

I behold London, a Human awful wonder of God!
He says: Return, Albion, return! I give myself for thee.
My Streets are my Ideas of Imagination.
Awake, Albion, awake! and let us awake up together.
My Houses are Thoughts; my Inhabitants, Affections:
The children of my thoughts, walking within my blood-vessels,
Shut from my nervous form, which sleeps upon the verge of Beulah

In dreams of darkness, while my vegetating blood in veiny pipes,
Rolls dreadful thro' the Furnaces of Los and the Mills of Satan.
For Albion's sake, and for Jerusalem thy Emanation,
I give myself, and these my brethren give themselves for Albion.

So spoke London, immortal Guardian! I heard in Lambeth's shades,
In Felpham I heard and saw the Visions of Albion.
I write in South Molton Street, what I both see and hear
In regions of Humanity, in London's opening streets.

I see thee, awful Parent Land, in light, behold I see!
Verulam! Canterbury! venerable parent of men:
Generous, immortal Guardian golden clad! for Cities
Are Men, fathers of multitudes, and Rivers and Mountains
Are also Men; every thing is Human, mighty, sublime!
In every bosom a Universe expands, as wings
Let down at will around, and call'd the Universal Tent.
York, crown'd with loving-kindness; Edinburgh, cloth'd
With fortitude, as with a garment of immortal texture
Woven in looms of Eden, in spiritual deaths of mighty men
Who give themselves in Golgotha, Victims to Justice; where
There is in Albion a Gate of precious stones and gold
Seen only by Emanations, by vegetations, viewless,
Bending across the road of Oxford Street; it from Hyde Park
To Tyburn's deathful shades admits the wandering souls
Of multitudes who die from Earth; this Gate cannot be found

(39)

By Satan's Watch-fiends; tho' they search numbering every grain
Of sand on Earth every night, they never find this Gate.
It is the Gate of Los. Withoutside is the Mill, intricate, dreadful,
And fill'd with cruel tortures; but no mortal man can find the Mill
Of Satan in his mortal pilgrimage of seventy years.
For human beauty knows it not, nor can Mercy find it. But
In the Fourth region of Humanity, Urthona, nam'd
Mortality, begins to roll the billows of Eternal Death
Before the Gate of Los. Urthona here is named Los.
And here begins the System of Moral Virtue, named Rahab.
Albion fled thro' the Gate of Los, and he stood in the Gate.

Los was the friend of Albion, who most lov'd him. In Cambridgeshire,
His eternal station, he is the twenty-eighth, and is four-fold.
Seeing Albion had turn'd his back against the Divine Vision,
Los said to Albion, Whither fleest thou? Albion reply'd:—

I die! I go to Eternal Death! the shades of death
Hover within me and beneath, and spreading themselves outside
Like rocky clouds, build me a gloomy monument of woe.
Will none accompany me in my death, or be a Ransom for me
In that dark Valley? I have girded round my cloke, and on my feet
Bound these black shoes of death, and on my hands, death's iron gloves.

God hath forsaken me, and my friends are become a burden,
A weariness to me, and the human footstep is a terror to me.

Los answer'd, troubled, and his soul was rent in twain:
Must the Wise die for an Atonement? does Mercy endure Atonement?
No! It is Moral Severity, and destroys Mercy in its Victim.

So speaking, not yet infected with the Error and Illusion,

(40)

Los shudder'd at beholding Albion, for his disease
Arose upon him, pale and ghastly: and he call'd around
The friends of Albion: trembling at the sight of Eternal death
The four appear'd with their Emanations in fiery
Chariots: black their fires roll, beholding Albion's House of Eternity.
Damp couch the flames beneath and silent, sick, stand shuddering
Before the Porch of sixteen pillars: weeping, every one
Descended and fell down upon their knees, round Albion's knees,
Swearing the Oath of God! with awful voice of thunders round
Upon the hills and valleys, and the cloudy Oath roll'd far and wide.

Albion is sick! said every Valley, every mournful Hill,
And every River: our brother Albion is sick to death.
He hath leagued himself with robbers: he hath studied the arts
Of unbelief. Envy hovers over him! his Friends are his abhorrence!

Those who give their lives for him are despised !
Those who devour his soul are taken into his bosom.
To destroy his Emanation is their intention.
Arise ! awake, O Friends of the Giant Albion !
They have perswaded him of horrible falshoods !
They have sown errors over all his fruitful fields !

The Twenty-four heard ! they came trembling on wat'ry chariots,
Borne by the living Creatures of the third procession
Of Human Majesty, the Living Creatures wept aloud as they
Went along Albion's roads, till they arriv'd at Albion's House.

O ! how the torments of Eternal Death waited on Man,
And the loud-rending bars of the Creation, ready to burst,
That the wide world might fly from its hinges, and the immortal mansion
Of man for ever be possess'd by monsters of the deeps ;
And Man himself become a Fiend, wrap'd in an endless curse,
Consuming and consum'd for-ever in flames of Moral Justice.

For had the Body of Albion fall'n down, and from its dreadful ruins
Let loose the enormous Spectre on the darkness of the deep,
At enmity with the Merciful, and fill'd with devouring fire,
A nether-world must have received the foul, enormous spirit.
Under pretence of Moral Virtue, fill'd with Revenge and Law,
There to eternity chain'd down, and issuing in red flames

And curses, with his mighty arms brandish'd against the heavens,
Breathing cruelty, blood, and vengeance, gnashing his teeth with pain,
Torn with black storms, and ceaseless torrents of his own consuming fire:
Within his breast, his mighty Sons chain'd down and fill'd with cursings:
And his dark Eon, that once fair crystal form divinely clear:
Within his ribs producing serpents, whose souls are flames of fire.
But, glory to the Merciful-One, for he is of tender mercies!
And the Divine Family wept over him as One Man.

And these the Twenty-four, in whom the Divine Family
Appear'd; and they were One in Him. A Human Vision,
Human, Divine: Jesus the Saviour: blessed for ever and ever!

Selsey, true friend! who afterwards submitted to be devour'd
By the waves of Despair, whose Emanation rose above
The flood, and was nam'd Chichester, lovely, mild, and gentle! Lo!
Her lambs bleat to the sea-fowls' cry, lamenting still for Albion.

Submitting to be call'd the son of Los, the terrible vision
Winchester stood devoting himself for Albion; his tents
Outspread with abundant riches, and his Emanations
Submitting to be call'd Enitharmon's daughters, and be born
In vegetable mould: created by the Hammer and Loom

In Bowlahoola and Allamanda, where the Dead wail night and day.

(I call them by their English names: English, the rough basement.
Los built the stubborn structure of the Language, acting against
Albion's melancholy, who must else have been a Dumb despair.)

Gloucester and Exeter and Salisbury and Bristol, and benevolent

(41)

Bath, who is Legions: he is the Seventh, the physician and
The poisoner: the best and worst in Heaven and Hell,
Whose Spectre first assimilated with Luvah in Albion's mountains.
A triple octave he took to reduce Jerusalem to twelve,
To cast Jerusalem forth upon the wilds to Poplar and Bow;
To Malden and Canterbury in the delights of cruelty.
The shuttles of death sing in the sky to Islington and Pancrass,
Round Marybone to Tyburn's River, weaving black melancholy as a net,
And despair as meshes closely wove over the west of London,
Where mild Jerusalem sought to repose in death and be no more.
She fled to Lambeth's mild Vale and hid herself beneath
The Surrey Hills where Rephaim terminates; her Sons are siez'd
For victims of sacrifice; but Jerusalem cannot be found. Hid
By the Daughters of Beulah, gently snatch'd away, and hid in Beulah.

There is a Grain of Sand in Lambeth that Satan cannot find,
Nor can his Watch Fiends find it; 'tis translucent and has many Angles,
But he who finds it will find Oothoon's palace, for within,
Opening into Beulah, every angle is a lovely heaven.
But should the Watch Fiends find it, they would call it Sin
And lay its Heavens and their inhabitants in blood or punishment.
Here Jerusalem and Vala were hid in soft, slumberous repose,
Hid from the terrible East, shut up in the South and West.

The Twenty-eight trembled in Death's dark caves, in cold despair
They kneel'd around the Couch of Death in deep humiliation
And tortures of self-condemnation, while their Spectres rag'd within;
The Four Zoas in terrible combustion, clouded rage,
Drinking the shuddering tears and loves of Albion's Families,
Destroying by selfish affections the things that they most admire,
Drinking and eating, and pitying and weeping, as at a tragic scene,
The soul drinks murder and revenge, and applauds its own holiness.

They saw Albion endeavouring to destroy their Emanations.

Each man is in his Spectre's power,
Until the arrival of that hour,
When his Humanity awake;
And cast his Spectre into the Lake.

(42)

Thus Albion sat, studious of others in his pale disease,
Brooding on evil; but when Los open'd the Furnaces before him,
He saw that the accursed things were his own affections
And his own beloveds; then he turn'd sick, his soul died within him.
Also Los, sick and terrified, beheld the Furnaces of Death,
And must have died, but the Divine Saviour descended
Among the infant loves and affections, and the Divine Vision wept
Like evening dew on every herb upon the breathing ground.

Albion spoke in his dismal dreams: O thou deceitful friend,
Worshipping mercy and beholding thy friend in such affliction;
Los! thou now discoverest thy turpitude to the heavens.
I demand righteousness and justice. O thou ingratitude,
Give me my Emanations back, food for my dying soul.
My daughters are harlots; my sons are accursed before me;
Enitharmon is my daughter, accursed with a father's curse.
O! I have utterly been wasted; I have given my daughters to devils.

So spoke Albion in gloomy majesty, and deepest night
Of Ulro roll'd round his skirts from Dover to Cornwall.

Los answer'd : Righteousness and justice I give thee in return
For thy righteousness ; but I add mercy also, and bind
Thee from destroying these little ones ; am I to be only
Merciful to thee and cruel to all that thou hatest ?
Thou wast the Image of God, surrounded by the Four Zoas.
Three thou hast slain : I am the Fourth : thou canst not destroy me.
Thou art in Error : trouble me not with thy righteousness.
I have innocence to defend and ignorance to instruct ;
I have no time for seeming, and little arts of compliment
In morality and virtue, in self-glorying and pride.
There is a Limit of Opakeness and a Limit of Contraction
In every Individual Man, and the limit of Opakeness
Is named Satan, and the limit of Contraction is named Adam ;
But when Man sleeps in Beulah, the Saviour in mercy takes
Contraction's Limit, and of the Limit he forms Woman, that
Himself may in process of time be born Man to redeem.
But there is no Limit of Expansion ; there is no Limit of Translucence
In the bosom of Man for ever from eternity to eternity.
Therefore I break thy bonds of righteousness, I crush thy messengers,
That they may not crush me and mine ; do thou be righteous,
And I will return it ; otherwise I defy thy worst revenge.
Consider me as thine enemy ; on me turn all thy fury,
But destroy not these little ones, nor mock the Lord's anointed ;

Destroy not by Moral Virtue the little ones whom he hath chosen,
The little ones whom he hath chosen in preference to thee.
He hath cast thee off for ever; the little ones he hath anointed;
Thy Self-hood is for ever accursed from the Divine presence.

So Los spoke, then turn'd his face and wept for Albion.

Albion replied: Go, Hand and Hyle, sieze the abhorred friend;
As you have siez'd the Twenty-four rebellious ingratitudes,
To atone for you, for spiritual death; Man lives by deaths of Men.
Bring him to justice before heaven here upon London stone.
Between Blackheath and Hounslow, between Norwood and Finchley,
All that they have is mine; from my free, gen'rous gift
They now hold all they have; ingratitude to me,
To me their benefactor, calls aloud for vengeance deep.

Los stood before his Furnaces awaiting the fury of the Dead;
And the Divine hand was upon him, strengthening him mightily.

The Spectres of the Dead cry out from the deeps beneath,
Upon the hills of Albion; Oxford groans in his iron furnace;
Winchester in his den and cavern; they lament against
Albion; they curse their human kindness and affection;

They rage like wild beasts in the forests of affliction;
In the dreams of Ulro they repent of their human kindness.

Come up, build Babylon, Rahab is ours, and all her multitudes
With her in pomp and glory of victory. Depart,
Ye twenty-four, into the deeps; let us depart to glory.

Their Human majestic forms sit up upon their Couches
Of death; they curb their Spectres as with iron curbs.
They enquire after Jerusalem in the regions of the dead,
With the voices of dead men, low, scarcely articulate,
And with tears cold on their cheeks they weary repose.

O when shall the morning of the grave appear, and when
Shall our salvation come? we sleep upon our watch;
We cannot awake; and our Spectres rage in the forests.
O God of Albion, where art thou? pity the watchers!

Thus mourn they. Loud the Furnaces of Los thunder upon
The clouds of Europe and Asia, among the Serpent Temples;
And Los drew his Seven Furnaces around Albion's Altars,
And as Albion built his frozen Altars, Los built the Mundane Shell,
In the Four Regions of Humanity, East and West and North and South,
Till Norwood and Finchley and Blackheath and Hounslow cover'd the whole Earth,
This is the Net and Veil of Vala, among the Souls of the Dead.

(43)

They saw their Wheels rising up poisonous against Albion;
Urizen, cold and scientific; Luvah, pitying and weeping;
Tharmas, indolent and sullen; Urthona, doubting and despairing,
Victims to one another and dreadfully plotting against each other,
To prevent Albion walking about in the Four Complexions.

They saw America clos'd out by the Oaks of the western shore,
And Tharmas dash'd on the Rocks of the Altars of Victims in Mexico.
If we are wrathful, Albion will destroy Jerusalem with rooty Groves;
If we are merciful, ourselves must suffer destruction on his Oaks.
Why should we enter into our Spectres, to behold our own corruptions?
O God of Albion, descend, deliver Jerusalem from the Oaken Groves!

Then Los grew furious, raging: Why stand we here, trembling around,
Calling on God for help, and not ourselves, in whom God dwells,
Stretching a hand to save the falling Man? are we not Four
Beholding Albion upon the Precipice ready to fall into Non-Entity;
Seeing these Heavens and Hells conglobing in the Void, Heavens over Hells
Brooding in holy, hypocritic lust, drinking the cries of pain,
From howling victims of Law; building Heavens Twenty-seven-fold,

Swell'd and bloated General Forms, repugnant to the Divine
Humanity, who is the Only General and Universal Form
To which all Lineaments tend and seek with love and sympathy.
All broad and general principles belong to benevolence,
Who protects minute particulars, every one in their own identity.
But here the affectionate touch of the tongue is clos'd in by deadly teeth;
And the soft smile of friendship and the open dawn of benevolence
Become a net and a trap, and every energy render'd cruel,
Till the existence of friendship and benevolence is denied;
The wine of the Spirit and the vineyards of the Holy-One
Here turn into poisonous stupor and deadly intoxication,
That they may be condemn'd by Law and the Lamb of God be slain;
And the two Sources of Life in Eternity, Hunting and War,
Are become the Sources of dark and bitter Death and of corroding Hell.
The open heart is shut up in integuments of frozen silence,
That the spear that lights it forth may shatter the ribs and bosom.
A pretence of Art to destroy Art; a pretence of Liberty
To destroy Liberty; a pretence of Religion to destroy Religion.
Oshea and Caleb fight; they contend in the valleys of of Peor,
In the terrible Family Contentions of those who love each other.

The Armies of Balaam weep; no women come to the field;
Dead corses lay before them, and not as in Wars of old;
For the Soldier who fights for Truth, calls his enemy his brother.
They fight and contend for life, and not for eternal death;
But here the Soldier strikes, and a dead corse falls at his feet.
Nor Daughter, nor Sister, nor Mother come forth to embosom the Slain;
But Death, Eternal Death, remains in the Valleys of Peor.
The English are scatter'd over the face of the Nations: are these
Jerusalem's children? Hark! hear the Giants of Albion cry at night!
We smell the blood of the English, we delight in their blood on our Altars.
The living and the dead shall be ground in our rumbling Mills
For bread of the Sons of Albion, of the Giants Hand and Scofield.
Scofeld and Kox are let loose upon my Saxons; they accumulate.
A World in which Man is by his Nature the Enemy of Man,
In pride of Self-hood unwieldy stretching out into Non-Entity,
Generalizing Art and Science till Art and Science is lost.
Bristol and Bath, listen to my words, and ye Seventeen give ear.
It is easy to acknowledge a man to be great and good, while we
Derogate from him in the trifles and small articles of that goodness.
Those alone are his friends who admire his minutest powers.

Instead of Albion's lovely mountains and the curtains of Jerusalem
I see a Cave, a Rock, a Tree deadly and poisonous, unimaginative ;
Instead of the Mutual Forgivenesses, the Minute Particulars, I see
Pits of bitumen ever burning ; artificial Riches of the Canaanite,
Like Lakes of liquid lead ; instead of heavenly Chapels built
By our dear Lord, I see Worlds crusted with snows and ice ;
I see a Wicker Idol woven round Jerusalem's children ; I see
The Canaanite, the Amalekite, the Moabite, the Egyptian ;
By Demonstrations the cruel Sons of Quality and Negation,
Driven on the Void in incoherent despair into Non-Entity.
I see America clos'd apart, and Jerusalem driven in terror
Away from Albion's mountains, far away from London's spires ;
I will not endure this thing ; I alone withstand to death
This outrage. Ah me ! how sick and pale you all stand round me.
Ah me ! pitiable ones, do you also go to death's vale ?
All you my Friends and Brothers, all you my beloved Companions,
Have you also caught the infection of Sin and stern Repentance ?
I see Disease arise upon you ; yet speak to me and give
Me some comfort. Why do you all stand silent ? I alone
Remain in permanent strength. Or is all this goodness and pity only

That you may take the greater vengeance in your Sepulcher?

So Los spoke. Pale they stood around the House of Death,
In the midst of temptations and despair; among the rooted Oaks,
Among reared Rocks of Albion's Sons, at length they rose

(44)

With one accord in love sublime, and as on Cherubs' wings
They Albion surround with kindest violence to bear him back
Against his will thro' Los's Gate to Eden; Four-fold, loud,
Their Wings waving over the bottomless Immense; to bear
Their awful charge back to his native home; but Albion dark,
Repugnant, roll'd his Wheels backward into Non-Entity.
Loud roll the Starry Wheels of Albion into the World of Death,
And all the Gate of Los, clouded with clouds re-dounding from
Albion's dread Wheels, stretching out spaces immense between
That every little particle of light and air became Opake,
Black and immense, a Rock of difficulty and a Cliff
Of black despair, that the immortal Wings labour'd against
Cliff after cliff, and over Valleys of despair and death,
The narrow Sea between Albion and the Atlantic Continent,
Its waves of pearl became a boundless Ocean, bottomless,

Of grey obscurity, fill'd with clouds and rocks and whirling waters,
And Albion's Sons ascending and descending in the horrid Void.

But as the Will must not be bended but in the day of Divine
Power; silent, calm, and motionless, in the mid-air sublime,
The Family Divine hover around the darken'd Albion.

Such is the Nature of the Ulro, that whatever enters
Becomes Sexual, and is Created, and Vegetated, and Born.
From Hyde Park spread their vegetating roots beneath Albion;
In dreadful pain the Spectrous Uncircumcised Vegetation,
Forming a Sexual Machine; an Aged Virgin Form,
In Erin's Land toward the north, joint after joint, and burning
In love and jealousy immingled and calling it Religion;
And feeling the damps of death they with one accord delegated Los,
Conjuring him by the Highest that he should watch over them
Till Jesus shall appear; and they gave their power to Los,
Naming him the Spirit of Prophecy, calling him Elijah.

Strucken with Albion's disease they become what they behold;
They assimilate with Albion in pity and compassion;
Their Emanations return not; their Spectres rage in the Deep;
The Slumbers of Death came over them around the Couch of Death,
Before the Gate of Los and in the depths of Non-Entity,

Among the Furnaces of Los, among the Oaks of Albion.

Man is adjoin'd to Man by his Emanative portion,
Who is Jerusalem in every individual Man; and her
Shadow is Vala, builded by the Reasoning power in Man.
O search and see, turn your eyes inward; open, O thou World
Of Love and Harmony in Man: expand thy ever lovely Gates.

They wept into the deeps a little space; at length was heard
The voice of Bath, faint as the voice of the Dead in the House of Death—

(45)

Bath, healing City! whose wisdom in midst of Poetic
Fervor, mild spoke thro' the Western Porch in soft, gentle tears:—

O Albion, mildest Son of Eden! clos'd is thy Western Gate.
Brothers of Eternity, this Man, whose great example
We all admir'd and lov'd, whose all-benevolent countenance, seen
In Eden, in lovely Jerusalem, drew even from envy
The tear; and the confession of honesty, open and undisguis'd
From mistrust and suspition. The Man is himself become
A piteous example of oblivion. To teach the Sons
Of Eden, that however great and glorious, however loving
And merciful the Individuality; however high
Our palaces and cities, and however fruitful are our fields,
In self-hood we are nothing, but fade away in morning's breath.

Our mildness is nothing; the greatest mildness we can use
Is incapable and nothing; none but the Lamb of God can heal
This dread disease; none but Jesus. O Lord, descend and save!
Albion's Western Gate is clos'd, his death is coming apace:
Jesus alone can save him; for, alas, we none can know
How soon his lot may be our own. When Africa in sleep
Rose in the night of Beulah and bound down the Sun and Moon,
His friends cut his strong chains and overwhelm'd his dark
Machines in fury and destruction, and the Man reviving repented;
He wept before his wrathful brethren, thankful and considerate
For their well-timed wrath. But Albion's sleep is not
Like Africa's, and his machines are woven with his life.
Nothing but mercy can save him, nothing but mercy interposing,
Lest he should slay Jerusalem in his fearful jealousy.
O God descend! gather our brethren, deliver Jerusalem,
But that we may omit no office of the friendly spirit,
Oxford, take thou these leaves of the Tree of Life; with eloquence
That thy immortal tongue inspires, present them to Albion;
Perhaps he may receive them, offer'd from thy loved hands.

So spoke, unheard by Albion, the merciful Son of Heaven,
To those whose Western Gates were open, as they stood weeping

Around Albion; but Albion heard him not: obdurate, hard,
He frown'd on all his Friends, counting them enemies in his sorrow.

And the Seventeen conjoinining with Bath the Seventh,
In whom the other Ten shone manifest, a Divine Vision,
Assimilated and embrac'd Eternal Death for Albion's sake.
And these the names of the Eighteen combining with those Ten.

(46)

Bath, mild Physician of Eternity, mysterious power,
Whose springs are unsearchable and knowledge infinite.
Hereford, ancient Guardian of Wales, whose hands
Builded the mountain palaces of Eden, stupendous works!
Lincoln, Durham, and Carlisle, Councellors of Los;
And Ely, Scribe of Los, whose pen no other hand
Dare touch. Oxford, immortal Bard! with eloquence
Divine he wept over Albion, speaking the words of God
In mild perswasion, bringing leaves of the Tree of Life.

Thou art in Error, Albion, the Land of Ulro.
One Error not remov'd will destroy a human Soul.
Repose in Beulah's night till the Error is remov'd;
Reason not on both sides. Repose upon our bosoms
Till the Plow of Jehovah and the Harrow of Shaddai
Have passed over the Dead to awake the Dead to Judgment.
But Albion turn'd away, refusing comfort.

Oxford trembled while he spoke, then fainted in the arms
Of Norwich, Peterboro', Rochester, Chester, awful Worcester;

Litchfield, Saint David's, Landaff, Asaph, Bangor, Sodor,
Bowing their heads devoted ; and the Furnaces of Los
Began to rage, thundering loud the storms began to roar
Upon the Furnaces, and loud the Furnaces rebellow beneath.

And these the Four in whom the twenty-four appear'd fourfold :
Verulam, London, York, Edinburgh, mourning one towards another.
Alas ! the time will come when a man's worst enemies
Shall be those of his own house and family, in a Religion
Of Generation, to destroy by Sin and Atonement, happy Jerusalem,
The Bride and Wife of the Lamb. O God, thou art Not an Avenger !

(47)

From Camberwell to Highgate where the mighty Thames shudders along,
Where Los's Furnaces stand, where Jerusalem and Vala howl :
Luvah tore forth from Albion's Loins, in fibrous veins, in rivers
Of blood over Europe : a Vegetating Root in grinding pain,
Animating the Dragon Temples soon to become that Holy Fiend
The Wicker Man of Scandinavia, in which cruelly consumed
The Captives rear'd to heaven howl in flames among the stars.
Loud the cries of War on the Rhine and Danube with Albion's Sons,
Away from Beulah's hills and vales break forth the Souls of the Dead

With cymbal, trumpet, clarion, and the scythed chariots of Britain.
And the Veil of Vala is composed of the Spectres of the Dead.

Hark! the mingling cries of Luvah with the Sons of Albion.
Hark! and Record the terrible wonder that the Punisher
Mingles with his Victim's Spectre, enslaved and tormented,
To him whom he has murder'd, bound in vengeance and enmity;
Shudder not, but Write, and the hand of God will assist you:
Therefore I write Albion's last words: Hope is banish'd from me.

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These were his last words, and the merciful Saviour in his arms
Reciev'd him, in the arms of tender mercy, and repos'd
The pale limbs of his Eternal Individuality
Upon the Rock of Ages. Then, surrounded with a Cloud,
In silence the Divine Lord builded with immortal labour
Of gold and jewels a sublime Ornament, a Couch of repose,
With Sixteen pillars, canopied with emblems and written verse,
Spiritual Verse, order'd and measur'd, from whence time shall reveal
The Five books of the Decalogue, the books of Joshua and Judges,
Samuel a double book, and Kings a double book, the Psalms and Prophets,
The Four-fold Gospel and the Revelations everlasting.
Eternity groan'd and was troubled at the image of Eternal Death!

Beneath the bottoms of the Graves, which is Earth's central joint,
There is a place where Contrarieties are equally true
(To protect from the Giant plows in the sports of intellect,
Thunder in the midst of kindness, and love that kills its beloved:
Because Death is for a period and they renew tenfold):
From this sweet Place Maternal Love awoke Jerusalem,
With pangs she forsook Beulah's pleasant lovely shadowy Universe
Where no dispute can come, created for those who Sleep.

Weeping was in all Beulah, and all the Daughters of Beulah
Wept for their Sister the Daughter of Albion, Jerusalem.
When out of Beulah the Emanation of the Sleeper descended
With solemn mourning out of Beulah's moony shades and hills,
Within the Human Heart, whose Gates closed with solemn sound.

And this the manner of the terrible Separation:
The Emanations of the grievously afflicted Friends of Albion
Concenter in one Female form, an Aged pensive Woman.
Astonish'd! lovely! embracing the sublime shade, the Daughters of Beulah
Beheld her with wonder. With awful hands she took
A Moment of Time, drawing it out with many tears and afflictions
And many sorrows, oblique across the Atlantic Vale,
Which is the Vale of Rephaim, dreadful from East to West,
Where the Human Harvest waves abundant in the beams of Eden

Into a Rainbow of jewels and gold, a mild Reflection from
Albion's dread Tomb, Eight thousand and five hundred years
In its extension. Every two hundred years has a door to Eden.
She also took an Atom of Space, with dire pain opening it a Center
Into Beulah; trembling the Daughters of Beulah dried
Her tears, she ardent embrac'd her sorrows, occupied in labours
Of sublime mercy in Rephaim's Vale. Perusing Albion's Tomb
She sat; she walk'd among the ornaments, solemn mourning.
The Daughters attended her shudderings, wiping the death sweat;
Los also saw her in his seventh Furnace; he also, terrified,
Saw the finger of God go forth upon his seventh Furnace,
Away from the Starry Wheels to prepare Jerusalem a place,
When with a dreadful groan the Emanation mild of Albion
Burst from his bosom in the Tomb like a pale, snowy cloud,
Female and lovely, struggling to put off the Human form
Writhing in pain. The Daughters of Beulah in kind arms reciev'd
Jerusalem: weeping over her among the Spaces of Erin,
In the Ends of Beulah, where the Dead wail night and day.

And thus Erin spoke to the Daughters of Beulah in soft tears:—

Albion the Vortex of the Dead! Albion the Generous!

Albion the mildest son of Heaven! The Place of Holy Sacrifice!
Where Friends Die for each other! will become the Place
Of Murder, and Unforgiving, Never-awaking Sacrifice of Enemies.
The Children must be sacrific'd (a horror never known
Till now in Beulah), unless a Refuge can be found
To hide them from the wrath of Albion's Law, that freezes sore
Upon his Sons and Daughters, self-exiled from his bosom.
Draw ye Jerusalem away from Albion's Mountains
To give a Place for Redemption; let Sihon and Og
Remove Eastward to Bashan and Gilead, and leave

(49)

The secret coverts of Albion and the hidden places of America.
Jerusalem, Jerusalem! why wilt thou turn away?
Come ye, O Daughters of Beulah, lament for Og and Sihon
Upon the Lakes of Ireland, from Rathlin to Baltimore;
Stand ye upon the Dargle from Wicklow to Drogheda;
Come and mourn over Albion, the White Cliff of the Atlantic,
The Mountain of Giants; all the Giants of Albion are become
Weak, wither'd, darken'd, and Jerusalem is cast forth from Albion.
They deny that they ever knew Jerusalem, or ever dwelt in Shilon.
The Gigantic roots and twigs of the vegetating Sons of Albion,
Filled with the little-ones, are consumed in the Fires of their Altars.
The vegetating Cities are burned and consumed from the Earth;
And the Bodies in which all Animals and Vegetations, the Earth and Heaven

Were contained in the All Glorious Imagination are withered and darkened.
The golden Gate of Havilah, and all the Garden of God,
Was caught up with the Sun in one day of fury and war;
The Lungs, the Heart, the Liver, shrunk away far distant from Man,
And left a little slimy substance floating upon the tides.
In one night the Atlantic Continent was caught up with the Moon,
And became an Opake Globe far distant clad with moony beams.
The Visions of Eternity, by reason of narrowed perceptions,
Are become weak Visions of Time and Space, fixed into furrows of death,
Till deep dissimulation is the only defence an honest man has left.
O Polypus of Death, O Spectre over Europe and Asia,
Withering the Human Form by Laws of Sacrifice for Sin,
By Laws of Chastity and Abhorrence I am withered up,
Striving to Create a Heaven in which all shall be pure and holy
In their Own Self-hoods, in Natural Selfish Chastity, to banish Pity
And dear Mutual Forgiveness; and to become One Great Satan
Inslaved to the most powerful Self-hood; to murder the Divine Humanity,
In whose sight all are as the dust, and who chargeth his Angels with Folly.
Ah! weak and wide astray! Ah, shut in narrow, doleful form!
Creeping in reptile flesh upon the bosom of the ground;
The Eye of Man, a little narrow orb, closed up and dark,
Scarcely beholding the Great Light, conversing with the ground;

The Ear, a little shell, in small volutions shutting out
True Harmonies, and comprehending great as very small;
The Nostrils bent down to the earth and clos'd with senseless flesh,
That odours cannot them expand, nor joy on them exult;
The Tongue, a little moisture fills, a little food it cloys,
A little sound it utters, and its cries are faintly heard.
Therefore they are removed, therefore they have taken root
In Egypt and Philistea, in Moab and Edom and Aram;
In the Erythrean Sea their Uncircumcision in Heart and Loins
Be lost for ever and ever, then they shall arise from Self
By Self-Annihilation into Jerusalem's Courts and into Shiloh,
Shiloh the Masculine Emanation among the Flowers of Beulah.
Lo! Shiloh dwells over France, as Jerusalem dwells over Albion.
Build and prepare a Wall and Curtain for America's shore!
Rush on! Rush on! Rush on! ye vegetating Sons of Albion.
The Sun shall go before you in Day; the Moon shall go
Before you in Night. Come on! Come on! Come on! The Lord
Jehovah is before, behind, above, beneath, around;
He has builded the arches of Albion's Tomb, binding the Stars
In merciful Order, bending the Laws of Cruelty to Peace.
He hath placed Og and Anak, the Giants of Albion, for their Guards;
Building the Body of Moses in the Valley of Peor; the Body

Of Divine Analogy, and Og and Sihon in the tears of Balaam.
The Son of Beor, have given their power to Joshua and Caleb.
Remove from Albion, far remove these terrible surfaces.
They are beginning to form Heavens and Hells in immense
Circles; the Hells for food to the Heavens, food of torment,
Food of despair; they drink the condemn'd Soul and rejoice
In cruel holiness, in their Heavens of Chastity and Uncircumcision,
Yet they are blameless, and Iniquity must be imputed only
To the State they are enter'd into that they may be delivered.
Satan is the State of Death, and not a Human existence;
But Luvah is named Satan because he has enter'd that State,
A World where Man is by Nature the enemy of Man
Because the Evil is Created into a State that Men
May be delivered time after time evermore. Amen.
Learn therefore, O Sisters, to distinguish the Eternal Human
That walks about among the stones of fire in bliss and woe
Alternate, from those States or Worlds in which the Spirit travels;
This is the only means to Forgiveness of Enemies.
Therefore remove from Albion these terrible Surfaces,
And let wild seas and rocks close up Jerusalem away from

(50)

The Atlantic Mountains where Giants dwelt in Intellect;
Now given to stony Druids and Allegoric Generation,

To the Twelve Gods of Asia, the Spectres of those who Sleep ;
Sway'd by a Providence oppos'd to the Divine Lord Jesus ;
A murderous Providence ! A Creation that groans, living on Death,
Where Fish and Bird, and Beast and Man, and Tree and Metal and Stone
Live by Devouring, going into Eternal Death continually.
Albion is now possess'd by the War of Blood ! the Sacrifice
Of envy Albion is become, and his Emanation cast out.
Come, Lord Jesus, Lamb of God, descend ; for if, O Lord,
If thou hadst been here, our brother Albion had not died,
Arise, sisters ! Go ye and meet the Lord, while I remain.
Behold the foggy mornings of the Dead on Albion's cliffs ;
Ye know that if the Emanation remains in them,
She will become an Eternal Death, an Avenger of Sin,
A Self-righteousness ; the proud Virgin - Harlot, Mother of War !
And we also and all Beulah, consume beneath Albion's curse.

So Erin spoke to the Daughters of Beulah. Shuddering
With their wings they sat in the Furnace, in a night
Of stars, for all the Sons of Albion appear'd distant stars,
Ascending and descending into Albion's sea of death,
And Erin's lovely Bow enclosed the Wheels of Albion's Song.

Expanding on wing, the Daughters of Beulah replied in sweet response :

Come, O thou Lamb of God, and take away the remembrance of Sin,
To Sin, and to hide the Sin in sweet deceit, is lovely ;
To Sin in the open face of day is cruel and pitiless ; But

To record the Sin for a reproach, to let the Sun go down
In a remembrance of the Sin, is a Woe and a Horror!
A brooder of an Evil Day, and a Sun rising in blood.
Come then, O Lamb of God, and take away the
remembrance of Sin.

END OF CHAP. II.

Page 51 *has a drawing only. No words.*

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To the Deists

Rahab is an Eternal State.
The Spiritual States of the Soul are all Eternal.
Distinguish between the Man and his present State.

He never can be a Friend to the Human Race who is the Preacher of Natural Morality or Natural Religion; he is a flatterer who means to betray, to perpetuate Tyrant Pride and the Laws of that Babylon which he Foresees shall shortly be destroyed, with the Spiritual and not the Natural Sword. He is in the State named Rahab, which State must be put off before he can be the Friend of Man.

You, O Deists, profess yourselves the Enemies of Christianity: and you are so; you are also the Enemies of the Human Race, and of Universal Nature. Man is born a Spectre, or Satan, and is altogether an Evil, and requires a New Selfhood continually, and must continually be changed into his direct Contrary. But your Greek Philosophy, which is a remnant of Druidism, teaches that Man is Righteous in his Vegetated Spectre: an Opinion of fatal and accursed consequence to Man, as the Ancients saw plainly by Revelation to the entire abrogation of Experimental Theory, and many believed what they saw and Prophecied of Jesus.

Man must and will have Some Religion; if he has not the Religion of Jesus, he will have the Religion of Satan, and will erect the synagogue of Satan, calling the Prince of this World, God; and destroying all who do not worship Satan under the Name of God.

Will any one say: Where are those who worship Satan under the Name of God? Where are they? Listen! Every Religion that Preaches Vengeance for Sin is the Religion of the Enemy and Avenger, and not of the Forgiver of Sin, and their God is Satan, Named by the Divine Name. Your Religion, O Deists; Deism is the Worship of the God of this World, by the means of what you call Natural Religion and Natural Philosophy, and of Natural Morality or Self-Righteousness, the Selfish Virtues of the Natural Heart. This was the Religion of the Pharisees who murdered Jesus. Deism is the same, and ends in the same.

Voltaire, Rousseau, Gibbon, Hume, charge the Spiritually Religious with Hypocrisy; but how a Monk or a Methodist either can be a Hypocrite, I cannot conceive. We are Men of like passions with others, and pretend not to be holier than others; therefore when a Religious Man falls into Sin, he ought not to be called a Hypocrite; this title is more properly to be given to a Player who falls into Sin, whose profession is Virtue and Morality, and the making Men Self-Righteous. Foote, in calling Whitefield Hypocrite, was himself one, for Whitefield pretended not to be holier than others, but confessed his Sins before all the World. Voltaire, Rousseau, you cannot escape my charge that you are Pharisees and Hypocrites, for you are constantly talking of the Virtues of the Human Heart, and particularly of your own, that you may accuse others, and especially the Religious, whose errors, you by this display of pretended Virtue, chiefly design to expose. Rousseau thought Men Good by Nature; he found them Evil, and found no friend. Friendship cannot exist without Forgiveness of Sins continually. The Book written by Rousseau, called his Confessions, is an apology and cloke for his sin and not a confession.

But you also charge the poor Monks and Religious with being the causes of War, while you acquit and flatter the Alexanders and Cæsars, the Lewises and

Fredericks, who alone are its causes and its actors. But the Religion of Jesus, Forgiveness of Sin, can never be the cause of a War nor of a single Martyrdom.

Those who Martyr others, or who cause War, are Deists, but never can be Forgiven of Sin. The Glory of Christianity is to Conquer by Forgiveness. All the Destruction therefore in Christian Europe has arisen from Deism, which is Natural Religion.

1 I saw a Monk of Charlemaine
Arise before my sight,
I talk'd with the Grey Monk as we stood
In beams of infernal light.

2 Gibbon arose with a lash of steel,
And Voltaire with a wracking wheel,
The Schools in clouds of learning roll'd
Arose with War in iron and gold.

3 Thou lazy Monk, they sound afar,
In vain condemning glorious War,
And in your Cell you shall ever dwell—
Rise, War, and bind him in his Cell.

4 The blood red ran from the Grey Monk's side,
His hands and feet were wounded wide,
His body bent, his arms and knees
Like to the roots of ancient trees.

5 When Satan first the black bow bent,
And the Moral Law from the Gospel rent,
He forced the Law into a Sword,
And spilled the blood of mercy's Lord.

6 Titus, Constantine, Charlemaine,
A Voltaire, Rousseau, Gibbon. Vain
Your Grecian Mocks and Roman Sword
Against this image of his Lord!

7 For a Year is an Intellectual thing;
And a Sigh is the Sword of an Angel King,
And the bitter groan of a Martyr's woe
Is an Arrow from the Almightie's Bow.

But Los, who is the Vehicular Form of strong Urthona,
Wept vehemently over Albion, where Thames' currents spring
From the rivers of Beulah, pleasant river! soft, mild, parent stream.
And the roots of Albion's Tree enter'd the Soul of Los
As he sat before his Furnaces clothed in sackcloth of hair,
In gnawing pain dividing him from his Emanation,
Inclosing all the Children of Los time after time,
Their Giant forms condensing into Nations and Peoples and Tongues,
Translucent the Furnaces of Beryll and Emerald immortal,
And Seven-fold each within other; incomprehensible
To the Vegetated Mortal Eye's perverted and single vision.
The Bellows are the Animal Lungs, the Hammers the Animal Heart,
The Furnaces the Stomach for Digestion; terrible their fury,
Like seven burning heavens rang'd from South to North.

Here on the banks of the Thames Los builded Golgonooza,
Outside of the Gates of the Human Heart, beneath Beulah,
In the midst of the rocks of the Altars of Albion. In fears
He builded it, in rage and in fury. It is the Spiritual Fourfold
London, continually building and continually decaying, desolate
In eternal labours; loud the Furnaces and loud the Anvils

Of Death thunder incessant around the flaming Couches of
The Twenty-four Friends of Albion, and round the awful Four,
For the protection of the Twelve Emanations of Albion's Sons.
The Mystic Union of the Emanation in the Lord ; Because
Man divided from his Emanation is a dark Spectre,
His Emanation is an ever-weeping, melancholy Shadow ;
But she is made receptive of Generation thro' mercy,
In the Potters' Furnace, among the Funeral Urns of Beulah,
From Surrey hills, thro' Italy and Greece to Hinnom's vale.

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In Great Eternity every particular Form gives forth or Emanates
Its own peculiar Light, and the Form is the Divine Vision
And the Light is his Garment. This is Jerusalem in every Man,
A Tent and Tabernacle of Mutual Forgiveness, Male and Female Clothings ;
And Jerusalem is called Liberty among the Children of Albion.

But Albion fell down a Rocky fragment, from Eternity hurl'd
By his own Spectre, who is the Reasoning Power in every Man,
Into his own Chaos which is the Memory between Man and Man.

The silent broodings of deadly revenge springing from the
All powerful parental affection, fills Albion from head to foot.
Seeing his Sons assimilate with Luvah, bound in the bonds

Of spiritual Hate, from which springs Sexual Love as iron chains,
He tosses like a cloud outstretch'd among Jerusalem's Ruins,
Which overspread all the Earth; he groans among his ruin'd porches.

(This World; Reason, Pity, Desire, Wrath.)

But the Spectre, like a hoar-frost and a Mildew, rose over Albion,
Saying: I am God, O Sons of Men! I am your Rational Power.
Am I not Bacon and Newton and Locke, who teach Humility to Man,
Who teach Doubt and Experiment; and my two Wings Voltaire, Rousseau.
Where is that Friend of Sinners, that Rebel against my Laws,
Who teaches Belief to the Nations and an unknown Eternal Life?
Come hither into the Desert and turn these stones to bread.
Vain, foolish Man! wilt thou believe without Experiment,
And build a World of Phantasy upon my Great Abyss—
A World of Shapes in craving lust and devouring appetite?

So spoke the hard, cold, constructive Spectre, he is named Arthur,
Constructing into Druid Rocks round Canaan, Agag, and Aram, and Pharoh.

Then Albion drew England into his bosom in groans and tears,
But she stretch'd out her starry Night in Spaces against him, like
A long Serpent in the Abyss of the Spectre which augmented

The Night with Dragon wings, cover'd with stars, and in the Wings
Jerusalem and Vala appear'd; and above, between the Wings magnificent,
The Divine Vision dimly appear'd in clouds of blood, weeping.

(55)

When those who disregard all Mortal Things saw a Mighty-One
Among the Flowers of Beulah still retain his awful strength,
They wonder'd, checking their wild flames, and many gathering
Together into an Assembly; they said, let us go down
And see these changes. Others said, If you do so, prepare
For being driven from our fields; what have we to do with the Dead?
To be their inferiors or superiors we equally abhor;
Superior none we know; inferior none; all equal share
Divine Benevolence and joy; for the Eternal Man
Walketh among us, calling us his Brothers and his Friends;
Forbidding us that Veil which Satan puts between Eve and Adam,
By which the Princes of the Dead enslave their Votaries,
Teaching them to form the Serpent of precious stones and gold,
To sieze the Sons of Jerusalem and plant them in One Man's Loins,
To make One Family of Contraries, that Joseph may be sold
Into Egypt; for Negation, a Veil, the Saviour born and dying rends.

But others said: Let us to him who only Is, and who
Walketh among us; give decision, bring forth all your fires!

So saying, an eternal deed was done; in fiery flames
The Universal Conclave raged, such thunderous sounds as never
Were sounded from a mortal cloud, nor on Mount Sinai old,
Nor in Havilah where the Cherub roll'd his redounding flame.

Loud! loud! the Mountains lifted up their voices; loud the Forests;
Rivers thunder'd against their banks, loud Winds furious fought:
Cities and Nations contended in fires and clouds and tempests.
The Seas rais'd up their voices and lifted their hands on high,
The Stars in their courses fought, the Sun, Moon, Heaven, Earth,
Contended for Albion and for Jerusalem his Emanation,
And for Shiloh, the Emanation of France, and for lovely Vala.

Then far the greatest number were about to make a Separation,
And they elected seven, call'd the Seven Eyes of God:
Lucifer, Molech, Elohim, Shaddai, Pahad, Jehovah, Jesus.
They nam'd the Eighth, he came not, he hid in Albion's Forests;
But first they said—and their Words stood in Chariots in array,
Curbing their Tygers with golden bits and bridles of silver and ivory—

Let the Human Organs be kept in their perfect Integrity,
At will Contracting into Worms or Expanding into Gods,
And then behold, what are these Ulro Visions of Chastity;

Then as the moss upon the tree, or dust upon the plow,
Or as the sweat upon the labouring shoulder, or as the chaff
Of the wheat-Ador, or as the dregs of the sweet wine-press;
Such are these Ulro Visions, for tho' we sit down within
The plowed furrow, list'ning to the weeping clods till we
Contract or Expand Space at will, or if we raise ourselves
Upon the chariots of the morning, Contracting or Expanding Time,
Every one knows we are One Family—One Man blessed for ever.

Silence remain'd, and every one resum'd his Human Majesty,
And many conversed on these things as they labour'd at the furrow,
Saying, It is better to prevent misery than to release from misery,
It is better to prevent error than to forgive the criminal;
Labour well the Minute Particulars, attend to the Little-ones,
And those who are in misery cannot remain so long,
If we but do our duty; labour well the teeming Earth.

They Plow'd in tears, the trumpets sounded before the golden Plow,
And the voices of the Living Creatures were heard in the clouds of heaven
Crying, Compell the Reasoner to Demonstrate with unhewn Demonstrations,
Let the Indefinite be explored, and let every Man be Judged
By his own Works. Let all Indefinites be thrown into Demonstrations

To be pounded to dust and melted in the Furnaces of Affliction.
He who would do good to another must do it in Minute Particulars.
General Good is the plea of the Scoundrel, hypocrite, and flatterer,
For Art and Science cannot exist but in minutely organized Particulars,
And not in generalizing Demonstrations of the Rational Power;
The Infinite alone resides in Definite and Determinate Identity.
Establishment of Truth depends on destruction of Falsehood continually,
On Circumcision, not on Virginity, O Reasoners of Albion.

So cried they at the Plow, Albion's Rock frowned above,
And the Great Voice of Eternity rolled above terrible in clouds,
Saying, Who will go forth for us, and who shall we send before our face?

(56)

Then Los heaved his thund'ring Bellows on the Valley of Middlesex,
And thus he chaunted his Song: the Daughters of Albion reply.

What may Man be, who can tell? But what may Woman be?
To have power over Man from Cradle to corruptible Grave.
He who is an Infant, and whose Cradle is a Manger.
Knoweth the Infant sorrow, whence it came, and where it goeth,
And who weave it a Cradle of the grass that withereth away?

This World is all a Cradle for the erred wandering Phantom,
Rock'd by Year, Month, Day, and Hour; and every two Moments
Between, dwells a Daughter of Beulah, to feed the Human Vegetable.

Entune, Daughters of Albion, your hymning Chorus mildly;
Cord of affection thrilling extatic on the iron Reel,
To the golden Loom of Love, to the moth-labour'd Woof,
A Garment and Cradle weaving for the infantine Terror;
For fear, at entering the gate into our world of cruel
Lamentation: it flee back and hide in Non-Entity's dark wild,
Where dwells the Spectre of Albion, destroyer of Definite Form.
The Sun shall be a Scythed Chariot of Britain; the Moon, a Ship
In the British Ocean, Created by Los's Hammer; measured out
Into Days and Nights and Years and Months, to travel with my feet
Over these desolate rocks of Albion. O daughters of despair!
Rock the Cradle, and in mild melodies tell me where found,
What you have enwoven with so much tears and care, so much
Tender artifice: to laugh, to weep, to learn, to know;
Remember! recollect! what dark befel in wintry days.

O it was lost for ever, and we found it not; it came
And wept at our wintry Door. Look! look! behold Gwendolen
Is become a Clod of Clay; Merlin is a Worm of the Valley!

Then Los uttered with Hammer and Anvil: Chaunt, revoice!
I mind not your laugh, and your frown I not fear; and
You must my dictate obey from your gold-beam'd Looms; trill
Gentle to Albion's Watchman, on Albion's mountains re-echo,
And rock the Cradle while. Ah me! Of that Eternal Man,
And of the cradl'd Infancy in his bowels of compassion,
Who fell beneath his instruments of husbandry and became
Subservient to the clods of the furrow, the cattle and even
The emmet and earth-worm are his superiors and his lords.

Then the response came warbling from trilling Looms in Albion;
We women tremble at the light therefore—hiding fearful,
The Divine Vision with Curtain and Veil and fleshly Tabernacle.
Los uttered, swift as the rattling thunder upon the mountains.

Look back into the Church, Paul! Look! Three Women around
The Cross! O Albion, why didst thou a Female Will Create?

(57)

And the voices of Bath and Canterbury and York and Edinburgh cry
Over the Plow of Nations, in the strong hand of Albion thundering along
Among the Fires of the Druid, and the deep, black rethundering Waters
Of the Atlantic, which poured in impetuous loud, loud, louder and louder!

And the great voice of the Atlantic howled over the Druid Altars,
Weeping over his Children in Stonehenge, in Malden, and Colchester
Round the Rocky Peak of Derbyshire, London Stone, and Rosamond's Bower.

What is a Wife and what is a Harlot? What is a Church? and What
Is a Theatre? are they Two and not One? can they Exist separate?
Are not Religion and Politics the Same Thing? Brotherhood is Religion!
O Demonstrations of Reason, Dividing Families in Cruelty and Pride!

But Albion fled from the Divine Vision with the Plow of Nations enflaming,
The Living Creatures madden'd, and Albion fell into the Furrow and
The Plow went over him, and the Living was Plowed in among the Dead;
But his Spectre rose over the starry Plow, Albion fled beneath the Plow
Till he came to the Rock of Ages, and he took his Seat upon the Rock.
Wonder siez'd all in Eternity: to behold the Divine Vision, open
The Center into an Expanse, and the Center rolled out into an Expanse.

(58)

In beauty the Daughters of Albion divide and unite at will,
Naked and drunk with blood, Gwendolen dancing to the timbrel
Of War: reeling up the Street of London, she divides in twain

Among the Inhabitants of Albion; the People fall around;
The Daughters of Albion divide and unite in jealousy and cruelty;
The Inhabitants of Albion at the Harvest and the Vintage
Feel their Brain cut round beneath the temples, shrieking,
Bonifying into a Skull, the Marrow exuding in dismal path.
They flee over the rocks bonifying: Horses, Oxen, feel the knife.
And while the Sons of Albion by severe War and Judgment bonify,
The Hermaphroditic Condensations are divided by the Knife,
The obdurate Forms are cut asunder by Jealousy and Pity.

Rational Philosophy and Mathematic Demonstration
Is divided in the intoxications of pleasure and affection;
Two Contraries War against each other in fury and blood,
And Los fixes them on his Anvil, incessant his blows,
He fixes them with strong blows, placing the stones and timbers
To Create a World of Generation, from the World of Death,
Dividing the Masculine and Feminine; for the comingling
Of Albion's and Luvah's Spectres was Hermaphroditic.

Urizen wrathful strode above, directing the awful Building:
As a Mighty Temple, delivering Form out of confusion,
Jordan sprung beneath its threshold bubbling from beneath
Its pillars; Euphrates ran under its arches; white sails

And silver oars reflect on its pillars and sound on its echoing
Pavements, where walk the Sons of Jerusalem, who remain Ungenerate,
But the revolving Sun and Moon pass thro' its porticoes.
Day and night, in sublime majesty and silence they revolve
And shine glorious within: Hand and Koban arch'd over the Sun
In the hot noon, as he travell'd thro' his journey: Hyle and Skofield
Arch'd over the Moon at midnight, and Los fix'd them there
With his thunderous Hammer; terrified the Spectres rage and flee;
Canaan is his portico, Jordan is a fountain in his porch,
A fountain of milk and wine to relieve the traveller;
Egypt is the eight steps within, Ethiopia supports his pillars,
Lybia and the Lands unknown are the ascent without:
Within is Asia and Greece, ornamented with exquisite art;
Persia and Media are his halls, his inmost hall is Great Tartary;
China and India and Siberia are his temples for entertainment;
Poland and Russia and Sweden, his soft retired chambers;
France and Spain and Italy, and Denmark and Holland and Germany,
Are the temples among his pillars; Britain is Los's Forge;
America, North and South, are his baths of living waters.

Such is the Ancient World of Urizen in the Satanic Void,
Created from the Valley of Middlesex by London's River.

From Stonehenge and from London Stone, from Cornwall to Caithness,
The Four Zoas rush around on all sides in dire ruin;
Furious in pride of Selfhood, the terrible Spectres of Albion
Rear their dark Rocks among the Stars of God—stupendous
Works! A World of Generation continually Creating, out of
The Hermaphroditic Satanic World of Rocky destiny,

(59)

And formed into Four precious stones for entrance from Beulah.

For the Veil of Vala which Albion cast into the Atlantic Deep
To catch the Souls of the Dead, began to Vegetate and Petrify
Around the Earth of Albion, among the Roots of his Tree.
This Los formed into the Gates and mighty Wall, between the Oak
Of Weeping and the Palm of Suffering, beneath Albion's Tomb.
Thus in process of time it became the beautiful Mundane Shell,
The Habitation of the Spectres of the Dead, and the Place
Of Redemption and of awaking again into Eternity.

For Four Universes round the Mundane Egg remain Chaotic:
One to the North, Urthona; one to the South, Urizen;
One to the East, Luvah; one to the West, Tharmas.
They are the Four Zoas that stood around the Throne Divine—
Verulam, London, York, and Edinburgh, their English names.

But when Luvah assumed the World of Urizen southward,
And Albion was slain upon his Mountains and in his Tent,
All fell towards the Center, sinking downwards in dire ruin.
In the South remains a burning Fire, in the East a Void,
In the West a World of raging Waters, in the North, solid Darkness
Unfathomable, without end; but in the midst of these
Is Built eternally the sublime Universe of Los and Enitharmon.

And in the North Gate, in the West of the North, toward Beulah,
Cathedron's Looms are builded, and Los's Furnaces in the South;
A wondrous golden Building immense with ornaments sublime
Is bright Cathedron's golden Hall, its Courts, Towers, and Pinnacles.

And one Daughter of Los sat at the fiery Reel, and another
Sat at the shining Loom with her Sisters attending round:
Terrible their distress, and their sorrow cannot be utter'd;
And another Daughter of Los sat at the Spinning Wheel.
Endless their labour, with bitter food, void of sleep,
Tho' hungry they labour; they rouse themselves, anxious,
Hour after hour labouring at the whirling Wheel;
Many Wheels and as many lovely Daughters sit weeping.

Yet the intoxicating delight that they take in their work
Obliterates every other evil; none pities their tears,

Yet they regard not pity, and they expect no one to pity,
For they labour for life and love, regardless of any one
But for the poor Spectres that they work for always incessantly.

They are mock'd by every one that passes by, they regard not;
They labour, and when their Wheels are broken by scorn and malice,
They mend them, sorrowing with many tears and afflictions.

Other Daughters Weave on the Cushion and Pillow Network fine
That Rahab and Tirzah may exist, and live and breathe and love.
Ah! that it could be as the Daughters of Beulah wish!

Other Daughters of Los, labouring at Looms less fine,
Create the Silkworm and the Spider and the Catterpiller
To assist in their most grievous work of pity and compassion,
And others create the wooly Lamb and the downy Fowl
To assist in the work: the Lamb bleats: the Sea-fowl cries;
Men understand not the distress and the labour and sorrow
That in the Interior Worlds is carried on in fear and trembling,
Weaving the shudd'ring fears and loves of Albion's Families;
Thunderous rage the Spindles of iron and the iron Distaff
Maddens in the fury of their hands, weaving in bitter tears
The Veil of Goats-hair and Purple and Scarlet and fine twined Linen.

(60)

The clouds of Albion's Druid Temples rage in the eastern heaven,

While Los sat terrified beholding Albion's Spectre, who is Luvah,
Spreading in bloody veins in torments over Europe and Asia;
Not yet formed, but a wretched torment unformed and abyssal
In flaming fire; within the Furnaces the Divine Vision appear'd
On Albion's hills, often walking from the Furnaces in clouds
And flames among the Druid Temples and the Starry Wheels,
Gather'd Jerusalem's Children in his arms and bore them like
A Shepherd in the night of Albion which overspread all the Earth.

I gave thee liberty and life, O lovely Jerusalem!
And thou hast bound me down upon the Stems of Vegetation.
I gave thee Sheep-walks upon the Spanish Mountains, Jerusalem,
I gave thee Priam's City and the Isles of Grecia lovely;
I gave thee Hume and Scafield and the Counties of Albion.
They spread forth like a lovely root into the Garden of God;
They were as Adam before me, united into one Man.
They stood in innocence, and their skiey tent reached over Asia,
To Nimrod's Tower, to Ham and Canaan, walking with Mizraim
Upon the Egyptian Nile, with solemn songs to Grecia,
And sweet Hesperia, even to Great Chaldea and Tesshina,
Following thee as a Shepherd by the Four Rivers of Eden.
Why wilt thou rend thyself apart, Jerusalem,
And build this Babylon and sacrifice in secret Groves
Among the Gods of Asia, among the fountains of pitch and nitre?

Therefore thy mountains are become barren, Jerusalem;
Thy Valleys, Plains of burning sand; thy Rivers, waters of death.
Thy Villages die of the Famine, and thy Cities
Beg bread from house to house, lovely Jerusalem.
Why wilt thou deface thy beauty and the beauty of thy little-ones
To please thy Idols, in the pretended chastities of Uncircumcision?
Thy Sons are lovelier than Egypt or Assyria: wherefore
Dost thou blacken their beauty by a secluded place of rest,
And a peculiar Tabernacle, to cut the integuments of beauty
Into veils of tears and sorrows, O lovely Jerusalem?
They have perswaded thee to this, therefore their end shall come,
And I will lead thee thro' the Wilderness in shadow of my cloud,
And in my love I will lead thee, lovely Shadow of Sleeping Albion.
This is the Song of the Lamb, sung by Slaves in evening time.

But Jerusalem faintly saw him, clos'd in the Dungeons of Babylon.
Her Form was held by Beulah's Daughters, but all within, unseen,
She sat at the Mills, her hair unbound, her feet naked,
Cut with the flints; her tears run down, her reason grows like
The Wheel of Hand, incessant, turning day and night without rest.
Insane she raves upon the winds hoarse, inarticulate.
All night Vala hears; she triumphs in pride of holiness
To see Jerusalem deface her lineaments with bitter blows
Of despair, while the Satanic Holiness triumph'd in Vala,
In a Religion of Chastity and Uncircumcised Selfishness,

Both of the Head and Heart and Loins, clos'd up in Moral Pride.

But the Divine Lamb stood beside Jerusalem; oft she saw
The Lineaments Divine, and oft the Voice heard, and oft she said,
O Lord and Saviour, have the Gods of the Heathen pierced thee,
Or hast thou been pierced in the House of thy Friends?
Art thou alive, and livest thou for evermore? or art thou
Not, but a delusive shadow, a thought that liveth not?
Babel mocks, saying there is no God nor Son of God,
That thou, O Human Imagination, O Divine Body, art all
A delusion; but I know thee, O Lord, when thou arisest upon
My weary eyes even in this dungeon and this iron wall.
The Stars of Albion cruel rise: thou bindest to sweet influences:
For thou also sufferest with me, altho' I behold thee not;
And altho' I sin and blaspheme thy holy name, thou pitiest me,
Because thou knowest I am deluded by the turning mills,
And by these visions of pity and love, because of Albion's death.
Thus spake Jerusalem, and thus the Divine Voice replied:—

Mild Shade of Man, pitiest thou these Visions of terror and woe?
Give forth thy pity and love. Fear not! lo, I am with thee always.
Only believe in me, that I have power to raise from death
Thy Brother who Sleepeth in Albion: fear not, trembling Shade!

(61)

Behold! in the Visions of Elohim Jehovah, behold Joseph and Mary,

And be comforted, O Jerusalem, in the Visions of Jehovah Elohim.

She looked and saw Joseph the Carpenter in Nazareth and Mary
His espoused Wife. And Mary said, If thou put me away from thee
Dost thou not murder me? Joseph spoke in anger and fury: Should I
Marry a Harlot and an Adulteress? Mary answer'd: Art thou more pure
Than thy Maker, who forgiveth Sins and calls again Her that is Lost?
Tho' She hates, he calls her again in love. I love my dear Joseph,
But he driveth me away from his presence; yet I hear the voice of God
In the voice of my Husband—tho' he is angry for a moment he will not
Utterly cast me away; if I were pure, never could I taste the sweets
Of the Forgiveness of Sins; if I were holy, I never could behold the tears
Of love! of him who loves me in the midst of his anger in furnace of fire.

Ah, my Mary, said Joseph, weeping over and embracing her closely in
His arms: Doth he forgive Jerusalem and not exact Purity from her who is
Polluted? I heard his voice in my sleep and his Angel in my dream,
Saying: Doth Jehovah Forgive a Debt only on condition that it shall
Be Payed? Doth he Forgive Pollution only on conditions of Purity
That Debt is not Forgiven? That Pollution is not Forgiven?
Such is the Forgiveness of the Gods, the Moral Virtues of the

Heathen, whose tender Mercies are Cruelty; but Jehovah's Salvation
Is without Money and without Price, in the Continual Forgiveness of Sins,
In the Perpetual Mutual Sacrifice in Great Eternity; for behold!
There is none that liveth and Sinneth not! And this is the Covenant
Of Jehovah: If you forgive one another, so shall Jehovah forgive You:
That He Himself may Dwell among You. Fear not, then, to take
To thee Mary thy Wife, for she is with Child by the Holy Ghost.

Then Mary burst forth into a Song! she flowed like a River of
Many Streams in the arms of Joseph, and gave forth her tears of joy
Like many waters, and Emanating into gardens and palaces upon
Euphrates, and to forests and floods and animals, wild and tame, from
Gihon to Hiddekel, and to corn fields and villages and inhabitants
Upon Pison and Arnon and Jordan. And I heard the voice among
The Reapers Saying: Am I Jerusalem the lost Adulteress? or am I
Babylon come up to Jerusalem? And another voice answer'd saying,
Does the voice of my Lord call me again? am I pure thro' his Mercy
And Pity? Am I become lovely as a Virgin in his sight, who am
Indeed a Harlot drunken with the Sacrifice of Idols? Does he
Call her pure as he did in the days of her Infancy, when She

Was cast out to the loathing of her person. The Chaldean took
Me from my Cradle. The Amalekite stole me away upon his Camels
Before I had ever beheld with love the Face of Jehovah, or known
That there was a God of Mercy. O Mercy, O Divine Humanity!
O Forgiveness and Pity and Compassion! If I were Pure I should never
Have known Thee. If I were Unpolluted I should never have
Glorified thy Holiness or rejoiced in thy great Salvation.

Mary leaned her side against Jerusalem. Jerusalem recieved
The Infant into her hands in the Visions of Jehovah. Times passed on.
Jerusalem fainted over the Cross and Sepulcher. She heard the voice:
Wilt thou make Rome thy Patriarch Druid and the Kings of Europe his
Horsemen? Man in the Resurrection changes his Sexual Garments at Will.
Every Harlot was once a Virgin, every Criminal an Infant Love.

(62)

Repose on me till the morning of the Grave; I am thy life.

Jerusalem replied:—I am an outcast; Albion is dead;
I am left to the trampling foot and the spurning heel:
A Harlot I am call'd. I am sold from street to street;
I am defaced with blows and with the dirt of the Prison:
And wilt thou become my Husband, O my Lord and Saviour?
Shall Vala bring thee forth? shall the Chaste be ashamed also?
I see the Maternal Line; I behold the Seed of the Woman:

Cainah and Ada, and Zillah and Naamah, Wife of Noah,
Shuah's daughter, and Tamar and Rahab the Canaanites;
Ruth the Moabite, and Bathsheba of the daughters of Heth;
Naamah the Ammonite, Zibeah the Philistine, and Mary,
These are the Daughters of Vala, Mother of the Body of death;
But I thy Magdalen behold thy Spiritual Risen Body.
Shall Albion arise? I know he shall arise at the Last Day!
I know that in my flesh I shall see God; but Emanations
Are weak, they know not whence they are, nor whither tend.

Jesus replied:—I am the Resurrection and the Life;
I Die, and pass the limits of possibility, as it appears
To individual perception. Luvah must be Created,
And Vala, for I cannot leave them in the gnawing Grave,
But will prepare a way for my banished ones to return,
Come now with me into the villages, walk thro' all the cities.
Tho' thou art taken to prison and judgment, starved in the streets,
I will command the cloud to give thee food and the hard rock
To flow with milk and wine; tho' thou seest me not a season,
Even a long season, and a hard journey and a howling wilderness,
Tho' Vala's cloud hide thee and Luvah's fires follow thee,
Only believe and trust in me. Lo, I am always with thee!

So spoke the Lamb of God, while Luvah's Cloud reddening above

Burst forth in streams of blood upon the heavens, and dark night
Involv'd Jerusalem, and the Wheels of Albion's Sons turn'd hoarse
Over the Mountains, and the fires blaz'd on Druid Altars,
And the Sun set in Tyburn's Brook where Victims howl and cry.

But Los beheld the Divine Vision among the flames of the Furnaces,
Therefore he lived and breathed in hope; but his tears fell incessant
Because his Children were clos'd from him apart, and Enitharmon
Dividing in fierce pain; also the Vision of God was clos'd in clouds
Of Albion's Spectres, that Los in despair oft sat and often ponder'd
On Death Eternal in fierce shudders upon the mountains of Albion
Walking, and in the vales in howlings fierce, then to his Anvils
Turning anew began his labours, tho' in terrible pains.

(63)

Jehovah stood among the Druids in the Valley of Annandale
When the Four Zoas of Albion, the Four Living Creatures, the Cherubim
Of Albion tremble before the Spectre in the Starry Harness of the Plow
Of Nations; and their names are Urizen and Luvah, and Tharmas and Urthona.

Luvah slew Tharmas the Angel of the Tongue, and Albion brought him
To Justice in his own City of Paris, denying the Resurrection.

Then Vala the wife of Albion, who is the Daughter of Luvah,
Took vengeance Twelvefold among the Chaotic Rocks of the Druids,
Where the Human Victims howl to the Moon, and Thor and Friga
Dance the dance of death, contending with Jehovah among the Cherubim.
The Chariot Wheels filled with Eyes rage along the howling Valley
In the Dividing of Reuben and Benjamin bleeding from Chester's River.

The Giants and the Witches and the Ghosts of Albion dance with
Thor and Friga, and the Fairies lead the Moon along the Valley of Cherubim,
Bleeding in torrents from Mountain to Mountain, a lovely Victim;
And Jehovah stood in the Gates of the Victim, and he appeared
A weeping Infant in the Gates of Birth in the midst of Heaven;
The Cities and Villages of Albion became Rock and Sand Unhumanized,
The Druid Sons of Albion and the Heavens a Void around unfathomable,
No Human Form but Sexual, and a little weeping Infant pale reflected
Multitudinous in the Looking Glass of Enitharmon, on all sides,
Around in the clouds of the Female, on Albion's Cliffs of the Dead.

Such the appearance in Cheviot, in the Divisions of Reuben,
When the Cherubim hid their heads under their wings in deep slumbers,
When the Druids demanded Chastity from Woman and all was lost.

How can the Female be Chaste, O thou stupid Druid, cried Los,
Without the Forgiveness of Sins in the merciful clouds of Jehovah,
And without the Baptism of Repentance to wash away Calumnies and
The Accusations of Sin, that each may be Pure in their Neighbours' sight?
O when shall Jehovah give us Victims from his Flocks and Herds,
Instead of Human Victims by the Daughters of Albion and Canaan?

Then laugh'd Gwendolen, and her laughter shook the Nations and Families of
The Dead beneath Beulah from Tyburn to Golgotha, and from
Ireland to Japan; furious her Lions and Tygers and Wolves sport before
Los on the Thames and Medway, London and Canterbury groan in pain.

Los knew not yet what was done, he thought it was all in Vision,
In Visions of the Dreams of Beulah among the Daughters of Albion;
Therefore the Murder was put apart in the Looking-Glass of Enitharmon.
He saw in Vala's hand the Druid Knife of Revenge and the Poison Cup
Of Jealousy, and thought it a Poetic Vision of the Atmospheres,
Till Canaan roll'd apart from Albion across the Rhine, along the Danube.

And all the Land of Canaan suspended over the Valley of Cheviot
From Bashan to Tyre and from Troy to Gaza of the Amalekite;
And Reuben fled with his head downwards among the Caverns

(64)

Of the Mundane Shell which froze on all sides round Canaan on
The vast Expanse, where the Daughters of Albion Weave the Web
Of Ages and Generations, folding and unfolding it like a Veil of Cherubim,
And sometimes it touches the Earth's summits, and sometimes spreads
Abroad into the Indefinite Spectre, who is the Rational Power.

Then All the Daughters of Albion became One before Los, even Vala,
And she put forth her hand upon the Looms in dreadful howlings
Till she vegetated into a hungry Stomach and a devouring Tongue.
Her Hand is a Court of Justice, her Feet two Armies in Battle,
Storms and Pestilence in her Locks, and in her Loins Earthquake
And fire, and the Ruin of Cities and Nations and Families and Tongues.

She cries: The Human is but a Worm, and thou, O Male, Thou art
Thyself Female, a Male: a breeder of Seed, a Son and Husband; and Lo
The Human Divine is Woman's Shadow, a Vapor in the summer's heat.
Go assume Papal dignity, thou Spectre, thou Male Harlot. Arthur,
Divide into the Kings of Europe in times remote, O Woman-born,
And Woman-nourish'd, and Woman-educated, and Woman-scorn'd!

Wherefore art thou living? said Los, and Man cannot live in thy presence;

Art thou Vala the Wife of Albion, O thou lovely Daughter of Luvah?
All Quarrels arise from Reasoning, the secret Murder and
The violent Manslaughter, these are the Spectre's double Cave,
The Sexual Death living on accusation of Sin and Judgment
To freeze Love and Innocence into the gold and silver of the Merchant.
Without Forgiveness of Sin Love is Itself Eternal Death.

Then the Spectre drew Vala into his bosom magnificent, terrific,
Glittering with precious stones and gold, with Garments of blood and fire;
He wept in deadly wrath of the Spectre, in self-contradicting agony,
Crimson with Wrath and green with Jealousy, dazzling with Love
And Jealousy immingled, and the purple of the violet darken'd deep
Over the Plow of Nations thund'ring in the hand of Albion's Spectre.

A dark Hermaphrodite they stood frowning upon London's River,
And the Distaff and Spindle in the hands of Vala, with the Flax of
Human Miseries turn'd fierce with the Lives of Men along the Valley,
As Reuben fled before the Daughters of Albion Taxing the Nations.

Derby Peak yawn'd, a horrid Chasm, at the cries of Gwendolen and at
The stamping feet of Ragan upon the flaming Treddles of her Loom
That drop with crimson gore, with the Loves of Albion and Canaan

38 Opening along the Valley of Rephaim, weaving over the Caves of Machpelah.

(65)

To decide Two Worlds with a great decision : a World of Mercy, and
A World of Justice ; the World of Mercy for Salvation,
To cast Luvah into the Wrath, and Albion into the Pity
In the Two Contraries of Humanity and in the Four Regions.

For in the depths of Albion's bosom, in the eastern heaven,
They sound the clarions strong; they chain the howling Captives ;
They cast the lots into the helmet; they give the oath of blood in Lambeth ;
They vote the death of Luvah, and they nail'd him to Albion's Tree in Bath ;
They stain'd him with poisonous blue, they inwove him in cruel roots
To die a death of Six thousand years bound round with vegetation.
The sun was black, and the moon roll'd a useless globe thro' Britain.

Then left the Sons of Urizen the plow and harrow, the loom,
The hammer and the chisel, and the rule and compasses ; from London fleeing,
They forged the sword on Cheviot, the chariot of war and the battle-ax,
The trumpet fitted to mortal battle, and the flute of summer in Annandale,
And all the Arts of Life, they chang'd into the Arts of Death in Albion.
The hour-glass contemned, because its simple workmanship

Was like the workmanship of the plowman, and the water-wheel
That raises water into cisterns, broken and burn'd with fire,
Because its workmanship was like the workmanship of the shepherd;
And in their stead intricate wheels invented, wheel without wheel,
To perplex youth in their outgoings, and to bind up labours in Albion
Of day and night the myriads of eternity, that they may grind
And polish brass and iron hour after hour, laborious task;
Kept ignorant of its use, that they might spend the days of wisdom
In sorrowful drudgery, to obtain a scanty pittance of bread;
In ignorance to view a small portion and think that all,
And call it Demonstration, blind to all the simple rules of life.

Now, now the battle rages round thy tender limbs, O Vala,
Now smile among thy bitter tears, now put on all thy beauty.
Is not the wound of the sword sweet, and the broken bone delightful?
Wilt thou now smile among the scythes when the wounded groan in the field?
We were carried away in thousands from London, and in tens
Of thousands from Westminster and Marybone in ships closed up,
Chain'd hand and foot, compell'd to fight under the iron whips
Of our captains; fearing our officers more than the enemy.
Lift up thy blue eyes, Vala, and put on thy sapphire shoes;

O melancholy Magdalen, behold the morning over Malden break;
Gird on thy flaming zone, descend into the sepulcher of Canterbury;
Scatter the blood from thy golden brow, the tears from thy silver locks;
Shake off the waters from thy wings, and the dust from thy white garments;
Remember all thy feigned terrors on the secret couch of Lambeth's Vale.
When the sun rose in glowing morn, with arms of mighty hosts
Marching to battle, who was wont to rise with Urizen's harps,
Girt as a sower with his seed to scatter life abroad over Albion?
Arise, O Vala, bring the bow of Urizen; bring the swift arrows of light.
How rag'd the golden horses of Urizen, compelled to the chariot of love,
Compell'd to leave the plow to the ox, to snuff up the winds of desolation,
To trample the corn fields in boastful neighings; this is no gentle harp,
This is no warbling brook, nor shadow of a myrtle tree;
But blood and wounds and dismal cries, and shadows of the oak;
And hearts laid open to the light by the broad, grizly sword;
And bowels hid in hammer'd steel rigid, quivering on the ground.
Call forth thy smiles of soft deceit, call forth thy cloudy tears;
We hear thy sighs in trumpets shrill when man shall blood renew.

So sang the Spectre Sons of Albion round Luvah's Stone of Trial,

Mocking and deriding at the writhings of their Victim on Salisbury;
Drinking his Emanation in intoxicating bliss, rejoicing in Giant dance;
For a Spectre has no Emanation but what he imbibes from decieving
A Victim; Then he becomes her Priest, and she his Tabernacle,
And his Oak Grove till the Victim rend the woven Veil,
In the end of his sleep when Jesus calls him from him his grave.

Howling the Victims on the Druid Altars yield their souls
To the stern Warriors; lovely sport the Daughters round their Victims,
Drinking their lives in sweet intoxication, hence arose from Bath
Soft deluding odours, in spiral volutions intricately winding
Over Albion's mountains, a feminine, indefinite, cruel delusion.
Astonished, terrified, and in pain and torment, sudden they behold
Their own Parent the Emanation of their murder'd Enemy
Become their Emanation and their Temple and Tabernacle,
They knew not this Vala was their beloved Mother Vala, Albion's Wife.

Terrified at the sight of the Victim, at his distorted sinews,
The tremblings of Vala vibrate thro' the limbs of Albion's Sons;
While they rejoice over Luvah in mockery and bitter scorn,
Sudden they become like what they behold in howlings and deadly pain,

Spasms smite their features, sinews, and limbs; pale they look on one another,
They turn contorted; their iron necks bend unwilling towards
Luvah; their lips tremble, their muscular fibres are cramp'd and smitten,
They become like what they behold. Yet immense in strength and power,

(66)

In awful pomp and gold, in all the precious unhewn stones of Eden
They build a stupendous Building on the Plain of Salisbury, with chains
Of rocks round London Stone; of Reasonings; of unhewn Demonstrations
In labyrinthine arches (Mighty Urizen the Architect), through which
The Heavens might revolve and Eternity be bound in their chain.
Labour unparallell'd! a wondrous rocky World of cruel destiny,
Rocks piled on rocks reaching the stars; stretching from pole to pole.
The Building is Natural Religion, and its Altars Natural Morality,
A building of eternal death, whose proportions are eternal despair.
Here Vala stood turning the iron Spindle of destruction
From heaven to earth, howling, invisible, but not invisible
Her Two Covering Cherubs, afterwards named Voltaire and Rousseau;
Two frowning Rocks, on each side of the Cove and Stone of Torture;
Frozen Sons of the feminine Tabernacle of Bacon, Newton, and Locke,

For Luvah is France, the Victim of the Spectres of Albion.

Los beheld in terror; he pour'd his loud storms on the Furnaces;
The Daughters of Albion, clothed in garments of needle work,
Strip them off from their shoulders and bosoms, they lay aside
Their garments; they sit naked upon the Stone of trial,
The Knife of flint passes over the howling Victim; his blood
Gushes and stains the fair side of the fair Daugters of Albion.
They put aside his curls, they divide his seven locks upon
His forehead; they bind his forehead with thorns of iron;
They put into his hand a reed, they mock, Saying: Behold
The King of Canaan whose are seven hundred chariots of iron;
They take off his vesture whole with their knives of flint;
But they cut asunder his inner garments, searching with
Their cruel fingers for his heart, and there they enter in pomp,
In many tears, and there they erect a temple and an altar;
They pour cold water on his brain in front to cause
Lids to grow over his eyes in veils of tears; and caverns
To freeze over his nostrils, while they feed his tongue from cups
And dishes of painted clay. Glowing with beauty and cruelty,
They obscure the sun and the moon; no eye can look upon them.

Ah, alas! at the sight of the Victim, and at sight of those who are smitten,
All who see, become what they behold, their eyes are cover'd
With veils of tears, and their nostrils and tongues shrunk up,
Their ear bent outwards, as their Victim, so are they in the pangs
Of unconquerable fear; amidst delights of revenge Earth shaking;
And as their eye and ear shrunk, the heavens shrunk away,
The Divine Vision became first a burning flame, then a column
Of fire, then an awful fiery wheel surrounding earth and heaven;
And then a globe of blood wandering distant in an unknown night;
Afar into the unknown night the mountains fled away;
Six months of mortality, a summer; and six months of mortality, a winter;
The Human form began to be alter'd by the Daughters of Albion,
And the perceptions to be dissipated into the Indefinite, Becoming
A mighty Polypus nam'd Albion's Tree; they tie the Veins
And Nerves into two knots, and the Seed into a double knot;
They look forth: the Sun is shrunk, the Heavens are shrunk
Away into the far remote, and the Trees and Mountains wither'd
Into indefinite cloudy shadows in darkness and separation.
By Invisible Hatreds adjoin'd, they seem remote and separate
From each other, and yet are a Mighty Polypus in the Deep!

As the Misletoe grows on the Oak, so Albion's Tree on Eternity. Lo !
He who will not comingle in Love, must be adjoin'd by Hate.

They look forth from Stone-henge; from the Cove round London Stone
They look on one another ; the mountain calls out to the mountain ;
Plinlimmon shrunk away; Snowdon trembled; the mountains
Of Wales and Scotland beheld the descending War; the routed flying.
Red run the streams of Albion; Thames is drunk with blood,
As Gwendolen cast the shuttle of war, as Cambel return'd the beam.
The Humber and the Severn are drunk with the blood of the slain ;
London feels his brain cut round ; Edinburgh's heart is circumscribed !
York and Lincoln hide among the flocks, because of the griding Knife.
Worcester and Hereford, Oxford and Cambridge reel and stagger,
Overwearied with howling; Wales and Scotland alone sustain the fight !
The inhabitants are sick to death; they labour to divide into Days
And Nights the uncertain Periods, and into Weeks and Months. In vain
They send the Dove and Raven; and in vain the Serpent over the mountains ;
And in vain the Eagle and Lion over the fourfold wilderness.
They return not, but generate in rocky places desolate ;
They return not; but build a habitation separate from Man.
The Sun forgets his course, like a drunken man he hesitates,

Upon the Cheselden hills, thinking to sleep on the Severn;
In vain; he is hurried afar into an unknown Night,
He bleeds in torrents of blood, as he rolls thro' heaven above
He chokes up the paths of the sky; the Moon is leprous as snow;
Trembling and descending down, seeking to rest upon high Mona;
Scattering her leprous snows in flakes of disease over Albion;
The Stars flee remote; the heaven is iron, the earth is sulphur,
And all the mountains and hills shrink up like a withering gourd,
As the Senses of Men shrink together under the Knife of flint,
In the hands of Albion's Daughters, among the Druid Temples,

(67)

By those who drink their blood and the blood of their Covenant.

And the Twelve Daughters of Albion united in Rahab and Tirzah,
A Double Female; and they drew out from the Rocky Stones
Fibres of Life to Weave, for every Female is a Golden Loom;
The Rocks are opake hardnesses covering all Vegetated things,
And as they Wove and Cut from the Looms in various divisions,
Stretching over Europe and Asia from Ireland to Japan,
They divided into many lovely Daughters to be counterparts
To those they Wove, for when they Wove a Male, they divided

Into a Female to the Woven Male, in opake hardness
They cut the Fibres from the Rocks; groaning in pain they Weave,
Calling the Rocks Atomic Origins of Existence; denying Eternity
By the Atheistical Epicurean Philosophy of Albion's Tree.
Such are the Feminine and Masculine when separated from Man.
They call the Rocks Parents of Men, and adore the frowning Chaos,
Dancing around in howling pain, clothed in the bloody Veil,
Hiding Albion's Sons within the Veil, closing Jerusalem's
Sons without, to feed with their Souls the Spectres of Albion,
Ashamed to give Love openly to the piteous and merciful Man,
Counting him an imbecile mockery; but the Warrior
They adore, and his revenge cherish with the blood of the Innocent;
They drink up Dan and Gad, to feed with milk Skofeld and Kotope;
They strip off Joseph's Coat, and dip it in the blood of battle.

Tirzah sits weeping to hear the shrieks of the dying; her Knife
Of flint is in her hand; she passes it over the howling Victim.
The Daughters Weave their Work in loud cries over the Rock
Of Horeb; still eyeing Albion's Cliffs eagerly, siezing and twisting
The threads of Vala and Jerusalem, running from mountain to mountain
Over the whole Earth; loud the Warriors rage in Beth Peor

Beneath the iron whips of their Captains and consecrated banners.
Loud the Sun and Moon rage in the conflict; loud the Stars
Shout in the night of battle, and their spears grow to their hands
With blood, weaving the deaths of the Mighty into a Tabernacle
For Rahab and Tirzah, till the Great Polypus of Generation covered the Earth.

In Verulam the Polypus's Head, winding around his bulk
Thro' Rochester and Chichester, and Exeter and Salisbury
To Bristol; and his Heart beat strong on Salisbury Plain,
Shooting out Fibres round the Earth, thro' Gaul and Italy
And Greece, and along the Sea of Rephaim into Judea,
To Sodom and Gomorrha; thence to India, China, and Japan.
The Twelve Daughters in Rahab and Tirzah have circumscrib'd the Brain
Beneath, and pierced it thro' the midst with a golden pin;
Blood hath stain'd her fair side beneath her bosom.

O thou poor Human Form! said she. O thou poor child of woe!
Why wilt thou wander away from Tirzah, why me compel to bind thee?
If thou dost go away from me, I shall consume upon these Rocks
These fibres of thine eyes that used to beam in distant heavens
Away from me. I have bound down with a hot iron
These nostrils that expanded with delight in morning skies;

I have bent downward with lead melted in my roaring furnaces
Of affliction, of love, of sweet despair, of torment unendurable.
My soul is seven furnaces; incessant roars the bellows
Upon my terribly flaming heart; the molten metal runs
In channels through my fiery limbs, O love, O pity, O fear,
O pain, O the pangs, the bitter pangs of love forsaken!
Ephraim was a wilderness of joy where all my wild beasts ran,
The River Kanah wander'd by my sweet Manasseh's side,
To see the boy spring into heavens sounding from my sight!
Go, Noah, fetch the girdle of strong brass, heat it red-hot;
Press it around the loins of this ever expanding cruelty.
Shriek not so, my only love; I refuse thy joys; I drink
Thy shrieks because Hand and Hyle are cruel and obdurate to me.

(68)

O Skofield, why art thou cruel? Lo, Joseph is thine! to make
You One; to weave you both in the same mantle of skin.
Bind him down, Sisters, bind him down on Ebal, Mount of cursing.
Malah come forth from Lebanon; and Hoglah from Mount Sinai;
Come, circumscribe this tongue of sweets, and with a screw of iron
Fasten this ear into the rock; Milcah, the task is thine.

Weep not so, Sisters; weep not so; our life depends on this,
Or mercy and truth are fled away from Shechem and Mount Gilead,
Unless my beloved is bound upon the Stems of Vegetation.

And thus the Warriors cry in the hot day of Victory in Songs:—

Look! the beautiful Daughter of Albion sits naked upon the Stone,
Her panting Victim beside her; her heart is drunk with blood,
Tho' her brain is not drunk with wine; she goes forth from Albion
In pride of beauty, in cruelty of holiness, in the brightness
Of her tabernacle, and her ark and secret place; the beautiful Daughter
Of Albion delights the eyes of the Kings; their hearts and the
Hearts of their Warriors glow hot before Thor and Friga. O Molech!
O Chemosh! O Bacchus! O Venus! O Double God of Generation!
The Heavens are cut like a mantle around from the Cliffs of Albion,
Across Europe, across Africa, in howlings and deadly War.
A sheet and veil and curtain of blood is let down from Heaven
Across the hills of Ephraim, and down Mount Olivet to
The Valley of the Jebusite; Molech rejoices in heaven;
He sees the Twelve Daughters naked upon the Twelve Stones
Themselves condensing to rocks and into the Ribs of a Man.
Lo! they shoot forth the tender Nerves across Europe and Asia.

Lo! they rest upon the Tribes, where their panting Victims lie.
Molech rushes into the Kings in love to the beautiful Daughters,
But they frown and delight in cruelty, refusing all other joy.
Bring your Offerings, your first begotten, pamper'd with milk and blood,
Your first born of seven years old, be they Males or Females,
To the beautiful Daughters of Albion; they sport before the Kings
Clothed in the skin of the Victim! blood, human blood, is the life
And delightful food of the Warrior; the well fed Warrior's flesh
Of him who is slain in War, fills the Valleys of Ephraim with
Breeding Women walking in pride, and bringing forth under green trees
With pleasure, without pain, for their food is blood of the Captive.
Molech rejoices thro' the Land from Havilah to Shur; he rejoices
In moral law and its severe penalties; loud Shaddai and Jehovah
Thunder above, when they see the Twelve panting Victims
On the Twelve Stones of Power, and the beautiful Daughters of Albion.
If you dare rend their Veil with your Spear, you are healed of Love,
From the Hills of Camberwell and Wimbledon, from the Valleys
Of Walton and Esher, from Stone-henge and from Malden's Cove.
Jerusalem's Pillars fall in the rendings of fierce War
Over France and Germany, upon the Rhine and Danube.

Reuben and Benjamin flee; they hide in the Valley of Rephaim.
Why trembles the Warrior's limbs when he beholds thy beauty
Spotted with Victims' blood; by the fires of thy secret tabernacle,
And thy ark and holy place; at thy frowns, at thy dire revenge
Smitten as Uzzah of old; his armour is soften'd; his spear
And sword faint in his hand, from Albion across Great Tartary?
O beautiful Daughter of Albion, cruelty is thy delight!
O Virgin of terrible eyes, who dwellest by Valleys of springs
Beneath the Mountains of Lebanon, in the City of Rehab in Hamath,
Taught to touch the harp, to dance in the Circle of Warriors
Before the Kings of Canaan; to cut the flesh from the Victim,
To roast the flesh in fire; to examine the Infant's limbs
In cruelties of holiness; to refuse the joys of love; to bring
The Spies from Egypt; to raise jealousy in the bosoms of the Twelve
Kings of Canaan; then to let the Spies depart to Meribah Kadesh,
To the place of the Amalekite. I am drunk with unsatiated love;
I must rush again to War, for the Virgin has frown'd and refus'd.
Sometimes I curse, and sometimes bless thy fascinating beauty.
Once Man was occupied in intellectual pleasures and energies,
But now my soul is harrowed with grief and fear, and love and desire,

And now I hate and now I love, and Intellect is no more.
There is no time for any thing but the torments of love and desire.
The Feminine and Masculine Shadows, soft, mild, and ever varying
In beauty, are Shadows now no more, but Rocks in Horeb.

(69)

Then all the Males conjoined into One Male, and every one
Became a ravening eating Cancer growing in the Female,
A Polypus of Roots of Reasoning, Doubt, Despair, and Death,
Going forth and returning from Albion's Rocks to Canaan;
Devouring Jerusalem from every Nation of the Earth.

Envying stood the enormous Form at variance with Itself,
In all its Members; in eternal torment of love and jealousy;
Driv'n forth by Los time after time from Albion's cliffy shore,
Drawing the free loves of Jerusalem into infernal bondage,
That they might be born in contentions of Chastity, and in
Deadly Hate between Leah and Rachel, Daughters of Deceit and Fraud,
Bearing the Images of various Species of Contention,
And Jealousy and Abhorrence and Revenge and deadly Murder,
Till they refuse liberty to the Male, and not like Beulah,
Where every Female delights to give her maiden to her husband.

The Female searches sea and land for gratifications to the
Male Genius, who in return clothes her in gems and gold,
And feeds her with the food of Eden, hence all her beauty beams.
She Creates at her will a little moony night and silence
With Spaces of sweet gardens and a tent of elegant beauty,
Closed in by a sandy desart and a night of stars shining,
And a little tender moon and hovering angels on the wing;
And the Male gives a Time and Revolution to her Space,
Till the time of love is passed in ever varying delights,
For All Things Exist in the Human Imagination,
And thence in Beulah they are stolen by secret amorous theft,
Till they have had Punishment enough to make them commit Crimes.
Hence rose the Tabernacle in the Wilderness and all its Offerings,
From Male and Female Loves in Beulah and their Jealousies,
But no one can consummate Female bliss in Los's World without
Becoming a Generated Mortal, a Vegetating Death.

And now the Spectres of the Dead awake in Beulah: all
The Jealousies become Murderous; uniting together in Rahab,
A Religion of Chastity, forming a Commerce to sell Loves
With Moral Law an Equal Balance, not going down with decision.
Therefore the Male, severe and cruel, fill'd with stern Revenge,

Mutual Hate returns, and mutual Deceit and mutual Fear.

Hence the Infernal Veil grows in the disobedient Female,
Which Jesus rends, and the whole Druid Law removes away
From the Inner Sanctuary, a False Holiness hid within the Center.
For the Sanctuary of Eden is in the Camp, in the Outline,
In the Circumference; and every Minute Particular is Holy.
Embraces are Cominglings, from the Head even to the Feet,
And not a pompous High Priest entering by a Secret Place.

Jerusalem pined in her inmost soul over Wandering Reuben,
As she slept in Beulah's Night, hid by the Daughters of Beulah.

(70)

And this the form of mighty Hand sitting on Albion's cliffs,
Before the face of Albion, a mighty threat'ning Form,
His bosom wide and shoulders huge overspreading wondrous,
Bear Three strong sinewy Necks and Three awful and terrible Heads,
Three Brains in contradictory council brooding incessantly,
Neither daring to put in act its councils, fearing each other;
Therefore rejecting Ideas as nothing, and holding all Wisdom
To consist in the agreements and disagreents of Ideas,

Plotting to devour Albion's Body of Humanity and Love.

Such Form the aggregate of the Twelve Sons of Albion took, and such
Their appearance when combin'd; but often by birth-pangs and loud groans
They divide to Twelve; the key-bones and the chest dividing in pain,
Disclose a hideous artifice, thence issuing the Giant-brood,
Arise as the smoke of the furnace, shaking the rocks from sea to sea.

And there they combine into Three Forms, named Bacon, and Newton, and Locke,
In the Oak Groves of Albion, which overspread all the Earth.
Imputing Sin and Righteousness to Individuals, Rahab
Sat deep within him hid; his Feminine Power rereveal'd
Brooding Abstract Philosophy, to destroy Imagination, the Divine-
Humanity, A Three-fold Wonder; feminine, most beautiful; Three-fold
Each within other. On her white marble and even Neck, her Heart
Inorb'd and bonified, with locks of shadowing modesty shining
Over her beautiful female features, soft flourishing in beauty;
Beams mild, all love and all perfection, that when the lips
Recieve a kiss from Gods or Men, a threefold kiss returns
From the press'd loveliness; so her whole immortal form three-fold,
Three-fold embrace returns; consuming lives of Gods and Men

In fires of beauty melting them as gold and silver in the furnace;
Her Brain enlabyrinths the whole heaven of her bosom and loins,
To put in act what her Heart wills. O who can withstand her power?
Her name is Vala in Eternity; in Time her name is Rahab.

The Starry Heavens all were fled from the mighty limbs of Albion,

(71)

And above Albion's Land was seen the Heavenly Canaan,
As the Substance is to the Shadow; and above Albion's Twelve Sons
Were seen Jerusalem's Sons; and all the Twelve Tribes spreading
Over Albion. As the Soul is to the Body, so Jerusalem's Sons
Are to the Sons of Albion; and Jerusalem is Albion's Emanation.

What is Above is Within, for everything in Eternity is translucent;
The Circumference is Within. Without is formed the Selfish Center,
And the Circumference still expands, going forward to Eternity,
And the Center has Eternal States; these States we now explore.

And these the Names of Albion's Twelve Sons, and of his Twelve Daughters,
With their Districts. Hand dwelt in Selsey and had Sussex and Surrey,
And Kent and Middlesex; all their Rivers and their Hills of flocks and herds;

Their Villages, Towns, Cities, Sea-Ports, Temples, sublime Cathedrals,
All were his Friends, and their Sons and Daughters intermarry in Beulah,
For all are Men in Eternity. Rivers, Mountains, Cities, Villages,
All are Human, and when you enter into their Bosoms you walk
In Heavens and Earths, as in your own Bosom you bear your Heaven
And Earth, and all you behold, tho' it appears Without it is Within
In your Imagination, of which this World of Mortality is but a Shadow.

Hyle dwelt in Winchester, comprehending Hants, Dorset, Devon, Cornwall,
Their Villages, Cities, Sea-Ports, their Corn-fields and Gardens spacious,
Palaces, Rivers, and Mountains · and between Hand and Hyle arose
Gwendolen and Cambel, who is Boadicea; they go abroad and return
Like lovely beams of light from the mingled affections of the Brothers,
The Inhabitants of the whole Earth rejoice in their beautiful light.

Coban dwelt in Bath; Somerset, Wiltshire, Gloucestershire
Obey'd his awful voice. Ignoge is his lovely Emanation.
She adjoin'd with Gwantoke's Children; soon lovely Cordella arose,
Gwantoke forgave and joy'd over South Wales and all its Mountains.

Peachey had North Wales, Shropshire, Cheshire, and the Isle of Man;
His Emanation is Mehetabel, terrible and lovely upon the Mountains.

Brertun had Yorkshire, Durham, Westmoreland, and his Emanation
Is Ragan ; she adjoin'd to Slade, and produced Gonorill far beaming.

Slade had Lincoln, Stafford, Derby, Nottingham, and his lovely
Emanation Gonorill rejoices over hills and rocks, and woods and rivers.

Hutt'n had Warwick, Northampton, Bedford, Buckingham,
Leicester and Berkshire ; and his Emanation is Gwinefred beautifi'd.

Skofeld had Ely, Rutland, Cambridge, Huntingdon, Norfolk,
Suffolk, Hartford, and Essex ; and his Emanation is Gwinevera.
Beautiful she beams towards the east, all kinds of precious stones
And pearl, with instruments of music in holy Jerusalem.

Kox had Oxford, Warwick, Wilts, his Emanation is Estrild ;
Join'd with Cordella she shines southward over the Atlantic.

Kotope had Hereford, Stafford, Worcester, and his Emanation
Is Sabrina ; join'd with Mehetabel she shines west over America.

Bowen had all Scotland, the Isles, Northumberland and Cumberland ;
His Emanation is Conwenna ; she shines a triple form
Over the north with pearly beams gorgeous and terrible.
Jerusalem and Vala rejoice in Bowen and Conwenna.

But the Four Sons of Jerusalem that never were Generated
Are Rintrah and Palamabron, and Theotormon and Bromion. They
Dwell over the Four Provinces of Ireland in heavenly light,
The Four Universities of Scotland, and in Oxford and Cambridge and Winchester.

But now Albion is darkened and Jerusalem lies in ruins,
Above the Mountains of Albion, above the head of Los.

And Los shouted with ceaseless shoutings, and his tears poured down
His immortal cheeks, rearing his hands to heaven for aid Divine!
But he spoke not to Albion, fearing lest Albion should turn his Back
Against the Divine Vision, and fall over the Precipice of Eternal Death;
But he receded before Albion and before Vala, weaving the Veil,
With the iron shuttle of War among the rooted Oaks of Albion,
Weeping and shouting to the Lord day and night; and his Children
Wept round him as a flock silent Seven Days of Eternity.

(72)

And the Thirty-two Counties of the Four Provinces of Ireland
Are thus divided: The Four Counties are in the Four Camps.
Munster South, in Reuben's Gate; Connaut West, in Joseph's Gate;
Ulster North, in Dan's Gate; Leinster East, in Judah's Gate.

For Albion in Eternity has Sixteen Gates among his Pillars,
But the Four towards the West were walled up, and the Twelve
That front the Four other Points were turned Four Square
By Los for Jerusalem's sake, and called the Gates of Jerusalem,
Because Twelve Sons of Jerusalem fled successive thro' the Gates;
But the Four Sons of Jerusalem who fled not but remain'd
Are Rintrah and Palamabron, and Theotormon and Bromion.
The Four that remain with Los to guard the Western Wall,
And these Four remain to guard the Four Walls of Jerusalem,
Whose foundations remain in the Thirty-two Counties of Ireland,
And in Twelve Counties of Wales, and in the Forty Counties
Of England and in the Thirty-six Counties of Scotland.
And the names of the Thirty-two Counties of Ireland are these:
Under Judah and Issachar and Zebulun are Lowth, Longford,
Eastmeath, Westmeath, Dublin, Kildare, King's County,
Queen's County, Wicklow, Catherloh, Wexford, Kilkenny;
And those under Reuben and Simeon and Levi are these,
Waterford, Tipperary, Cork, Limerick, Kerry, Clare:
And those under Ephraim, Manasseh, and Benjamin are these:
Galway, Roscommon, Mayo, Sligo, Leitrim;
And those under Dan, Asher, and Napthali are these:
Donnegal, Antrim, Tyrone, Fermanagh, Armagh, Londonderry,

Down, Managhan, Cavan. These are the Land of Erin.

All these Center in London and in Golgonooza, from whence
They are Created continually East and West and North and South;
And from them are Created all the Nations of the Earth,
Europe and Asia and Africa and America, in fury Fourfold;
(Continually Building, continually destroying; because of Love and Jealousy)
And Thirty-two the Nations, to dwell in Jerusalem's Gates.
O Come, ye Nations, Come, ye People, Come up to Jerusalem;
Return, Jerusalem, and dwell together as of old; Return;
Return, O Albion, let Jerusalem overspread all Nations
As in the times of old. O Albion, awake; Reuben wonders;
The Nations wait for Jerusalem, they look up for the Bride.

France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Poland, Russia, Sweden, Turkey,
Arabia, Palestine, Persia, Hindostan, China, Tartary, Siberia,
Egypt, Lybia, Ethiopia, Guinea, Caffraria, Negroland, Morocco,
Congo, Zaara, Canada, Greenland, Carolina, Mexico,
Peru, Patagonia, Amazonia, Brazil,—Thirty-two Nations,
And under these Thirty-two Classes of Islands in the Ocean,
All the Nations, Peoples, and Tongues throughout all the Earth.

And the Four Gates of Los surround the Universe Within and

Without; and whatever is visible in the Vegetable Earth, the same
Is visible in the Mundane Shell, revers'd in mountain and vale.
And a Son of Eden was set over each Daughter of Beulah, to guard
In Albion's Tomb the wondrous Creation; and the Four-fold Gate
Towards Beulah is to the South Fenelon, Guion, Teresa.
Whitefield and Hervey guard that Gate, with all the gentle Souls
Who guide the great Wine-press of Love; Four precious stones that Gate.
(Women the comforters of Men become the Tormentors and Punishers;)

(73)

Such are Cathedron's golden Halls in the City of Golgonooza.

And Los's Furnaces howl loud: living, self-moving, lamenting
With fury and despair, and they stretch from South to North
Thro' all the Four Points. Lo! the Labourers at the Furnaces—
Rintrah and Palamabron, Theotormon and Bromion, loud lab'ring
With the innumerable multitudes of Golgonooza, round the Anvils
Of Death. But how they came forth from the Furnaces, and how long,
Vast, and severe the anguish eer they knew their Father, were
Long to tell, and of the iron tillers, golden axle-trees and yokes
Of brass, iron chains and braces, and the gold, silver, and brass,

Mingled or separate; for swords, arrows, cannons, mortars,
The terrible ball, the wedge, the loud-sounding hammer of destruction;
The sounding flail to thresh, the winnow to winnow kingdoms;
The water-wheel and mill of many innumerable wheels resistless,
Over the Four-fold Monarchy from Earth to the Mundane Shell.

Perusing Albion's Tomb in the starry characters of Og and Anak,
To Create the lion and wolf, the bear, the tyger, and ounce;
To Create the wooly lamb and downy fowl and scaly serpent;
The summer and winter, day and night, the sun and moon and stars;
The tree, the plant, the flower, the rock, the stone, the metal,
Of Vegetative Nature by their hard, restricting condensations.

Where Luvah's World of Opakeness grew to a period, It
Became a Limit, a Rocky hardness without form, and void;
Accumulating without end: here Los, who is of the Elohim,
Opens the Furnaces of affliction in the Emanation,
Fixing the Sexual into an ever-prolific Generation,
Naming the Limit of Opakeness Satan, and the Limit of Contraction
Adam, who is Peleg and Joktan, and Esau and Jacob, and Saul and David.

Voltaire insinuates that these Limits are the cruel work of God,
Mocking the Remover of Limits and the Resurrection of the Dead,

Setting up Kings in wrath, in holiness of Natural Religion,
Which Los with his mighty Hammer demolishes time on time
In miracles and wonders in the Four-fold Desart of Albion,
Permanently Creating to be in Time Reveal'd and Demolish'd;
Satan, Cain, Tubal, Nimrod, Pharoh, Priam, Bladud, Belin,
Arthur, Alfred, the Norman Conqueror, Richard, John.

And all the Kings and Nobles of the Earth, and all their Glories,
These are Created by Rahab and Tirzah in Ulro; but around
These, to preserve them from Eternal Death, Los Creates
Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Samuel, David, Ezekiel.

Dissipating the rocky forms of Death, by his thunderous Hammer,
As the Pilgrim passes while the Country permanent remains,
So Men pass on, but States remain permanent for ever.

The Spectres of the Dead howl round the porches of Los,
In the terrible Family feuds of Albion's cities and villages
To devour the Body of Albion, hungering and thirsting and rav'ning.
The Sons of Los clothe them and feed and provide houses and gardens,
And every Human Vegetated Form in its inward recesses
Is a house of plentiness, and a garden of delight, built by the

Sons and Daughters of Los in Bowlahoola and in Cathedron.

From London to York and Edinburgh the Furnaces rage terrible;
Primrose Hill is the mouth of the Furnace and the Iron Door.

(74)

The Four Zoas clouded rage; Urizen stood by Albion
With Rintrah and Palamabron, and Theotormon and Bromion;
These Four are Verulam and London, and York and Edinburgh,
And the Four Zoas are Urizen and Luvah, and Tharmas and Urthona,
In opposition deadly, and their Wheels in poisonous
And deadly stupor turned against each other loud and fierce,
Entering into the Reasoning Power, forsaking Imagination;
They became Spectres, and their Human Bodies were reposed
In Beulah by the Daughters of Beulah, with tears and lamentations.

The Spectre is the Reasoning Power in Man, and when separated
From Imagination, and closing itself as in steel, in a Ratio
Of the things of Memory. It thence frames Laws and Moralities
To destroy Imagination! the Divine Body, by Martyrdoms and Wars.

Teach me, O Holy Spirit, the Testimony of Jesus; let me
Comprehend wonderous things out of the Divine Law.
I behold Babylon in the opening Streets of London; I behold

Jerusalem in ruins wandering about from house to house;
This I behold; the shudderings of death attend my steps.
I walk up and down in Six Thousand Years; their Events are present before me,
To tell how Los in grief and anger, whirling round his Hammer on high,
Drove the Sons and Daughters of Albion from their ancient mountains;
They became the Twelve Gods of Asia Opposing the Divine Vision.

The Sons of Albion are Twelve, the Sons of Jerusalem Sixteen.
I tell how Albion's Sons by Harmonies of Concords and Discords,
Opposed to Melody, and by Lights and Shades, opposed to Outline;
And by Abstraction opposed to the Visions of Imagination,
By cruel Laws divided Sixteen into Twelve Divisions;
How Hyle roof'd Los in Albion's Cliffs, by the Affections rent
Asunder and opposed to Thought, to draw Jerusalem's Sons
Into the Vortex of his Wheels, therefore Hyle is called Gog,
Age after age drawing them away towards Babylon,
Babylon, the Rational Morality, deluding to Death the little ones,
In strong temptations of stolen beauty; I tell how Reuben slept
On London Stone, and the Daughters of Albion ran around admiring
His awful beauty: with Moral Virtue the fair deciever, offspring
Of Good and Evil, they divided him in love upon the Thames, and sent

Him over Europe in streams of gore out of Cathedron's Looms,
How Los drave them from Albion and they became Daughters of Canaan,
Hence Albion was call'd the Canaanite, and all his Giant Sons.

Hence is my Theme. O Lord my Saviour, open thou the Gates
And I will lead forth thy Words, telling how the Daughters
Cut the Fibres of Reuben, how he roll'd apart and took Root
In Bashan, terror-struck Albion's Sons look toward Bashan.
They have divided Simeon, he also roll'd apart in blood,
Over the Nations, till he took Root beneath the shining Looms
Of Albion's Daughters in Philistea by the side of Amalek.
They have divided Levi ; he hath shot out into Forty-eight Roots
Over the Land of Canaan ; they have divided Judah,
He hath took Root in Hebron, in the Land of Hand and Hyle.
Dan, Napthali, Gad, Asher, Issachar, Zebulun, roll apart
From all the Nations of the Earth to dissipate into Non-Entity.

I see a Feminine Form arise from the four terrible Zoas,
Beautiful but terrible, struggling to take a form of beauty
Rooted in Shechem : this is Dinah, the youthful form of Erin.
The Wound I see in South Molton Street and Stratford place,

Whence Joseph and Benjamin roll'd apart away from the Nations;
In vain they roll'd apart, they are fix'd into the Land of Cabul;

(75)

And Rahab, Babylon the Great, hath destroyed Jerusalem.
Bath stood upon the Severn with Merlin and Bladud and Arthur,
The Cup of Rahab in his hand, her Poisons Twenty-seven-fold.

And all her Twenty-seven Heavens, now hid and now reveal'd,
Appear in strong delusive light of Time and Space drawn out
In shadowy pomp by the Eternal Prophet created evermore;
For Los in Six Thousand Years walks up and down continually,
That not one Moment of Time be lost, and every revolution
Of Space he makes permanent in Bowlahoola and Cathedron.

And these the names of the Twenty-seven Heavens and their Churches:
Adam, Seth, Enos, Cainan, Mahalaleel, Jared, Enoch,
Methuselah, Lamech, these are the Giants mighty, Hermaphroditic:
Noah, Shem, Arphaxad, Cainan the Second, Satan, Heber,
Peleg, Reu, Serug, Nahor, Terah: these are the Female Males;
A Male within a Female hid as in an Ark and Curtains.
Abraham, Moses, Solomon, Paul, Constantine, Charlemaine,
Luther: these Seven are the Male Females, the Dragon Forms,

The Female hid within a Male : thus Rahab is reveal'd,
Mystery, Babylon the Great, the Abomination of Desolation ;
Religion hid in War : a Dragon red and hidden Harlot ;
But Jesus breaking thro' the Central Zones of Death and Hell,
Opens Eternity in Time and Space, triumphant in Mercy.

Thus are the Heavens form'd by Los within the Mundane Shell,
And where Luther ends Adam begins again in Eternal Circle,
To awake the Prisoners of Death, to bring Albion again
With Luvah into light eternal, in his eternal day ;
But now the Starry Heavens are fled from the mighty limbs of Albion.

(*A drawing only. Page* 76.)

(77)

To the Christians

I give you the end of a golden string,
Only wind it into a ball ;
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate,
Built in Jerusalem's wall.

Devils are False Religions.

Saul ! Saul ! Why persecutest thou me ?

We are told to abstain from fleshly desires that we may lose no time from the Work of the Lord. Every moment lost is a moment that cannot be redeemed ; every pleasure that intermingles with the duty of our station is a folly unredeemable, and is planted like the seed of a wild flower among our wheat. All the tortures of repentance are tortures of self-reproach on account of our leaving the Divine

Harvest to the Enemy, the struggles of in * * * lement with incoherent roots. I know of no other Christianity and of no other Gospel than the liberty both of body and mind to exercise the Divine Arts of Imagination. Imagination the real and eternal World of which this Vegetable Universe is but a faint shadow, and in which we shall live in our Eternal or Imaginative Bodies, when these Vegetable Mortal Bodies are no more. The Apostles knew of no other Gospel. What were all their spiritual gifts? What is the Divine Spirit? is the Holy Ghost any other than an Intellectual Fountain? What is the Harvest of the Gospel and its Labours? What is that Talent which it is a curse to hide? What are the Treasures of Heaven which we are to lay up for ourselves? are they any other than Mental Studies and Performances? What are all the Gifts of the Gospel? are they not all Mental Gifts? Is God a Spirit who must be worshipped in Spirit and in Truth? and are not the Gifts of the Spirit Every-thing to Man? O ye Religious, discountenance every one among you who shall pretend to despise Art and Science! I call upon you in the Name of Jesus! What is the Life of Man but Art and Science? is it Meat and Drink? is not the Body more than Raiment? What is Mortality but the things relating to the Body, which Dies? What is Immortality but the things relating to the Spirit, which Lives Eternally? What is the Joy of Heaven but Improvement in the things of the Spirit? What are the Pains of Hell but Ignorance, Bodily Lust, Idleness, and devastation of the things of the Spirit? Answer this to yourselves, and expel from among you those who pretend to despise the labours of Art and Science, which alone are the labours of the Gospel. Is not this plain and manifest to the thought? Can you think at all and not pronounce heartily, That to Labour in Knowledge is to Build up Jerusalem; and to Despise Knowledge is to Despise Jerusalem and her Builders. And remember, He who despises and mocks a Mental Gift in another, calling it pride and

selfishness and sin, mocks Jesus, the giver of every Mental Gift, which always appear to the ignorance-loving Hypocrite as Sins; but that which is a Sin in the sight of cruel Man, is not so in the sight of our kind God. Let every Christian, as much as in him lies, engage himself openly and publicly before all the World in some Mental pursuit for the Building up of Jerusalem.

I stood among my valleys of the south,
And saw a flame of fire, even as a Wheel
Of fire surrounding all the heavens; it went
From west to east against the current of
Creation, and devour'd all things in its loud
Fury and thundering course round heaven and earth.
By it the Sun was roll'd into an orb,
By it the Moon faded into a globe,
Travelling thro' the night; for from its dire
And restless fury, Man himself shrunk up
Into a little root a fathom long.
And I asked a Watcher and a Holy One
Its Name? He answer'd, It is the Wheel of Religion.
I wept and said: Is this the law of Jesus,
This terrible devouring sword turning every way?
He answer'd: Jesus died because he strove
Against the current of this Wheel; its Name
Is Caiaphas, the dark Preacher of Death,
Of sin, of sorrow, and of punishment;
Opposing Nature, it is Natural Religion.
But Jesus is the bright Preacher of Life,
Creating Nature from this fiery Law
By self-denial and forgiveness of Sin.
Go, therefore, cast out devils in Christ's name,
Heal thou the sick of spiritual disease,
Pity the evil, for thou art not sent
To smite with terror and with punishments
Those that are sick, like to the Pharisees,
Crucifying and encompasing sea and land,
For proselytes to tyranny and wrath.
But to the Publicans and Harlots go,

Teach them True Happiness, but let no curse
Go forth out of thy mouth to blight their peace,
For Hell is open'd to Heaven; thine eyes beheld
The dungeons burst, and the Prisoners set free.

England! awake! awake! awake!
Jerusalem thy Sister calls!
Why wilt thou sleep the sleep of death,
And close her from thy ancient walls?

Thy hills and valleys felt her feet
Gently upon their bosoms move;
Thy gates beheld sweet Zion's ways;
Then was a time of joy and love.

And now the time returns again;
Our souls exult, and London's towers
Recieve the Lamb of God to dwell
In England's green and pleasant bowers.

(78)

C. IV.—JERUSALEM.

The Spectres of Albion's Twelve Sons revolve mightily
Over the Tomb and over the Body, rav'ning to devour
The Sleeping Humanity. Los with his mace of iron
Walks round; loud his threats, loud his blows fall
On the rocky Spectres, as the Potter breaks the potsherds,
Dashing in pieces Self-righteousnesses, driving them from Albion's
Cliffs: dividing them into Male and Female forms in his Furnaces
And on his Anvils: lest they destroy the Feminine Affections,
They are broken. Loud howl the Spectres in his iron Furnace.

While Los laments at his dire labours, viewing Jerusalem,

Sitting before his Furnaces clothed in sackcloth of hair,
Albion's Twelve Sons surround the Forty-two Gates of Erin
In terrible armour, raging against the Lamb and against Jerusalem,
Surrounding them with armies to destroy the Lamb of God.
They took their Mother Vala, and they crown'd her with gold,
They nam'd her Rahab, and gave her power over the Earth,
The Concave Earth round Golgonooza in Entuthon Benython,
Even to the stars exalting her Throne, to build beyond the Throne
Of God and the Lamb, to destroy the Lamb and usurp the Throne of God,
Drawing their Ulro Voidness round the Four-fold Humanity.

Naked Jerusalem lay before the Gates upon Mount Zion,
The Hill of Giants, all her foundations levell'd with the dust;

Her Twelve Gates thrown down; her children carried into captivity;
Herself in chains; this from within was seen in a dismal night
Outside, unknown before in Beulah, and the twelve gates were fill'd
With blood, from Japan eastward to the Giant's causway, west
In Erin's Continent; and Jerusalem wept upon Euphrates banks
Disorganiz'd, an evanescent shade, scarce seen or heard among
Her children's Druid Temples, dropping with blood, wander'd, weeping!

And thus her voice went forth in the darkness of Philisthea :—

My brother and my father are no more! God hath forsaken me!
The arrows of the Almighty pour upon me and my children.
I have sinned and am an outcast from the Divine Presence!

(79)

My tents are fall'n! my pillars are in ruins! my children dash'd
Upon Egypt's iron floors and the marble pavements of Assyria.
I melt my soul in reasonings among the towers of Heshbon;
Mount Zion is become a cruel rock, and no more dew
Nor rain; no more the spring of the rock appears; but cold,
Hard, and obdurate are the furrows of the mountain of wine and oil;
The mountain of blessing is itself a curse and an astonishment;
The hills of Judea are fallen with me into the deepest hell,
Away from the Nations of the Earth, and from the Cities of the Nations;
I walk to Ephraim, I seek for Shiloh; I walk like a lost sheep
Among precipices of despair; in Goshen I seek for light
In vain, and in Gilead for a physician and a comforter.
Goshen hath follow'd Philistea; Gilead hath join'd with Og;
They are become narrow places in a little and dark land;
How distant far from Albion! his hills and his valleys no more

Recieve the feet of Jerusalem; they have cast me quite away;
And Albion is himself shrunk to a narrow rock in the midst of the sea.
The plains of Sussex and Surrey, their hills of flocks and herds
No more seek to Jerusalem nor to the sound of my Holy-ones.
The Fifty-two Counties of England are harden'd against me
As if I was not their Mother; they despise me and cast me out.
London cover'd the whole Earth, England encompass'd the Nations,
And all the Nations of the Earth were seen in the Cities of Albion.
My pillars reach'd from sea to sea; London beheld me come
From my east and from my west; he blessed me and gave
His children to my breasts, his sons and daughters to my knees;
His aged parents sought me out in every city and village;
They discern'd my countenance with joy; they shew'd me to their sons,
Saying, Lo, Jerusalem is here! she sitteth in our secret chambers.
Levi and Judah and Issachar; Ephram, Manasseh, Gad, and Dan
Are seen in our hills and valleys; they keep our flocks and herds;
They watch them in the night, and the Lamb of God appears amongst us.
The river Severn stay'd his course at my command;
Thames poured his waters into my basons and baths;
Medway mingled with Kishon; Thames reciev'd the heavenly Jordan;
Albion gave me to the whole Earth to walk up and down, to pour

Joy upon every mountain, to teach songs to the shepherd and plowman.
I taught the ships of the sea to sing the songs of Zion;
Italy saw me, in sublime astonishment; France was wholly mine,
As my garden and as my secret path. Spain was my heavenly couch;
I slept in his golden hills; the Lamb of God met me there.
There we walked as in our secret chamber among our little ones;
They looked upon our loves with joy; they beheld our secret joys
With holy raptures of adoration rap'd sublime in the Visions of God.
Germany, Poland, and the North wooed my footsteps; they found
My gates in all their mountains, and my curtains in all their vales;
The furniture of their houses was the furniture of my chamber.
Turkey and Grecia saw my instr'ments of music, they arose,
They siez'd the harp, the flute, the mellow horn of Jerusalem's joy;
They sounded thanksgivings in my courts; Egypt and Lybia heard;
The swarthy sons of Ethiopia stood round the Lamb of God
Enquiring for Jerusalem; he led them up my steps to my altar.
And thou, America! I once beheld thee, but now behold no more
Thy golden mountains, where my Cherubim and Seraphim rejoic'd
Together among my little-ones. But now my Altars run with blood,
My fires are corrupt, my incense is a cloudy pestilence
Of seven diseases! Once a continual cloud of salvation rose

From all my myriads; once the Four-fold World rejoic'd among
The pillars of Jerusalem, between my winged Cherubim;
But now I am clos'd out from them in the narrow passages
Of the valleys of destruction, into a dark land of pitch and bitumen,
From Albion's Tomb afar, and from the four-fold wonders of God,
Shrunk to a narrow doleful form in the dark land of Cabul.
There is Reuben and Gad, and Joseph and Judah and Levi clos'd up
In narrow vales; I walk and count the bones of my beloveds
Along the Valley of Destruction, among these Druid Temples
Which overspread all the Earth in patriarchal pomp and cruel pride.
Tell me, O Vala, thy purposes; tell me wherefore thy shuttles
Drop with the gore of the slain: why Euphrates is red with blood?
Wherefore in dreadful majesty and beauty outside appears
Thy Masculine from thy Feminine hardening against the heavens
To devour the Human? Why dost thou weep upon the wind among
These cruel Druid Temples? O Vala, Humanity is far above
Sexual organization; and the Visions of the Night of Beulah,
Where Sexes wander in dreams of bliss among the Emanations,
Where the Masculine and Feminine are nurs'd into Youth and Maiden
By the tears and smiles of Beulah's Daughters till the tome of Sleep is past.

Wherefore, then, do you realize these nets of beauty and delusion
In open day to draw the souls of the Dead into the light,
Till Albion is shut out from every Nation under Heaven?

(80)

Encompass'd by the frozen Net and by the rooted Tree,
I walk, weeping in pangs of a Mother's torment for her Children.
I walk in affliction; I am a worm, and no living soul!
A worm going to eternal torment, rais'd up in a night
To an eternal night of pain, lost! lost! lost for ever!

Beside her, Vala howl'd upon the winds in pride of beauty,
Lamenting among the timbrels of the warriors, among the captives
In cruel holiness, and her lamenting songs were from Arnon
And Jordan to Euphrates; Jerusalem follow'd trembling,
Her children in captivity, listening to Vala's lamentation
In the thick cloud and darkness, and the voice went forth from
The cloud. O rent in sunder from Jerusalem the Harlot daughter,
In an eternal condemnation in fierce burning flames,
Of torment unendurable; and if once a Delusion be found,
Woman must perish, and the Heavens of Heavens remain no more.

My Father gave to me command to murder Albion

In unreviving Death ; my Love, my Luvah, order'd me in night
To murder Albion, the King of Men ; he fought in battles fierce,
He conquer'd Luvah, my beloved ; he took me and my Father ;
He slew them ; I revived them to life in my warm bosom.
He saw them issue from my bosom, dark in jealousy.
He burn'd before me ; Luvah fram'd the Knife, and Luvah gave
The Knife into his daughter's hand ; such thing was never known
Before in Albion's land, that one should die a death never to be reviv'd ;
For in our battles we the Slain men view with pity and love ;
We soon revive them in the secret of our tabernacles.
But I, Vala, Luvah's daughter, keep his body embalmed in moral laws
With spices of sweet odours of lovely jealous stupefaction
Within my bosom, lest he arise to life and slay my Luvah.
Pity me then, O Lamb of God ! O Jesus, pity me !
Come into Luvah's Tents and seek not to revive the Dead !

So sang she, and the Spindle turn'd furious as she sang ;
The Children of Jerusalem, the Souls of those who sleep
Were caught into the flax of her Distaff and in her Cloud,
To weave Jerusalem a body according to her will,
A Dragon form on Zion Hill's most ancient promontory.

The Spindle turned in blood and fire ; loud sound the trumpets
Of war ; the cymbals play loud before the Captains,

With Cambel and Gwendolen in dance and solemn song,
The Clouds of Rahab vibrating with the Daughters of Albion,
Los saw terrified; melted with pity and divided in wrath,
He sent them over the narrow seas in pity and love.
Among the Four Forests of Albion which overspread all the Earth,
They go forth and return swift as a flash of lightning.
Among the tribes of warriors, among the Stones of power;
Against Jerusalem they rage thro' all the Nations of Europe,
Thro' Italy and Grecia, to Lebanon and Persia and India.

The Serpent Temples thro' the Earth, from the wide Plain of Salisbury,
Resound with cries of victims' shouts and songs and dying groans,
And flames of dusky fire, to Amalek, Canaan, and Moab,
And Rahab, like a dismal and indefinite hovering Cloud.
Refus'd to take a definite form, she hover'd over all the Earth,
Calling the definite sin, defacing every definite form;
Invisible or Visible, stretch'd out in length or spread in breadth,
Over the Temples, drinking groans of victims weeping in pity,
And joying in the pity, howling over Jerusalem's walls.

Hand slept on Skiddaw's top, drawn by the love of beautiful
Cambel; his bright beaming counterpart divided from him,
And her delusive light beamed fierce above the Mountain.

Soft, invisible, drinking his sighs in sweet intoxication ;
Drawing out fibre by fibre ; returning to Albion's Tree
At night, and in the morning to Skiddaw ; she sent him over
Mountainous Wales into the Loom of Cathedron, fibre by fibre ;
He ran in tender nerves across Europe to Jerusalem's Shade,
To weave Jerusalem a Body repugnant to the Lamb.

Hyle on East Moor, in rocky Derbyshire, rav'd to the Moon
For Gwendolen ; she took up in bitter tears his anguish'd heart,
That apparent to all in Eternity glows like the Sun in the breast ;
She hid it in his ribs and back ; she hid his tongue with teeth
In terrible convulsions, pitying and gratified, drunk with pity,
Glowing with loveliness before him, becoming apparent
According to his changes ; she roll'd his kidneys rounds
Into two irregular forms, and looking on Albion's dread Tree,
She wove two vessels of seed, beautiful as Skiddaw's snow,
Giving them bends of self-interest and selfish natural virtue.
She hid them in his loins ; raving he ran among the rocks,
Compell'd into a shape of Moral Virtue against the Lamb,
The invisible lovely one giving him a form according to
His Law, a form against the Lamb of God oppos'd to Mercy,
And playing on the thunderous Loom in sweet intoxication,

Filling cups of silver and crystal with shrieks and cries, with groans
And dolorous sobs, the wine of lovers in the Wine-press of Luvah.

O sister Cambel, said Gwendolen, as their long beaming light
Mingled above the Mountain, what shall we do to keep
These awful forms in our soft hands, distracted with trembling?

(81)

I have mock'd those who refused cruelty, and I have admired
The cruel Warrior; I have refused to give love to Merlin the piteous.
He brings to me the Images of his Love, and I reject in chastity
And turn them out into the streets for Harlots to be food
To the stern Warrior. I am become perfect in beauty over my Warrior,
For Men are caught by Love; Woman is caught by Pride,
That Love may only be obtain'd in the passages of Death.
Let us look, let us examine; is the Cruel become an Infant?
Or is he still a cruel Warrior? look, Sisters, look! O piteous,
I have destroy'd Wand'ring Reuben, who strove to bind my Will;
I have strip'd off Joseph's beautiful integument for my Beloved,
The Cruel-one of Albion, to clothe him in gems of my Zone.
I have named him Jehovah of Hosts. Humanity is become

A weeping Infant in ruin'd, lovely Jerusalem's Folding Cloud.

In Heaven the only Art of Living
Is Forgetting and Forgiving,
Especially to the Female;
But if you on Earth Forgive
You shall not find where to Live.

In Heaven, Love begets Love, but Fear is the Parent of Earthly Love,
And he who will not bend to Love must be subdu'd by Fear.

(82)

I have heard Jerusalem's groans, from Vala's cries and lamentations
I gather our eternal fate: Outcasts from life and love;
Unless we find a way to bind these awful Forms to our Embrace we shall perish, annihilate, discover'd our Delusions.
Look, I have wrought without delusion; Look, I have wept,
And given soft milk mingled together with the spirits of flocks,
Of lambs and doves, mingled together in cups and dishes
Of painted clay; the mighty Hyle is become a weeping infant;
Soon shall the Spectres of the Dead follow my weaving threads.

The Twelve Daughters of Albion attentive listen in secret shades,
On Cambridge and Oxford beaming soft, uniting with Rahab's cloud,
While Gwendolen spoke to Cambel, turning soft the spinning reel,
Or throwing the wing'd shuttle, or drawing the cords with softest songs;

The golden cords of the Looms animate beneath their touches soft,
Along the Island white, among the Druid Temples, while Gwendolen
Spoke to the Daughters of Albion standing on Skiddaw's top.

So saying she took a Falshood and hid it in her left hand,
To entice her Sisters away to Babylon on Euphrates.
And thus she closed her left hand and utter'd her Falshood,
Forgetting that Falshood is prophetic, she hid her hand behind her,
Upon her back behind her loins, and thus utter'd her Deceit.

I heard Enitharmon say to Los: Let the Daughters of Albion
Be scatter'd abroad, and let the name of Albion be forgotten;
Divide them into three; name them Amalek, Canaan, and Moab;
Let Albion remain a desolation, without an inhabitant;
And let the Looms of Enitharmon and the Furnaces of Los
Create Jerusalem and Babylon, and Egypt and Moab and Amalek,
And Helle and Hesperia, and Hindostan and China and Japan;
But hide America, for a Curse on Altar of Victims and a Holy Place.
See, Sisters, Canaan is pleasant, Egypt is as the Garden of Eden;
Babylon is our chief desire, Moab our bath in summer;
Let us lead the stems of this Tree, let us plant it before Jerusalem,
To judge the Friend of Sinners to death without the Veil;

To cut her off from America, to close up her secret Ark;
And the fury of Man exhaust in War; Woman permanent remain.
See how the fires of our loins point eastward to Babylon;
Look! Hyle is become an infant Love; look! behold! see him lie
Upon my bosom; look! here is the lovely wayward form
That gave me sweet delight by his torments beneath my Veil;
By the fruit of Albion's Tree I have fed him with sweet milk;
By contentions of the mighty for Sacrifice of Captives;
Humanity, the Great Delusion, is chang'd to War and Sacrifice:
I have nail'd his hands on Beth Rabbim and his hands on Heshbon's Wall.
O that I could live in his sight! O that I could bind him to my arm!

So saying, She drew aside her Veil from Mam-Tor to Dovedale,
Discovering her own perfect beauty to the Daughters of Albion;
And Hyle a winding Worm beneath, and not a weeping Infant.
Trembling and pitying she scream'd and fled upon the wind;
Hyle was a winding Worm and herself perfect in beauty;
The desarts tremble at his wrath, they shrink themselves in fear.

Cambel trembled with jealousy; she trembled; she envied;
The envy ran thro' Cathedron's Looms into the Heart
Of mild Jerusalem to destroy the Lamb of God. Jerusalem

Languish'd upon Mount Olivet, East of mild Zion's Hill.

Los saw the envious blight above his Seventh Furnace
On London's Tower on the Thames; he drew Cambel in wrath
Into his thundering Bellows, heaving it for a loud blast;
And with the blast of his Furnace upon fishy Billingsgate,
Beneath Albion's fatal Tree, before the gate of Los;
Shew'd her the fibres of her beloved to ameliorate
The envy; loud she labour'd in the Furnace of fire
To form the mighty form of Hand according to her will.
In the Furnaces of Los and in the Wine-press, treading day and night,
Naked among the human clusters; bringing wine of anguish
To feed the afflicted in the Furnaces; she minded not
The raging flames, tho' she return'd instead of beauty
Deformity. She gave her beauty to another; bearing abroad
Her struggling torment in her iron arms; and like a chain
Binding his wrists and ankles with the iron arms of love.

Gwendolen saw the Infant in her sister's arms; she howl'd
Over the forests with bitter tears, and over the winding Worm
Repentant; and she also in the eddying wind of Los's Bellows
Began her dolorous task of love in the Wine-press of Luvah,
To form the Worm into a form of love by tears and pain.
The Sisters saw; trembling ran thro' their Looms; softeng, mild,

Towards London; then they saw the Furnaes open'd, and in tears
Began to give their souls away in the Furnaes of affliction.

Los saw and was comforted at his Furnaces, uttering thus his voice:
I know I am Urthona, keeper of the Gates of Heaven,
And that I can at will expatiate in the Gardens of bliss;
But pangs of love draw me down to my loins, which are
Become a fountain of veiny pipes; O Albion, my brother!

(83)

Corruptibility appears upon thy limbs, and never more
Can I arise and leave thy side, but labour here incessant
Till thy awaking; yet, alas, I shall forget Eternity;
Against the Patriarchal pomp and cruelty, labouring incessant,
I shall become an Infant horror. Enion! Tharmas, friends,
Absorb me not in such dire grief, O Albion, my brother!
Jerusalem hungers in the desart; affection to her children;
The scorn'd and contemn'd youthful girl, where shall she fly?
Sussex shuts up her villages; Hants, Devon, and Wilts,
Surrounded with masses of stone in order'd forms, determine then
A form for Vala and a form for Luvah, here on the Thames,
Where the Victim nightly howls beneath the Druid's knife;
A form of Vegetation, nail them down on the stems of Mystery.
O when shall the Saxon return with the English, his redeemed brother?

O when shall the Lamb of God descend among the Reprobate?
I woo to Amalek to protect my fugitives. Amalek trembles;
I call to Canaan and Moab in my night watches, they mourn;
They listen not to my cry, they move among their warriors;
Woden and Thor and Friga wholly consume my Saxons,
On their enormous Altars built in the terrible north,
From Ireland's rocks to Scandinavia, Persia, and Tartary;
From the Atlantic Sea to the universal Erythrean.

Found ye London, enormous City? weeps thy River?
Upon his parent bosom lay thy little ones, O Land
Forsaken! Surrey and Sussex are Enitharmon's Chamber,
Where I will build her a Couch of repose, and my pillars
Shall surround her in beautiful labyrinths, Oothoon.
Where hides my child? in Oxford hidest thou with Antaman?
In graceful hidings of error, in merciful deceit,
Lest Hand the terrible destroy his Affection, thou hidest her;
In chaste appearances for sweet deceits of love and modesty
Immingled, interwoven, glistening to the sickening sight.
Let Cambel and her Sisters sit within the Mundane Shell,
Forming the fluctuating Globe according to their will.
According as they weave the little embryon nerves and veins,
The Eye, the little Nostrils, and the delicate Tongue and Ears
Of labyrinthine intricacy; so shall they fold the World,

That whatever is seen upon the Mundane Shell, the same
Be seen upon the Fluctuating Earth, woven by the Sisters.
And sometimes the Earth shall roll in the Abyss, and sometimes
Stand in the Center, and sometimes stretch flat in the Expanse,
According to the will of the lovely Daughters of Albion.
Sometimes it shall assimilate with mighty Golgonooza;
Touching its summits, and sometimes divided roll apart
As a beautiful Veil, so these females shall fold and unfold
According to their will the outside surface of the Earth;
An outside shadowy surface superadded to the real Surface
Which is unchangeable for ever and ever Amen, so be it!
Separate Albion's sons gently from their Emanations,
Weaving bowers of delight on the current of infant Thames,
Where the old Parent still retains his youth, as I, alas!
Retain my youth eight thousand and five hundred years.
The labourer of ages in the Valleys of Despair;
The land is mark'd for desolation, and unless we plant
The seeds of Cities and of Villages in the Human bosom,
Albion must be a rock of blood; mark ye the points
Where Cities shall remain and where Villages for the rest;
It must lie in confusion till Albion's time of awaking.
Place the Tribes of Llewellyn in America for a hiding place;
Till sweet Jerusalem emanates again into Eternity.
The night falls thick; I go upon my watch; be attentive;

The Sons of Albion go forth; I follow from my Furnaces,
That they return no more, that a place be prepar'd on Euphrates.
Listen to your Watchman's voice; sleep not before the Furnaces;
Eternal Death stands at the door. O God, pity our labours!

So Los spoke to the Daughters of Beulah, while his Emanation
Like a faint rainbow waved before him in the awful gloom
Of London City, on the Thames from Surrey Hills to Highgate.
Swift turn the silver spindles, and the golden weights play soft
And lulling harmonies beneath the Looms, from Caithness in the north
To Lizard-point and Dover in the south; his Emanation
Joy'd in the many weaving threads in bright Cathedron's Dome,
Weaving the Web of life for Jerusalem, the Web of life
Down flowing into Entuthon's Vales, glistens with soft affections.

While Los arose upon his Watch, and down from Golgonooza,
Putting on his golden sandals to walk from mountain to mountain,
He takes his way, guarding himself with gold, and in his hand
Holding his iron mace. The Spectre remains attentive.
Alternate they watch in night; alternate labour in day
Before the Furnaces labouring, while Los all night watches

The stars rising and setting, and the meteors and terrors of night.
With him went down the Dogs of Leutha at his feet;
They lap the water of the trembling Thames, then follow swift,
And thus he heard the voice of Albion's daughters on Euphrates:—

Our Father Albion's land; O it was a lovely land! and the Daughters of Beulah
Walked up and down in its green mountains; but Hand is fled
Away, and mighty Hyle, and after them Jerusalem is gone. Awake

(84)

Highgate's heights and Hampstead's, to Poplar, Hackney, and Bow;
To Islington and Paddington, and the Brook of Albion's River.
We builded Jerusalem as a City and a Temple; from Lambeth
We began our Foundations, lovely Lambeth. O lovely Hills
Of Camberwell, we shall behold you no more in glory and pride,
For Jerusalem lies in ruins, and the Furnaces of Los are builded there;
You are now shrunk up to a narrow Rock in the midst of the Sea,
But here we build Babylon on Euphrates, compell'd to build,
And to inhabit our Little-ones, to clothe in armour of the gold
Of Jerusalem's Cherubims, and to forge them swords of her Altars.
I see London blind and age-bent begging thro' the streets
Of Babylon; led by a child, his tears run down his beard;

The voice of Wandering Reuben ecchoes from street to street
In all the Cities of the Nations—Paris, Madrid, Amsterdam.
The Corner of Broad Street weeps; Poland Street languishes;
To Great Queen Street and Lincoln's Inn all is distress and woe.

The night falls thick; Hand comes from Albion in his strength,
He combines into a Mighty-one the Double Molech and Chemosh;
Marching thro' Egypt in his fury, the East is pale at his course.
The Nations of India, the Wild Tartar that never knew Man,
Starts from his lofty places and casts down his tents and flees away;
But we woo him all the night in songs. O Los, come forth; O Los,
Divide us from these terrors, and give us power them to subdue.
Arise upon thy Watches; let us see thy Globe of fire
On Albion's Rocks, and let thy voice be heard upon Euphrates.

Thus sang the Daughters in lamentation, uniting into One
With Rahab as she turn'd the iron Spindle of destruction.
Terrified at the Sons of Albion, they took the Falshood which
Gwendolen hid in her left hand; it grew and grew till it

(85)

Became a Space and an Allegory around the Winding Worm;

They nam'd it Canaan, and built for it a tender Moon.
Los smil'd with joy, thinking on Enitharmon, and he brought
Reuben from his twelvefold wand'rings and led him into it,
Planting the Seeds of the Twelve Tribes and Moses and David;
And gave a Time and Revolution to the Space—Six Thousand Years.
He call'd it Divine Analogy, for in Beulah the Feminine
Emanations Create Space, the Masculine Create Time, and plant
The Seeds of beauty in the Space: list'ning to their lamentation,
Los walks upon his ancient Mountains in the deadly darkness,
Among his Furnaces directing his laborious Myriads watchful
Looking to the East, and his voice is heard over the whole Earth
As he watches the Furnaces by night, and directs the labourers.

And thus Los replies upon his Watch, the Valleys listen silent,
The Stars stand still to hear, Jerusalem and Vala cease to mourn;
His voice is heard from Albion; the Alps and Appenines
Listen! Hermon and Lebanon bow their crowned heads;
Babel and Shinar look toward the Western Gate, they sit down
Silent at his voice; they view the red Globe of fire in Los's hand
As he walks from Furnace to Furnace, directing the Labourers;
And this is the Song of Los, the Song that he sings on his Watch:—

O lovely mild Jerusalem! O Shiloh of Mount Ephraim!
I see thy Gates of precious stones, thy Walls of gold and silver.
Thou art the soft reflected Image of the Sleeping Man
Who, stretch'd on Albion's rocks, reposes amidst his Twenty-eight
Cities, where Beulah lovely terminates in the hills and valleys of Albion.
Cities not yet embodied in Time and Space: plant ye
The Seeds, O Sisters, in the bosom of Time and Space's womb
To spring up for Jerusalem; lovely Shadow of Sleeping Albion,
Why wilt thou rend thyself apart and build an Earthly Kingdom
To reign in pride and to opress, and to mix the Cup of Delusion?
O thou that dwellest with Babylon! Come forth, O lovely-one.

(86)

I see thy Form, O lovely, mild Jerusalem! Wing'd with Six Wings
In the opacous Bosom of the Sleeper, lovely, Threefold
In Head and Heart and Reins, three Universes of love and beauty
Thy forehead bright; Holiness to the Lord, with Gates of pearl,
Relects Eternity beneath thy azure wings of feathery down,
Rib'd, delicate, and cloth'd with feather'd gold and azure and purple
From thy white shoulders shadowing purity in holiness.
Thence, feather'd with soft crimson of the ruby, bright as fire,
Sprading into the azure wings which like a canopy

Bends over thy immortal Head in which Eternity dwells.
Albion, beloved Land, I see thy mountains and thy hills
And valleys, and thy pleasant Cities, Holiness to the Lord;
I see the Spectres of thy Dead, O Emanation of Albion.

Thy Bosom white, translucent, cover'd with immortal gems,
A sublime ornament not obscuring the outlines of beauty,
Terrible to behold, for thy extreme beauty and perfection
Twelvefold; here all the Tribes of Israel I behold
Upon the Holy Land; I see the River of Life and Tree of Life,
I see the New Jerusalem descending out of Heaven
Between thy Wings of gold and silver, Feather'd immortal,
Clear as the rainbow, as the cloud of the Sun's tabernacle.

Thy Reins cover'd with Wings translucent, sometimes covering
And sometimes spread abroad reveal the flames of holiness
Which like a robe covers, and like a Veil of Seraphm
In flaming fire unceasing burns from Eternity to Eternity.
Twelvefold I there behold Israel in her Tents;
A Pillar of a Cloud by day, a Pillar of Fire by night
Guides them; there I behold Moab and Ammon and Amalek,
There Bells of silver round thy knees, living, articulate
Comforting sounds of love and harmony, and on thy feet

Sandals of gold and pearl, and Egypt and Assyria before me,
The Isles of Javan, Philistea, Tyre, and Lebanon.

Thus Los sings upon his Watch, walking from Furnace to Furnace;
He siezes his Hammer; every hour flames surround him as
He beats; seas roll beneath his feet, tempests muster
Around his head, the thick hail stones stand ready to obey
His voice in the black cloud; his Sons labour in thunders
At his Furnaces; his Daughters at their Looms sing woes.
His Emanation separates in milky fibres, agonizing
Among the golden Looms of Cathedron, sending fibres of love
From Golgonooza with sweet visions for Jerusalem, wanderer.

Nor can any consummate bliss without being Generated
On Earth, of those whose Emanations weave the loves
Of Beulah for Jerusalem and Shiloh in immortal Golgonooza.
Concentering in the majestic form of Erin in eternal tears.
Viewing the Winding Worm on the Desarts of Great Tartary,
Viewing Los in his shudderings, pouring balm on his sorrows:
So dread is Los's fury that none dare him to approach
Without becoming his Children in the Furnaces of affliction.

And Enitharmon like a faint rainbow waved before him,
Filling with Fibres from his loins which redden'd with desire;

Into a Globe of blood beneath his bosom trembling in darkness
Of Albion's clouds, he fed it with his tears and bitter groans,
Hiding his Spectre in invisibility from the timorous Shade
Till it became a separated cloud of beauty, grace, and love
Among the darkness of his Furnaces, dividing asunder all.
She, separated, stood before him, a lovely Female weeping;
Even Enitharmon separated outside, and his Loins closed
And heal'd after the separation, his pains he soon forgot,
Lured by her beauty outside of himself in shadowy grief—
Two Wills they had, Two Intellects, and not as in times of old.

Silent they wander'd hand in hand, like two Infants wand'ring
From Enion in the desarts, terrified at each other's beauty,
Envying each other, yet desiring, in all devouring Love.

(87)

Repelling weeping Enion blind and age-bent into the fourfold
Desarts, Los first broke silence and began to utter his love:—

O lovely Enitharmon, I behold thy graceful forms
Moving beside me, till intoxicated with the woven labyrinth
Of beauty and perfection my wild fibres shoot in veils
Of blood thro' all my nervous limbs, soon overgrown in roots.

I shall be closed from thy sight. Sieze therefore in thy hand
The small fibres as they shoot around me; draw out in pity,
And let them run on the winds of thy bosom. I will fix them
With pulsations, we will divide them into Sons and Daughters
To live in thy Bosom's translucence as in an eternal morning.

Enitharmon answer'd: No! I will sieze thy Fibres and weave
Them; not as thou wilt, but as I will, for I will Create
A round Womb beneath my bosom, lest I also be overwoven
With Love; be thou assured I never will be thy slave.
Let Man's delight be Love, but Woman's delight be Pride.
In Eden our Loves were the same, here they are opposite;
I have Loves of my own, I will weave them in Albion's Spectre.
Cast thou in Jerusalem's shadows thy Loves, silk of liquid,
Rubies, Jacinths, Crysolites, issuing from thy Furnaces, while
Jerusalem divides thy care; while thou carest for Jerusalem.
Know that I never will be thine; also thou hidest Vala,
From her these fibres shoot to shut me in a Grave.
You are Albion's Victim, he has set his Daughter in your path.

(88)

Los answer'd, sighing like the Bellows of his Furnaces:—

I care not! the swing of my Hammer shall measure the starry round,
When in Eternity Man converses with Man, they enter
Into each other's Bosom (which are Universes of delight)
In mutual interchange, and first their Emanations meet
Surrounded by their Children; if they embrace and comingle,
The Human Four-fold Forms mingle also in thunders of Intellect
But if the Emanations mingle not, with storms and agitations
Of Earthquakes and consuming fires, they roll apart in fear,
For Man cannot unite with Man, but by their Emanations,
Which stand both Male and Female at the Gates of each Humanity.
How then can I ever again be united as Man with Man,
While thou my Emanation refusest my Fibres of dominion,
When Souls mingle and join thro' all the Fibres of Brotherhood,
Can there be any secret joy on Earth greater than this?

Enitharmon answer'd: This is Woman's World, nor need she any
Spectre to defend her from Man. I will Create secret places,
And the masculine names of the places Merlin and Arthur.
A triple Female Tabernacle for Moral Law I weave,
That he who loves Jesus may loathe, terrified, Female love
Till God himself become a Male, subservient to the Female.

She spoke in scorn and jealousy, alternate torments; and
So speaking she sat down on Sussex shore, singing lulling
Cadences, and playing in sweet intoxication among the glistening
Fibres of Los, sending them over the Ocean eastward into
The realms of dark death. O perverse to thyself, contrarious
To thy own purposes! for when she began to weave,
Shooting out in sweet pleasure her bosom in milky Love
Flow'd into the aching fibres of Los, yet contending against him
In pride, sendinding his Fibres over to her objects of jealousy
In the little lovely Allegoric Night of Albion's Daughters
Which stretch'd abroad, expanding east and west and north and south
Thro' all the world of Erin and of Los and all their Children.

A sullen smile broke from the Spectre in mockery and scorn,
Knowing himself the author of their divisions and shrinkings gratified.
At their contentions he wiped his tears, he washed his visage.

The Man who respects Woman shall be despised by Woman,
And deadly cunning and mean abjectness only shall enjoy them:
For I will make their places of joy and love, excre mentitious.
Continually building, continually destroying, in Family feuds,

While you are under the dominion of a jealous Female,
Unpermanent for ever, because of love and jealousy,
You shall want all the Minute Particulars of Life.

Thus joy'd the Spectre in the dusky fires of Los's Forge, eyeing
Enitharmon, who at her shining Looms sings lulling cadences,
While Los stood at his Anvil in wrath, the victim of their love
And hate; dividing the Space of Love with brazen Compasses
In Golgonooza and in Udan-Adan, and in Entuthon of Urizen.

The blow of his Hammer is Justice, the swing of his Hammer Mercy,
The Force of Los's Hammer is eternal Forgiveness; but
His rage or his mildness were vain, she scatter'd his love on the wind
Eastward into her own Center, creating the Female Womb
In mild Jerusalem around the Lamb of God. Loud howl
The Furnaces of Los! loud roll the Wheels of Enitharmon!
The Four Zoas in all their faded majesty burst out in fury
And fire. Jerusalem took the Cup which foam'd in Vala's hand
Like the red Sun upon the mountains in the bloody day
Upon the Hermaphroditic Wine-presses of Love and Wrath.

(89)

Tho' divided by the Cross and Nails and Thorns and Spear,

In cruelties of Rahab and Tirzah permanent endure,
A terrible indefinite Hermaphroditic form,
A Wine-press of Love and Wrath double Hermaphroditic,
Twelvefold in Allegoric pomp, in selfish holiness,
The Pharisaian, the Grammateis, the Presbuterion,
The Archicreus, the Jereus, the Saddusaion, double,
Each withoutside of the other, covering eastern heaven.

Thus was the Covering Cherub reveal'd, majestic image
Of Selfhood, Body put off, the Antichrist accursed,
Cover'd with precious stones, a Human Dragon, terrible
And bright, stretched over Europe and Asia, gorgeous.
In three nights he devour'd the rejected corse of death.

His Head, dark, deadly, in its Brain incloses a reflexion
Of Eden all perverted: Egypt on the Ginon, many tongued
And many mouthed; Ethiopia, Lybia, the Sea of Rephaim,
Minute Particulars in slavery I behold among the brick-kilns,
Disorganis'd, and there is Pharoh in his iron Court,
And the Dragon of the River and the Furnaces of iron,
Outwoven from Thames and Tweed and Severn, awful streams,
Twelve ridges of Stone frown over all the Earth in tyrant pride,
Frown over each River, stupendous Works of Albion's Druid Sons,
And Albion's Forests of Oaks covered the Earth from Pole to Pole.

His Bosom wide reflects Moab and Ammon on the River

Pison, since called Arnon; there is Heshbon beautiful,
The Rocks of Rabboth on the Arnon and the Fish-pools of Hesbon,
Whose currents flow into the Dead Sea by Sodom and Gomorra.
Above his Head high arching Wings, black, fill'd with Eyes,
Spring upon iron sinews from the Scapulæ and Os Humeri.
There Israel in bondage to His Generalizing Gods,
Molech and Chemosh, then his left breast is Philistea,
In Druid Temples over the whole Earth, with victims' sacrifice,
From Gaza to Damascus, Tyre, and Sidon, and the Gods
Of Javan, thro' the Isles of Grecia, and all Europe's Kings,
Where Hiddekel pursues his course among the flocks.
Two wings spring from his ribs of brass, starry, black as night,
But translucent their blackness as the dazling of gems.

His Loins inclose Babylon, on Euphrates beautifi'd,
And Rome in sweet Hesperia; there Israel scatter'd abroad
In martyrdoms and slavery I behold, as visions of sorrow!
Inclosed by eyeless Wings, glowing with fire as the iron
Heated in the smith's forge, but cold the wind of their dread Fury.

But in the midst of a devouring Stomach, Jerusalem,
Hidden within the Covering Cherub, as in a Tabernacle
Of threefold workmanship in allegoric delusion and woe,
There the Seven Kings of Canaan and Five Baalim of Philistea,

Sihon and Og the Anakim, and Emim, Nephilim, and Gibborim,
From Babylon to Rome, and the Wings spread from Japan,
Where the Red Sea terminates the World of Generation and Death,
To Ireland's farthest rocks, where Giants builded their Causeway,
Into the Sea of Rephaim, but the Sea o'erwhelmed them all.

A Double Female now appear'd within the Tabernacle,
Religion hid in War, a Dragon red and hidden Harlot,
Each within other, but without a Warlike Mighty-one,
Of dreadful power, sitting upon Horeb, pondering dire
And mighty preparations, mustering multitudes innumerable
Of warlike sons among the sands of Midian and Aram,
For multitudes of those who sleep in Alla descend,
Lured by his warlike symphonies of tabret, pipe, and harp,
Burst the bottoms of the Graves, and Funeral Arks of Beulah,
Wandering in that unknown Night beyond the silent Grave,
They became One with the Antichrist and are absorb'd in him.

(90)

The Feminine separates from the Masculine, and both from Man,
Ceasing to be His Emanations, Life to Themselves assuming:
And while they circumscribe his Brain, and while they circumscribe
His Heart, and while they circumscribe his Loins, a Veil and Net
Of Veins of red Blood grows around them like a scarlet robe,

Covering them from the sight of Man like the woven Veil of Sleep,
Such as the Flowers of Beulah weave to be their Funeral Mantles,
But dark, opake, tender to touch, and painful and agonizing
To the embrace of love, and to the mingling of soft fibres
Of tender affection, that no more the Masculine mingles
With the Feminine, but the Sublime is shut out from the Pathos
In howling torment, to build stone walls of separation, compelling
The Pathos, to weave curtains of hiding secresy from the torment.

Bowen and Conwenna stood on Skiddaw cutting the Fibres
Of Benjamin from Chester's River; loud the River, loud the Mersey
And the Ribble thunder into the Irish Sea, as the Twelve Sons
Of Albion drank and imbibed the Life and eternal Form of Luvah;
Cheshire and Lancashire and Westmoreland groan in anguish.
As they cut the fibres from the Rivers he sears them with hot
Iron of his Forge, and fixes them into Bones of chalk and Rock.
Conwenna sat above, with solemn cadences she drew
Fibres of life out from the Bones into her golden Loom;
Hand had his Furnace on Highgate's heights, and it reach'd
To Brockley Hills across the Thames: he with double Boadicea
In cruel pride cut Reuben apart from the Hills of Surrey,

Comingling with Luvah and with the Sepulcher of Luvah,
For the Male is a Furnace of beryll, the Female is a golden Loom.

Los cries: No Individual ought to appropriate to Himself
Or to his Emanation any of the Universal Characteristics
Of David or of Eve, of the Woman or of the Lord,
Of Reuben or of Benjamin, of Joseph, or Judah, or Levi.
Those who dare appropriate to themselves Universal Attributes
Are the Blasphemous Selfhoods, and must be broken asunder.
A Vegetated Christ and a Virgin Eve are the Hermaphroditic
Blasphemy; by his Maternal Birth he is that Evil One,
And his Maternal Humanity must be put off Eternally,
Lest the Sexual Generation swallow up Regeneration.
Come, Lord Jesus, take on thee the Satanic Body of Holiness.

So Los cried in the Valleys of Middlesex in the Spirit of Prophecy,
While in Selfhood Hand and Hyle, and Bowen and Skofeld appropriate
The Divine Names, seeking to Vegetate the Divine Vision
In a corporeal and ever-dying Vegetation and Corruption;
Mingling with Luvah in One, they become One Great Satan.

Loud scream the Daughters of Albion beneath the Tongs and Hammer,
Dolorous are their lamentations in the burning Forge;
They drink Reuben and Benjamin as the iron drinks the fire,

They are red hot with cruelty, raving along the Banks of Thames
And on Tyburn's Brook, among the howling Victims in loveliness,
While Hand and Hyle condense the Little-ones and erect them into
A mighty Temple even to the stars; but they Vegetate
Beneath Los's Hammer, that Life may not be blotted out.

For Los said: When the Individual appropriates Universality
He divides into Male and Female; and when the Male and Female
Appropriate Individuality, they become an Eternal Death.
Hermaphroditic worshippers of a God of cruelty and law;
Your Slaves and Captives you compell to worship a God of Mercy;
These are the Demonstrations of Los and the blows of my mighty Hammer.

So Los spake; and the Giants of Albion, terrified and ashamed
With Los's thunderous words, began to build trembling rocking Stones,
For his words roll in thunders and lightnings among the Temples,
Terrified, rocking to and fro upon the earth, and sometimes
Resting in a Circle in Malden or in Strathness or Dura,
Plotting to devour Albion, and Los the friend of Albion,
Denying in private, mocking God and Eternal Life, and in Public
Collusion calling themselves Deists, worshipping the Maternal
Humanity, calling it Nature and Natural Religion.

But still the thunder of Los peals loud, and thus the thunders cry :—
These beautiful Witchcrafts of Albion are gratify'd by Cruelty.

(91)

It is easier to forgive an Enemy than to forgive a Friend.
The man who permits you to injure him deserves your vengeance ;
He also will recieve it : go, Spectre, obey my most secret desire,
Which thou knowest without my speaking. Go to these Fiends of Righteousness,
Tell them to obey their Humanities, and not pretend Holiness,
When they are murderers ; as far as my Hammer and Anvil permit,
Go tell them that the Worship of God is honouring his gifts
In other men, and loving the greatest men best, each according
To his Genius, which is the Holy Ghost in Man : there is no other
God than that God who is the intellectual fountain of Humanity.
He who envies or calumniates, which is murder and cruelty,
Murders the Holy-one. Go tell them this and overthrow their cup,
Their bread, their altar-table, their incense, and their oath ;
Their marriage and their baptism, their burial and consecration.
I have tried to make friends by corporeal gifts, but have only
Made enemies ; I never made friends but by spiritual gifts,
By severe contentions of friendship and the burning fire of thought.

He who would see the Divinity must see him in his Children,
One first in friendship and love, then a Divine Family, and in the midst
Jesus will appear; so he who wishes to see a Vision, a perfect Whole,
Must see it in its Minute Particulars, Organized, and not as thou,
O Fiend of Righteousness, pretendest; thine is a Disorganized
And snowy cloud; brooder of tempests and destructive War,
You smile with pomp and rigor; you talk of benevolence and virtue;
I act with benevolence and virtue, and get murder'd time after time;
You accumulate Particulars, and murder by analyzing, that you
May take the aggregate, and you call the aggregate Moral Law;
And you call that swell'd and bloated Form a Minute Particular.
But General Forms have their vitality in Particulars; and every
Particular is a Man, a Divine Member of the Divine Jesus.

So Los cried at his Anvil, in the horrible darkness weeping.

The Spectre builded stupendous Works, taking the Starry Heavens,
Like to a curtain, and folding them according to his will,
Repeating the Smaragdine Table of Hermes to draw Los down
Into the Indefinite, refusing to believe without demonstration.
Los reads the Stars of Albion, the Sceptre reads the Voids

Between the Stars; among the arches of Albion's Tomb sublime,
Rolling the Sea in rocky paths, forming Leviathan
And Behemoth; the War by Sea enormous, and the War
By Land astounding; erecting pillars in the deepest Hell
To reach the heavenly arches, Los beheld undaunted, furious,
His heav'd Hammer; he swung it round, and at one blow,
In unpitying ruin driving down the pyramids of pride,
Spating the Spectre on his Anvil and the integuments of his Eye
And Ear unbinding in dire pain, with many blows
Of strict severity self-subduing, and with many tears labouring.

Then he sent forth the Spectre; all his pyramids were grains
Of sand, and his pillars dust on the fly's wing, and his starry
Heavens a moth of gold and silver, mocking his anxious grasp.
Thus Los alter'd his Spectre, and every Ratio of his Reason
He altered time after time, with dire pain and many tears,
Till he had completely divided him into a separate space.

Terrified, Los sat to behold, trembling and weeping and howling.
I care not whether a Man is Good or Evil; all that I care
Is whether he is a Wise Man or a Fool. Go, put off Holiness
And put on Intellect, or my thundrous Hammer shall drive thee
To wrath, which thou condemnest, till thou obey my voice.

58 So Los, terrified, cries; trembling and weeping and howling! Beholding.

(92)

What do I see? The Briton, Saxon, Roman, Norman amalgamating
In my Furnaces into One Nation, the English; and taking refuge
In the Loins of Albion. The Canaanite united with the fugitive
Hebrew, whom she divided into Twelve, and sold into Egypt,
5 Then scatter'd the Egyptian and Hebrew to the four Winds.
This sinful Nation Created in our Furnaces and Looms is Albion.

So Los spoke. Enitharmon answer'd in great terror in Lambeth's Vale:—

The Poet's Song draws to its period, and Enitharmon is no more,
For if he be that Albion, I can never weave him in my Looms;
10 But when he touches the first fibrous thread, like filmy dew,
My Looms will be no more, and I annihilate, vanish for ever,
Then thou wilt Create another Female according to thy Will.

Los answer'd, swift as the shuttle of gold: Sexes must vanish and cease
To be when Albion arises from his dread repose, O lovely Enitharmon;
15 When all their Crimes, their Punishments, their Accusations of Sin,
All their Jealousies, Revenges, Murders, hidings of Cruelty in Deceit

Appear only in the Outward Spheres of Visionary Space and Time,
In the shadows of Possibility by Mutual Forgiveness for evermore,
And in the Vision and in the Prophecy, that we may Foresee and Avoid
The terrors of Creation and Redemption and Judgment. Beholding them
Display'd in the Emanative Visions of Canaan, in Jerusalem and in Shiloh,
And in the Shadows of Remembrance, and in the Chaos of the Spectre,
Amalek, Edom, Egypt, Moab, Ammon, Ashur, Philistea, around Jerusalem,
Where the Druids rear'd their Rocky Circles to make permanent Remembrance
Of Sin; and the Tree of Good and Evil sprang from the Rocky Circle and Snake
Of the Druid, along the Valley of Rephaim, from Camberwell to Golgotha,
And framed the Mundane Shell, Cavernous in Length, Bredth, and Highth.

(93)

Enitharmon heard. She rais'd her head like the mild Moon.

O Rintrah! O Palamabron! What are your dire and awful purposes?
Enitharmon's name is nothing before you; you forget all my Love;
The Mother's love of obedience is forgotten, and you seek a Love,
Of the pride of dominion that will Divorce Ocalythron and Elynittria,
Upon East Moor in Derbyshire and along the Valleys of Cheviot.
Could you Love me, Rintrah, if you Pride not in my Love?

As Reuben found Mandrakes in the field and gave them to his Mother,
Pride meets with Pride upon the Mountains in the stormy day,
In that terrible Day of Rintrah's Plow and of Satan's driving the Team.
Ah! then I heard my little ones weeping along the Valley,
Ah, then I saw my beloved ones fleeing from my Tent.
Merlin was like thee, Rintrah, among the Giants of Albion,
Judah was like Palamabron. O Simeon! O Levi! ye fled away!
How can I hear my little ones weeping along the Valley,
Or how upon the distant Hills see my beloved's Tents?

Then Los again took up his speech as Enitharmon ceas't:—

Fear not, my Sons, this Waking Death, he is become One with me;
Behold him here. We shall not Die; we shall be united in Jesus.
Will you suffer this Satan, this Body of Doubt that Seems but Is Not,
To occupy the very threshold of Eternal Life, if Bacon, Newton, Locke,
Deny a Conscience in Man and the Communion of Saints and Angels,
Contemning the Divine Vision and Fruition, Worshiping the Deus
Of the Heathen, The God of This World and the Goddess Nature,
Mystery, Babylon the Great, The Druid Dragon and hidden Harlot?
Is it not that Signal of the Morning which was told us in the Beginning?
Thus they converse upon Mam-Tor, the Graves thunder under their feet.

(94)

Albion cold lays on his Rock ; storms and snows beat round him,
Beneath the Furnaces and the starry Wheels and the Immortal Tomb ;
Howling winds cover him ; roaring seas dash furious against him ;
In the deep darkness broad lightnings glare, long thunders roll.

The weeds of Death inwrap his hands and feet, blown incessant
And wash'd incessant by the for-ever restless sea-waves foaming abroad
Upon the white Rock. England a Female Shadow, as deadly damps
Of the Mines of Cornwall and Derbyshire lays upon his bosom heavy,
Moved by the wind in volumes of thick cloud returning, folding round
His loins and bosom unremovable by swelling storms and loud rending
Of enraged thunders. Around them the Starry Wheels of their Giant Sons
Revolve, and over them the Furnaces of Los and the Immortal Tomb around,
Erin sitting in the Tomb, to watch them unceasing night and day,
And the Body of Albion was closed apart from all Nations.

Over them the famish'd Eagle screams on boney Wings, and around
Them howls the Wolf of famine ; deep heaves the Ocean, black, thundering
Around the wormy Garments of Albion, then pausing in deathlike silence.

Time was Finished ! The Breath Divine Breathed over Albion,

Beneath the Furnaces and starry Wheels and in the Immortal Tomb,
And England, who is Brittannia, awoke from Death on Albion's bosom ;
She awoke pale and cold, she fainted seven times on the Body of Albion.

O piteous Sleep ! O piteous Dream ! O God ! O God ! awake ! I have slain
In Dreams of Chastitity and Moral Law, I have Murdered Albion. Ah !
In Stone-henge and on London Stone, and in the Oak Groves of Malden,
I have slain him in my Sleep with the Knife of the Druid. O England,
O all ye Nations of the Earth, behold ye the Jealous Wife.
The Eagle and the Wolf, and Monkey and Owl, and the King and Priest were there.

(95)

Her voice pierc'd Albion's clay cold ear, he moved upon the Rock,
The Breath Divine went forth upon the morning hills, Albion mov'd
Upon the Rock, he open'd his eyelids in pain; in pain he mov'd
His stony members ; he saw England. Ah, shall the Dead live again !

The Breath Divine went forth over the morning hills ; Albion rose
In anger ; the wrath of God breaking bright, flaming on all sides around
His awful limbs ; into the Heavens he walked, clothed in flames ;
Loud thund'ring, with broad flashes of flaming lightning and pillars

Of fire, speaking the Words of Eternity in Human Forms, in direful
Revolutions of Action and Passion, thro' the Four Elements on all sides,
Surrounding his awful Members. Thou seest the Sun in heavy clouds
Struggling to rise above the Mountains ; in his burning hand
He takes his Bow, then chooses out his arrows of flaming gold ;
Murmuring the Bowstring breathes with ardor ; clouds roll round the
Horns of the wide Bow ; loud sounding winds sport on the mountain brows,
Compelling Urizen to his Furrow, and Tharmas to his Sheepfold,
And Luvah to his Loom. Urthona he beheld, mighty, labouring at
His Anvil, in the Great Spectre Los unwearied, labouring and weeping,
Therefore the Sons of Eden praise Urthona's Spectre in songs,
Because he kept the Divine Vision in time of trouble.

As the Sun and Moon lead forward the Visions of Heaven and Earth,
England, who is Brittannia, enter'd Albion's bosom rejoicing,
Rejoicing in his indignation, adoring his wrathful rebuke.
She who adores not your frowns will only loathe your smiles.

(96)

As the Sun and Moon lead forward the Visions of Heaven and Earth,
England, who is Brittannia, entered Albion's bosom rejoicing.
Then Jesus appeared standing by Albion as the Good Shepherd,

By the lost Sheep that he hath found, and Albion knew that it
Was the Lord, the Universal Humanity, and Albion saw his Form,
A Man, and they conversed as Man with Man in Ages of Eternity,
And the Divine Appearance was the likeness and similitude of Los.

Albion said: O Lord, what can I do? my Selfhood cruel
Marches against thee deceitful from Sinai and from Edom
Into the Wilderness of Judah to meet thee in his pride;
I behold the Visions of my deadly Sleep of Six Thousand Years,
Dazling around thy skirts like a Serpent of precious stones and gold;
I know it is my Self, O my Divine Creator and Redeemer.

Jesus replied: Fear not, Albion; unless I die thou canst not live,
But if I die I shall arise again and thou with me;
This is Friendship and Brotherhood, without it Man Is Not.

So Jesus spoke; the Covering Cherub coming on in darkness
Overshadow'd them, and Jesus said: Thus do Men in Eternity,
One for another to put off by forgiveness, every sin.

Albion reply'd: Cannot Man exist without Mysterious Offering of Self for Another? is this Friendship and Brotherhood?
I see thee in the likeness and similitude of Los my Friend.

Jesus said: Wouldest thou love one who never died

For thee, or ever die for one who had not died for thee?
And if God dieth not for Man and giveth not himself
Eternally for Man, Man could not exist, for Man is Love,
As God is Love; every kindness to another is a little Death
In the Divine Image, nor can Man exist but by Brotherhood.

So saying, the Cloud overshadowing divided them asunder;
Albion stood in terror, not for himself but for his Friend
Divine, and Self was lost in the contemplation of faith
And wonder at the Divine Mercy and at Los's sublime honour.

Do I sleep amidst danger to Friends? O my Cities and Counties,
Do you sleep? rouze up, rouze up, Eternal Death is abroad!

So Albion spoke, and threw himself into the Furnaces of affliction;
All was a Vision, all a Dream; the Furnaces became
Fountains of Living Waters flowing from the Humanity Divine;
And all the Cities of Albion rose from their Slumbers, and All
The Sons and Daughters of Albion on soft clouds Waking from Sleep.
Soon all around remote the Heavens burnt with flaming fires;
And Urizen and Luvah, and Tharmas and Urthona arose into
Albion's Bosom. Then Albion stood before Jesus in the Clouds
Of Heaven Fourfold among the Visions of God in Eternity.

(97)

Awake, Awake, Jerusalem! O lovely Emanation of Albion,
Awake and overspread all Nations as in Ancient Time,
For lo! the Night of Death is past, and the Eternal Day
Appears upon our Hills. Awake, Jerusalem, and come away!

So spake the Vision of Albion, and in him so spake in my hearing
The Universal Father. Then Albion stretch'd his hand into Infinitude,
And took his Bow Fourfold, the Vision for bright beaming Urizen
Layd his hand on the South, and took a breathing Bow of Carved Gold.
Luvah, his hand stretch'd to the East, and bore a Silver Bow bright shining;
Tharmas Westward a Bow of Brass pure flaming, richly wrought,
Urthona Northward in thick storms, a Bow of Iron terrible thundering.

And the Bow is a Male and Female, and the Quiver of the Arrows of Love
Are the Children of his Bow, a Bow of Mercy and Loving-kindness: laying
Open the hidden Heart in Wars of mutual Benevolence, Wars of Love;
And the Hand of Man grasps firm between the Male and Female Loves,
And he Clothed himself in Bow and Arrows, in awful state Fourfold;
In the midst of his Twenty-eight Cities, each with his Bow breathing.

(98)

Then each an Arrow flaming from his Quiver fitted carefully,
They drew fourfold the unreprovable String, bending thro' the wide Heavens,
The horned Bow Fourfold, loud sounding flew the flaming Arrow fourfold.

Murmuring the Bow-string breathes with ardor. Clouds roll round the horns
Of the wide Bow; loud sounding Winds sport on the Mountain's brows;
The Druid Spectre was Annihilate, loud thund'ring, rejoicing, terrific, vanishing,
Fourfold Annihilation, and at the clangor of the Arrows of Intellect
The innumerable Chariots of the Almighty appear'd in Heaven,
And Bacon and Newton, and Locke and Milton and Chaucer,
A Sun of blood red wrath surrounding heaven on all sides around,
Glorious, incompreh[en]sible by Mortal Man, and each Chariot was Sexual Twofold,

And every Man stood Fourfold; each Four Faces had: One to the West,
One toward the East, One to the South, One to the North; the Horses Fourfold,
And the dim Chaos brighten'd beneath, above, around, Eyed as the Peacock,
According to the Human Nerves of Sensation, the Four Rivers of the Water of Life.

South stood the Nerves of the Eye. East in Rivers of bliss the Nerves of the
Expansive Nostrils. West flow'd the Parent Sense, the Tongue, North stood
The labyrinthine Ear, Circumscribing and Circumcising the excrementatious,

Husk and Covering into Vacuum evaporating, revealing the lineaments of Man,
Driving outward the Body of Death in an Eternal Death and Resurrection,
Awaking it to Life among the Flowers of Beulah, rejoicing in Unity,
In the Four Senses, in the Outline, the Circumference and Form for ever
In Forgiveness of Sins, which is Self-Annihilation, it is the Covenant of Jehovah.

The Four Living Creatures, Chariots of Humanity, Divine, Incomprehensible,
In beautiful Paradises expand. These are the Four Rivers of Paradise,
And the Four Faces of Humanity fronting the Four Cardinal Points
Of Heaven, going forward, forward, irresistible from Eternity to Eternity.

And they conversed together in Visionary forms, dramatic, which bright
Redounded from their Tongues in thunderous majesty, in Visions,
In new Expanses, creating exemplars of Memory and of Intellect,
Creating Space, Creating Time according to the wonders Divine
Of Human Imagination, throughout all the Three Regions immense
Of Childhood, Manhood, and Old Age; and the all tremendous unfathomable Nonens
Of Death was seen in regeneration terrific or complacent, varying
According to the subject of discourse, and every Word and every Character
Was Human according to the Expansion or Contraction, the Translucence or
Opakeness of Nervous fibres, such was the variation of Time and Space,

Which vary according as the Organs of Perception vary; and they walked
To and fro in Eternity, as One Man reflecting each in each and clearly seen
And seeing, according to fitness and order. And I heard Jehovah speak
Terrific from his Holy Place, and saw the Words of the Mutual Covenant Divine
On Chariots of gold and jewels, with Living Creatures starry and flaming,
With every Colour, Lion, Tyger, Horse, Elephant, Eagle, Dove, Fly, Worm,
And the all wondrous Serpent clothed in gems and rich array, Humanize
In the Forgiveness of Sins according to thy Covenant, Jehovah. They Cry:—

Where is the Covenant of Priam, the Moral Virtues of the Heathen?
Where is the Tree of Good and Evil that rooted beneath the cruel heel
Of Albion's Spectre the Patriarch Druid? where are all his Human Sacrifices,
For Sin in War and in the Druid Temples of the Accuser of Sin, beneath
The Oak Groves of Albion that cover'd the whole Earth beneath his Spectre?
Where are the Kingdoms of the World and all their glory that grew on Desolation,
The Fruit of Albion's Poverty Tree when the Triple Headed Gog-Magog Giant
Of Albion Taxed the Nations into Desolation and then gave the Spectrous Oath?

Such is the Cry from all the Earth, from the Living Creatures of the Earth,
And from the great City of Golgonooza in the Shadowy Generation,
And from the Thirty-two Nations of the Earth among the Living Creatures.

(99)

All Human Forms identified, even Tree, Metal, Earth, and Stone; all
Human Forms identified, living, going forth and returning wearied
Into the Planetary lives of Years, Months, Days, and Hours reposing,
And then Awaking into his Bosom in the Life of Immortality.

And I heard the Name of their Emanations, they are named Jerusalem.

THE END OF THE SONG OF JERUSALEM

MEANING OF 'JERUSALEM'

Remembering always Blake's religious faith in Imagination —his conviction that this was the immortal part of mind, and that mind was the only seat or place of existence, all outside of it being what he calls 'void'; and remembering also that the Human Form is the true Form of Thought, through which Imagination lives, and disentangles itself from perishable mental faculties, and realising how great is the evil that may be wrought therefore to the immortal imagination by keeping the Human Form for ever out of sight because its exposure is immodest, we can easily find a justification of the solemn fury with which every page of 'Jerusalem' is written.

Then the task of hunting up meanings for all the symbols ceases to be a barren game, such as idle families play at Christmas-time, and we pursue it in the hope of finding wisdom and beauty.

The first chapter is chiefly made difficult because Blake tried so hard, with his tables of the Four Points and other explanations, to make it easy. When the relations between North, South, East, and West—or, as he took it, South, East, West, and North—are fairly familiar, and indelibly associated with Urizen, Luvah, Tharmas, and Urthona, a rapid reading of the chapter shows it to be both coherent and simple.

Blake, urged by the Prophetic Spirit within himself (who is, of course, Los (page 44, line 31), whom he drew on page 6 of his poem with the face and hair that were his own in youth and strength), argues the most important question for all men—how to live before death so as to live after it.

Of course the language of his argument is, as usual, that of a symbolic poetry. We must not look for a prose argument, nor blame symbolism under the mistake that it is an obstruction to sense, or we shall never get on.

Before setting to work on this poem, Blake had made a discovery which was only a surprise to him, because the loftiness of his genius had obscured his minor perceptions. This form of blindness not being common, we must not be too ready to

look on it as a sign of stupidity in him because we are free from so noble a temptation to error ourselves.

He had discovered that, however evil and however fatally tending to hide the human form from the free access to its view, which should be man's birthright, modesty was practically ineradicable. Its existence is a great tragedy if in truth it tends to warp the mind away from those bodily perceptions of beauty that would naturally lead to salvation by a straight road.

At any rate, modesty is always with us, and must be reckoned with. It has one undoubted disadvantage. By reaction it rather leads to than prevents mental sin. Sin is an employment of the human form for other purposes than an exalted and immortalising perception of beauty. But to say that Puritanism leads to impurity is a commonplace.

One of two things, two alternatives, is needed to save man from destruction: Either an absolute obedience to moral law, or the forgiveness of sins. Blake, who once told a friend that he had learned everything that he knew from the Bible—a book that always lay beside him as he worked, and that he admits reading 'day and night'—found in the Old Testament the impossibility of obedience, and in the New the promise of forgiveness.

But since God works by agents, and forgives when we forgive—for it is in us and not in the 'dreary void' He resides —our business is to find a means to the forgiveness of sins.

Blake finds it for us in a manner so poignantly philosophic that we need not accuse him of vanity or insanity if he thought himself inspired. He finds it for us if we can learn from him to grasp the fact that the state in which an individual is should bear all the blame that we usually give to him, and not to it, when the state is sinful.

Under the name of Ulro he symbolises the state of those who, not using this method, are in the state called 'death,' and called 'Moral law,'—in fact are in the Old Testament, and have not begun to live in the New. They are under the law of the five senses, through which only 'all things are vegetated and born.'

Before going further, the first chapter of 'Jerusalem' is already comprehensible in the rough—special words being laid aside to be understood on further consideration. It is seen to be a conversation between the inspired quality in man's mind (Los), the common sense (Albion), the sympathetic (Jerusalem), and the natural elementary love (Vala).

The inspired does not offer to the common sense a common-sense immortality. Even his own 'selfhood' must die, and the 'selfhoods' of all imaginative, un-'humanised' philosophic ideas. Inspiration condemns them to death (page 8, line 16;

page 10, *line* 1). *In page* 10, *lines* 51, 55, *the feelings of isolated egotism contemplating mortality are boldly set down—as the danger that any of us may fall into that state, and the apparent inevitableness of it under common sense are given in the first lines of page* 37, *and in page* 39, *lines* 16 *to* 24.

Los, however, in this first chapter compels *his egotism, disguised as 'reason,' to labour with him, though it constantly watches for a chance to destroy inspiration* (*page* 7, *lines* 1 *to* 7). *Blake had felt all this* (*page* 7, *line* 61), *but it will be remembered that in the end he triumphed over his own 'spectre,' and that he died singing. What the words were we do not know, they were not written down, but the old woman who heard them said that there were shouts of joy, and that she had seen the death of a saint. In brief, the song must have been what we find set down here in page* 1, *lines* 18 *to* 20.

A few obscure details may be considered now. In page 4, *line* 29, *British mountains and wilds* (*Blake thought wolds desolate*) *are mentioned. They symbolise the moral law state, the selfhood, the rational mind under common sense, or the 'perturbed' and non-clairvoyant conditions of Man. Here, as elsewhere, the reader must be on the watch for groups of four or five names. If English, they certainly refer to 'spectral' states, not necessarily in the order Urizen, Luvah, Tharmas, Urthona. It may be guessed from the context that Blake is using the names for the five senses, the highest mental faculties of 'perturbed man' in the state of Ulro. Tharmas takes two senses, taste and touch.*

In page 21, *line* 34, *the faculties named by Peak, Malvern, and Cheviot are frankly said to 'reason in cruelty.' They stand for Head, Heart, and Loins. Cheviot reappears on page* 63, *lines* 23 *and* 42; *also on page* 65, *line* 14 (*which, as war is Luvah's wine-press, connects Cheviot with Luvah when in Loins having become 'Satan,' since they forge the sword there*). *Compare the 'Grey Monk'—*

'My father drew his sword in the North.'

Cheviot should be Urthona. The valleys of Cheviot, in direct contrast with the mountains, are named on page 93, *line* 6. *This page is one of the latest written in 'Jerusalem.' Plinlimon and Snowdon reappear on page* 66, *line* 59. *A passage on Moral Virtue on page* 80, *lines* 66 *to* 82, *gives further hints.*

More important for the moment is the contrast between 'Ulro' and 'Beulah.'

Compare the verse—

'The sexes sprang from Shame and Pride,
Blown in the morn, in evening died;
But Mercy changed death into sleep;
The sexes rose to work and weep,'

from the 'Song of Experience' called 'To Tirzah,' which must be read with 'Jerusalem.'

The 'sexes' are two divisions of the mind, it must not be forgotten. The male, taken alone, is evil and reasoning, and 'spectral'—a selfhood. The female, alone, emotional and naturalistic, tending to the Satanic illusion that nature exists.

Beulah *is the visionary love springing from natural sources (the word is given in Bible dictionaries as meaning 'marriage'), and if mingled with imagination it leads to salvation, away from the death of mere reason and moral law, though it is not an eternal wakefulness itself, but rather a pretty kind of sleep, in which the Human Form is a pathetic dream. In symbolic anatomy its 'region' is the heart. Daughters of Beulah are beneficent temporary perceptions of beauty, just as the Sons of Albion are destructively argumentative offsprings of common sense.*

Continuing to examine mythic or symbolic terms as they present themselves in Chap. I., we come to wheels, *or* self-hoods, *expanding from a centre, and exterior to one another when in evil or 'spectral' sense, concentric when artistic and good, as page* 33, *lines* 17 *to* 20, *explains.*

Starry means intellectual. In the three 'regions' of Head, Heart, Loins—Stars, Sun, and Moon are common equivalents, as in the poem 'Mental Traveller.' But it must be remembered that the sun rises in the heart (East) and goes to the head, which is both Height and Depth; South at noon, and North at night. The whole Sun-myth involved in these poems is of a logical simplicity that makes it rather a key to other enigmas than itself needing explanation.

It must also be remembered that each region has its three-fold and its fourfold, like the 'gates' and all other things in the city of Art—Golgonooza. See page 13, *line* 20. *So we often find that there is a head of heads, head of hearts, head of loins, etc.*

The word sexual, *with all other symbols belonging to the region of the* Loins, *means—on the mental side, apart from what we usually call corporeal—oppositional, competitive, warring, contesting, arguing, and so forth, including all ideas opposite to the imaginative, the sympathetic, etc. The group is symbolised by cog-wheels contrasted with concentric wheels, and grows from the idea that the sexes, having become separate, are evil till united, and that mind makes body (by contraction from itself), and sexes are mutually attractive and mutually opposing results caused by shame and pride, that carved an anti-Human and un-Eternal division in this contracted condition of mind. But since the only way to treat*

evil is to go through it to good, sexual emotion and desire are of good result if (here is the centre of the whole philosophy) taken on a journey that passes through them to perceptions of beauty which lead to an absorption of all into all in the great Human Forms, *the* Imagination, *the* Uniter of Man to God, *of* Exterior *to* Interior *in mind, of* Temporary *to* Eternal, *a Uniter rightly called the* Saviour, *who is born in Generation (page* 7, *line* 67).

Entuthon Benython *is explained as Abstract Philosophy (pages* 56 *and* 58).

The various forms of reasoning called 'Albion's Sons' *go to various places in the East (page* 7, *line* 17, *etc.), and so poison the sun at its uprising, and enforce 'Morality' (reverse of 'Forgiveness') at its root in the heart. These sons are looked at in groups (are united) or analysed (divided), and compared with their more imaginative and thus holy relatives, the sons of Jerusalem, which have Biblical names throughout the poem. The daughters (which are contrary to sons as valleys to mountains, and rivers to rocks, and blood-vessels to nerves) lend themselves to grouping with psychologic significance. Their task of weaving should be understood. It is explained here on page* 7, *line* 46, *and page* 22, *lines* 34, 35, *as it already has been in the book of 'Vala.'*

A symbolic detail from the story of how Mind made Body by contraction is sketched here on this same page 7. *The eight sons of Albion combine (during months of gestation) into the ninth Schofield, who 'is Adam,' and has three regions—Head, Heart, Loins of the exterior world—Kox, Kotope, and Bowen. The 'members' are thus made the region of punishment for sin (line* 50). *The Sons of Albion may now be left out of these notes with the parting warning that Hand, Hyle, and Coban are Head, Heart, Loins* of *Head, as Kox, Kotope, and Bowen,* of *Loins. Other relationships and their meanings are easy to find when one remembers that* above *is* within, *that Canaan is* above *England, and that Reuben is* above *Hand till his senses are bent down and he is sent East, where is the sunrise, and where he explores the three states of Ulro. Hand* absorbs *his brethren, as Schofield (aided by daughters weaving)* involves *them, and so forth. It is all coherent enough, and a psychology in several volumes may be found compact within these symbols. If notes to Blake are to be really sufficient, they must be so much longer than the text that the editor trusts that the reader will go to the original, and, after the first plunge of bewilderment, stay there until he is so much at home as to ask for no more.*

The symbol of the Sword *and of* War *has two phases, as war must imply two combatants. It is good or evil according as*

we fight on the side of life or of death—of Imagination *and* Human Form, *or of* Abstraction *and the* Void.

The Wars of Eternity *give life. The spiritual sword 'forged on Cheviot,' and taken from furnaces of affliction to be beaten on that moral and rational anvil of bitter death, is condensed from tears and sighs by the hammers* (*page* 9, *lines* 16, 17, 18). *Compare line* 18 *in particular with the war description in 'Vala,' Night VII., line* 691, *and others. A tear, even before it is beaten into a sword, is* an intellectual thing, *as we read in the last verse on page* 52; *and it has the power of 'animating' even natural and quite unimaginative thoughts and emotions* (*page* 11, *line* 25), *for nature is a shadow built by reason* (*page* 44, *line* 40); *the 'veil' of Vala, and her 'net' so animated. It is made of tears, as well as of the souls of the 'dead,' and of the ordinary aspect of the world* (*page* 20, *line* 3), *for it is a veil of moral law that needs unfolding, and does no good as an unopened enclosure, for it is grown from clouding and deceitful blood, darkening Imagination* (*page* 21, *line* 50); *yet when man 'ceases' to behold' the tears of parents and children, he 'ceases to exist.'*

Just as War *and the* Sword *must be understood in more senses than one, so must* Shame. *There is the shame of the body, an evil of an elementary character, a 'disease of the soul,' both leading to and springing from the illusion that nature exists; and there is the shame of the mind that those who lack imagination try to heap upon those who do not lack it, in order that Reason may triumph, and law have all things its own way.*

Reason *should be 'the outward bound or circumference of Energy'* (*'Marriage of Heaven and Hell'*), *but when it takes upon itself to have an energy of its own, this is the 'Female Will,' which consists in 'conversing with regard to weight and distance in the wilds of Newton and Locke'* (*page* 34, *lines* 39, 40). Female *always means unimaginative, and Blake never knew that imagination was required in the wastes of Newton and Locke as well as in the studio.*

Thunder *refers to thought, as* flame *to desire.*

Forests *are afflictions,—the oak weeps.*

Little ones *are special instances of the parent property or mood—sometimes called 'minute particulars'* (*page* 20, *line* 27, *and page* 27, *second verse of poem, etc.*).

The poem on this 27th page is an epitome of the whole book. The sections of London are sections of art, for 'Golgonooza,' which is Art as a city, is the 'spiritual fourfold London.'

Common sense dictating to Art, according to its own selfhood, causes Jerusalem, who is Liberty and Sympathy, to fly

from Art, passing eastwards from South to the sea (verses 10 *and* 11); East, *the* Heart *and* Centre; South, *the* Height *of* Intellect; Sea, Tharmas, *the* Devouring Tongue; *water, the* Uncertain.

The Satan *or* Limit of the Opaque *withers the higher parts of Art where the sun rises (thirteenth verse), as the result of the triumph of* Unimaginative Mind. *Each of us has at some moment failed in the duty of Imaginative Life and Forgiveness (has slain the Lamb); and so, with a plea for pardon and a prophecy of hope, the poem ends.*

The second chapter shows Fancy ('ornaments' laboured by love) jealously rebuked by the dull mind of reasoning Albion, who thinks only of character, and finds it only in law. Then comes a sketch of modern Christianity apart from Blake's system, showing its moment of good and its division of evil (page 29, *line* 35 *to end). This little parenthetical myth ends with Luvah falling East and West—becoming Orc and Satan. Love becomes materialistic after being worshipped as Pity, and monastic restraint is demanded. Art's spirit of prophecy flies from such a system (page* 30, *line* 1).

Uncircumcision *is the state of mind from which the illusion of nature is not yet cut off (page* 30, *line* 11), *explained at the close of the passage, line* 58 *to line* 66 *of page* 55.

The closing of the Western Gate *occurs when the prosaic mind becomes conscious of modesty, sex, and passion, without becoming purified by beauty, art, and self-annihilation (page* 30, *lines* 33, 41; *and page* 31, *line* 1).

The closing is seen not only to be the entrance of reserve into the speech, but of costume and secrecy into life, as told in the Biblical story of the Garden of Eden after Adam had eaten the forbidden fruit.

This Western Gate *being that of the tongue, which (in the days of innocence) was 'outward every way,' and, being closed, man's mind ceases to be in real harmony with his fellow-man, but becomes his 'natural enemy.' Tharmas, the Zoa of the west, becomes the 'Devouring Tongue' that devours with argument and error the Human Perfections of the mind, whose centre darkens, for under no condition but brotherhood —'I in you, and you in me'—can we live in accord with the true universal centre of light, round which all wheels turn concentrically, as in Heaven, and none with cogs, grinding out war and morality, as in this sex-ridden earth.*

The Story of Reuben *now appears and disappears in a tantalising manner. Reuben is the natural First-born (Reuben, see 'Bible Dictionary') of Man, and is originally a form of 'Orc the First-born.' But when the Western Gate is closed, he ceases to be natural in a simple sense, and becomes*

natural jealousy, not natural love, and takes on qualities of Hand; seeks revenge on Jerusalem: so Los obliges him only to work and explore in the exterior part of man's life—'the 'selfish centre' that is 'outside'—for which he bends down his nostrils and sends him eastward over Jordan. Then this spirit, once promising, at least becomes less harmful than when it worked against Imaginative emotion, for mere outward conduct is of less consequence. The 'gates' of Reuben are gates that come to us at birth, natural loves.

Blake must have been now at work on 'Jerusalem' for about six years, since he engraved the title-page in 1804. *'Jerusalem' was still a new book, just coming out in* 1820. *See Gilchrist's 'Life,' vol. i. page* 324; *refer to* Wainright *in Index, where a hand-coloured copy seems to have been sold for* £88, *third line of page* 36.

'And sixty winters Los raged in the divisions of Reuben,' *appears to mean that Blake was sixty. The title-page of the book is* 1804. *Blake was born in* 1757.

The following are the references to Reuben, whose myth, telling how the unintellectual side of man is as much injured by the closing of the Western Gate as is the higher portion of mind, will now be obvious enough in all its symbols—

Page 11, *lines* 22
,, 15, ,, 2, 25
,, 16, ,, 35, 51, 53
,, 34, ,, 36
,, 36, ,, 1, 3, 9, 23, 40
,, 63, ,, 23
,, 64, ,, 34
,, 72, ,, 3, 21, 36
,, 74, ,, 33, 42
,, 79, ,, 64
,, 81, ,, 10
,, 84, ,, 13
,, 90, ,, 31, 46

Weaving *is an important symbol, whose most peculiar explanation is found in page* 67. *It always refers to blood. In Blake's picture of the Bard from Gray, mentioned in the descriptive catalogue and re-exhibited this year* (1904) *in the Carfax Gallery in Ryder Street, there are blood-vessels as big as fire-hose descending from between the Bard, a naked old Hercules on a high rock, and his harp that he sings to. They descend through a mist of dark and troubled air, bewildering and turbulent with seething obscurity, and fall in tree-like branches over King Edward and others who sit below, enduring this. These red pipes are a mystery, unless one reads the quotation to the picture—*

'Weave the warp and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race,'

which weaving, Blake notes, is what the song by its words and music is conceived to do in Gray's poem. Spirits of murdered bards in the air join in the song-work.

'And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line,' *which explains the picture, and Blake's habit of taking all things mentally.*

The words Female, Rocks, weave, *etc., are made clear in the first half of page* 67 *of 'Jerusalem.' But the weaving that the Daughters of Albion do, and its effect on the 'fluctuating world,' is elaborately explained on page* 83, *lines* 35 *and onwards. A philosophy of Reality seems to have been grasped by Blake. It is hinted on line* 48.

It must not be forgotten that words *have human forms all through the poem. Each is a Logos, 'without whom was not anything made that was made.'*

The Divine Voice *comes as* multitude (*page* 35, *line* 3). Words *stand in* chariots (*page* 55, *line* 34).

Rocks *are* difficulty, cliffs *are* despair (*page* 44, *lines* 11 *and* 12).

Machines *may be* sexual *in the argumentative and reason-built sense, and mechanically make what they call* Religion (*really only restraint*) *from love and jealousy* (*page* 44, *line* 25, *and page* 45, *line* 22).

The Plough *is oblivion; the labour of it is forgiveness. The* Furrow *is death, not in the sense of extinction only. It is also death in the sense of that which is not yet alive, because no seed has entered; imaginative production, or art, is seed. These things are needed lest laws and unpardoning blame be always remembered, and forgiveness thus become a mockery. It is also the pencil, and again the male organ of generation, according to the subject.*

Pity *is both a divider and uniter. Compare page* 58, *line* 13, *with page* 7, *line* 57.

The psychology of pity *is worth hunting through other places where the word occurs—*

Page 7, *lines* 58, 60, 62
,, 12, ,, 29, 30
,, 20, ,, 35
,, 23, ,, 14, 19
,, 25, ,, 9
,, 29, ,, 60, 70
,, 35, ,, 7
,, 43, ,, 78
,, 44, ,, 33
,, 49, ,, 28
,, 54, *picture*

Page 58, *lines* 12
,, 59, ,, 35, 36, 47
,, 60, ,, 62, 66, 67
,, 61, ,, 37, 44
,, 65, ,, 3
,, 67, ,, 54
,, 77, ,, *of verse* 27
,, 80, ,, 25, 30, 41, 42, 55, 56
,, 87, ,, 8

In page 68, Ark, Holy place, Spear, *etc., are explained. Page* 69, *at the beginning, explains the Polypus as an image. The line* 27 *is too full of Blake's convictions not to be re-read. The whole page is explanatory. In the next page, line* 27, *it is made evident that the poem* '*The Crystal Cabinet*' *belongs to this symbolism. The Maid in that poem is Vala, or Rahab. Explanations are frequent on page* 71. *On page* 73, *line* 28, *the contraries, Peleg and Joktan, Esau and Jacob, Saul and David, are the* Contraries of Humanity—Wrath *and* Pity. *Line* 42 *states the strongest possible argument against Blake's whole system of philosophy, so far as it agrees with Bishop Berkeley. But that it went beyond this, the* weaving *reference to page* 83 *has already reminded us.*

Bowlahoola here mentioned is symbolised anatomically in '*Milton.*' *In page* 74 *the Zoas are re-explained, and the doctrine of the Spectre restated.*

The reference to South Molton Street in line 55 *of the* 74*th page is not symbolic, but merely a personal reminiscence of a vision. Blake was living in South Molton Street at the time he saw it.*

The poisons of the Twenty-seven-fold cup are natural illusions of the Mundane Shell. They have a string of names whose suggestions are not worked out in detail except in a few cases, but the element of poison, as in the '*poison of a smile,*' *in the* '*Book of Thel*' *is the deadly element of attractiveness in mere experience.*

For further analysis of the '*Churches,*' *and all that belongs to the* '*Covering Cherub,*' *the serious student is referred to the chapters on this in the Quaritch edition.*

These notes have now reached the closing pages of '*Jerusalem,*' *and have little further use. The reader will find that those pages are really mostly explanatory. As they become familiar, they illuminate the first part of the poem, and all the other Prophetic Books more effectively than any prose notes, whose sole advantage would be that of dulness, for Blake's own words are exciting and stimulating to a bewildering degree until custom and much re-reading fits us to live at ease with them.*

A complete dictionary of Blake is still wanting, It will come in its day; and in the meantime the forerunner of it—the sketch of an index in the edition of '*Jerusalem,*' *published by Mr. A. H. Bullen, that has come out while this is passing through the press—holds the field.*

Serious readers of Blake will allow the present editor to presume that they have bought that edition. It contains only *the* '*Book of Jerusalem*' (6*s.* net), *and is easier to read even than this, as the paper is wide enough to enable the lines to be*

printed without any turning back at the ends. The dozen or fifteen pages of explanatory preface by Messrs. Russell and Maclagan, the editors, are lucid, quiet, and clear. They attack the very heart of the difficulty, and even accustomed students of Blake will find them useful.

The present editor did not know that any such book was to be printed until it was already in type. He hears vaguely at this moment that other students are working seriously at Blake in different parts of the country with a view to publication. Is it too soon to found a Blake Society? Mr. A. H. Bullen, of 47 Great Russell Street, or the present editor at the address of this publisher, would be glad to hear from whoever thinks that now is the time.

ENGLISH NAMES AND EQUIVALENTS OF THE ZOAS

Wherever Blake uses any term which belongs to a group of symbols, he has all the rest of the group in his mind, and unless we have them also in ours, we shall not catch the meaning of his next lines. Taking the four Zoas as headings for a table of such groups, we find that their mere order *is a suggestive thing—*

Urizen.	*Luvah.*	*Tharmas.*	*Urthona.*
Gold,	*Silver,*	*Brass,*	*Iron.*
or South.	*East.*	*West.*	*North.*
Fire,	*Air,*	*Water,*	*Earth.*

This being thoroughly familiar, we can take the next equivalents for these, remembering that each is a Region of Humanity, and a Chariot, and living Creature in itself—seen also in vision as a human form.

The 'repose' *or female part of each region may be named in the same order—*

Ahania, Vala, Enion, Enitharmon.

These are to the male parts as unquestioning love to unloving argument.

Urizen *being also* the Sun, Ahania *is the* Moon, *which explains the lines—*

'When Africa in sleep
Rose in the night of Beulah and tore down the Sun and Moon.'

Beulah *is a region of dreams. It has to do with the* South, *so that* Urizen *is its* mental. Ahania *is* emotional, *the* eyes *its special organ—the* visionary eyes—*and* marriage *its* social act. *When any* one *of these words occur, we must ask for all the rest.*

A bold use of the marriage symbol in connection with the eyes is found in the 'Visions of the Daughters of Albion,' pages 6 *and* 7. *The rule 'what we look on we become,' is its philosophy.*

The English names for the Zoas are given in 'Jerusalem,' page 59, *line* 14—

Verulam, London, York, Edinburgh,

Verulam being Bacon's title, and Bacon a type of the outside of-artistic-imagination school of philosophy, or the essence of common sense, of Nature; and so of Satan, its place seems opposite to Urizen, called 'Prince of Light.'

But Urizen goes to the North when the Western Gate of the Mind is closed, by man's attempt to return to Innocence by the pathway of Morality and diversity instead of by the pathway of forgiveness and self-annihilation.

As a bit of Sun-myth, Sunset is over, and the sun is under the stars.

In the context to this list on page 59, *Urizen as the mind-centre of Albion is darkened, Albion fallen, and Luvah ready to assume Urizen's world in the south. Albion has 'created the female will,' and is ready to reason from the loins. He has entered the naturalistic state of mind called Satan, and has become Satan (page* 35, *line* 13), *and so has Luvah, now the heart of the loins, who has become his spectre, while Albion has become a tabernacle to Vala (page* 39, *line* 29).

The connection of ideas is understood when we remember that all this state is the usual condition of things we see around us—passion, restraint, reason, despair, etc., struggling for dominion; while Blake, seeing the battle as we do, cried aloud for joy in visionary love, life, hope, and the state of mind that must *be eternal because the temporary is wiped out of it.*

It is because of loins we believe in Nature. It is through ideas of beauty first engendered in loins that we shall ultimately rise free from her, and live above her. This is the whole creed and the paradox.

It no longer troubles us that Albion is tabernacle to Vala, whereas Vala was given him to wife, and wives are tabernacles, husbands being their high priests that enter through the veil. In Satan (the limit of opaqueness) all the imagery is explained

by the horrible idea of imagination lending itself to serve reason instead of using reason as its servant, and thus—

'The comingling of Albion and Luvah's spectres was Hermaphroditic.'—'*Jerusalem*,' *page* 58, *line* 20.

Love and Jealousy are the female and male parts of the Hermaphrodite,—dark with self-contradiction. See '*Jerusalem*,' *page* 64, *lines* 25 *to* 30, *and* '*Keys of the Gates of Paradise.*'

In Verulam is the head of the Polypus of Generation (of that sort of reasoning, we understand) that covered the whole earth (page 67, *line* 35), *thus devouring Jerusalem, as described in page* 69, *line* 5. *So Urizen, when called Verulam, is thoroughly in the North, the region of generation or rationalistic particularisation—the 'old man's' body that is put on him by Los, that it may be seen and ultimately put off, as told partly in the Books of 'Urizen,' 'Vala,' and 'Milton.'*

The complete set of references to Verulam are the following—

Page 38, *line* 45
,, 46, ,, 24
,, 59, ,, 14
,, 67, ,, 35
,, 74, ,, 3

Verulam is Urizen, and also Rintrah—the lion—the first of the four 'ungenerated' sons of Los, whose order is—

Rintrah, Palamabron, Theotormon, Bromion.

Coming now to London. Since the order of the names given was Verulam, London, York, and Canterbury, we have reason to suspect that London should reveal some correspondences with Luvah.

Luvah is of the East, viewed as centre and as sunrise. Blake lived in London, and the sunrise of his visions began there. His troubles were chiefly there also. Ulro is the symbolic region—error, particularly moral error. Luvah is the heart in particular. He built the tower of London when Satanic in selfhood. Through the 'robes of blood' that he puts on, and his assumption of Urizen's place, there is an appropriateness in giving him Paris for a dwelling—city of the Revolution in Blake's time, and centre of war—his 'wine-press.' From this arises the doubt whether in the lines

'Luvah slew Tharmas, Angel of the tongue, and Albion brought him
To Justice in his own city of Paris,'

means Luvah's own city or that of Tharmas. It may well be

allotted to either. The name is once more mentioned in 'Jerusalem,' but only as one of a list (page 84, line 13).

It is only as a victim to the sons of Albion (the Polypus) that 'Luvah is France'—as related in page 66, line 15.

Urizen tried to build a temple in the likeness of the human heart in the Satanic void, as told in page 58, lines 21 to 44. So London takes on characteristics of Urizen. All these mythic names are essentially adjectives.

On London Stone—type of the hard centre—the spectre of Los is compelled to kneel (page 8, line 27). Here Los sat trembling when astonished to see Albion's Four Points reversed inwards, and other evil signs (page 32, line 3). What is related in page 59, line 17, etc., goes on with this. Here Albion sought, under name of bringing Los to justice, to slay him (page 42, line 50). This London Stone is the origin of Urizen's Ancient World (page 58, line 46), which identifies it with matter-of-fact and unimaginative interpretation both of the Bible and of Nature. We may infer that this 'world' or city is, as it were, the bones or stones of the Polypus, whose head is in Verulam. As this world is to control the senses, it has to have a Western (Tharmas) locality, so it is built on Salisbury Plain (page 66, line 2). Stonehenge and Druids again explain the symbol. London Stone must be Luvah's stone of trial (page 65, line 56). The passages preceding this will be recognised from 'Vala,' Night VII., from lines 650 to 694. Here, on this page 65 of 'Jerusalem,' line 5, we are told that it took place in the 'depths of Albion's bosom,' and the crucifixion of Luvah ('Vala,' Night VII., line 652) explains the allusion in lines 6 and 7 of 'Jerusalem,' page 25, and identifies him again with Christ, as he partly was as the Spirit of Pity, whom Albion rejected on page 29, lines 55, 57, etc., who changed his aspect and smote Albion with boils. These are, as will be remembered, shame and other diseases of the soul.

Luvah, rejected as pity, becomes Satan. It is part of Christianity to say that the crucified Christ shall return as Judge. Blake called Satan alone the 'Accuser of Sins.' So we have Luvah, whose 'robes of blood' Christ 'put on,' entering the Loins (place of Last Judgment), becoming Orc, tearing forth as Albion's Spectre in the form of War, and so the biography of the symbol completes its circle of life.

Enough has been noticed now perhaps to identify London with Luvah, but more might be added. There are the correspondences with the rivers. Vala, Luvah's feminine or morally-immoral portion, lives in Babylon (page 18, line 29).

Babylon is on Euphrates (page 84, line 8).

Euphrates is an aspect of Thames, with its Isle of Dogs,

that belongs to Leutha (a form of desire, as 'the dog at the wintry door,' or desire balked by flesh),—page 83, *lines* 82 *and* 84. *Babylon is Rahab; Rahab is Vala (page* 70, *line* 31).

Babylon is within London (as was Vala within Luvah), page 74, *line* 16; *further explained on the same page, line* 32; *London Stone being again alluded to a few lines further on.*

Babylon is united with Urizen's World as line 22 *above with line* 8 *of page* 66. *Mystery, or Babylon, is Urizen's Tree.*

The mixture of Urizen with the city of Babylon, and so the South with the East, belongs to the 'commingling of Urizen's and Luvah's Spectres' already cited.

All is explained on page 93, *lines* 18 *and sequel.*

Palamabron, the son of Los, united with London, has been heard of and explained more in 'Milton.'

The suburbs of London—Norwood, Finchley, Blackheath, and Hounslow—are explained as parts of the 'Mundane Shell' in page 42, *line* 80, *which is referred to as the blue in an explanatory passage, page* 13, *lines* 33 *to* 37. *It will be remembered that* air *is the element appropriate to Luvah in the list—*

Fire,	*Air,*	*Water,*	*Earth,*
Urizen.	*Luvah.*	*Tharmas.*	*Urthona.*

and it is outside ('beneath') Beulah and outside Golgonooza (page 13 *again, line* 55).

York is the next English name associated with one of the 'unvegetated sons of Los'—Theotormon, and so with Tharmas.

Why it was given the third place in the list, with the suggestion belonging to it, we can only guess. York is an Archbishopric. It is the stained Oothoon.

On page 16, *line* 44, *it seems to be part of the 'Gate' of Levi—a symbol left unexplained. In page* 38, *line* 51, *York is seen 'crowned with loving-kindness.' In page* 46, *line* 24, *it is one of the mournful four in whom the twenty-four appeared fourfold.*

On page 57 *there is a picture of York as a nude female, from the tips of whose fingers blood-vessels wind away through the air till they join Jerusalem, who is a similar female sending up from where she lies similar blood-vessels. A miniature cathedral is added as a symbol to each female.*

Thus York is partly Enion, or Hope, the lost emanation of Tharmas. She with Canterbury and others cries out mystical questionings over the plough of Nations. On page 59, *line* 14, *her place in the quarternary is marked. On page* 66, *line* 65, *she hides with Lincoln among the flocks in fear of the knife. On page* 73, *line* 51, *the furnaces 'rage terrible' to her from London. This is puzzling, because the furnaces must now go East to West in symbol. But they go South to North—above*

to below. Blake used York as a Western symbol,—tears, water, Tharmas, West, 'Man of Sorrows,'—and is using it as a Northern, through the sequence of ideas suggested by the fact that it is the northern of the two archbishoprics of England. It stands for the most reasoning, the darkest, the least imaginative, the most jealous—jealous of imagination—of all forms of thought claiming to be Christian. It is therefore lovely, female, and delusive, like Nature. In page 74, *line* 3, *York is made to stand for Theotormon, who becomes feminine through delusion, for to this does jealousy of male, or symbolic thought, lead the mind.*

We find no further allusions to York in 'Jerusalem.' In 'Milton,' line 38 *of page* 20, *the daughters of Los are said to*

'weave a new religion from new jealousy of Theotormon,'

so it is probably his emanation (Oothoon) who is seen doing so on page 57 *of 'Jerusalem,' and is* involving *Jerusalem herself in the web.*

Edinburgh is the last, and is merely Bromion or Bromion's emanation. The only quality mentioned to distinguish Edinburgh is fortitude.

We have also this quarternary on page 33, *line* 12—*Battersea and Chelsea, London and Canterbury. But this is not, as will be seen, a quarternary, but a pair of binaries.*

Battersea is Urizen in innocence (green, and still a path). Chelsea (again spoken of as 'place of wounded soldiers') is Luvah in suffering. London is the whole region, and Canterbury its cathedral—its emanation, its hope, its religion, 'woven from jealousy,' as in picture, 'Jerusalem,' page 51.

In 'Milton,' page 40, *line* 33, *we have seen already London, Bath, Legions, and Edinburgh are the four pillars of Albion's throne, with several minor quarternaries, lower down the page. They may be passed over as belonging to the 'everything is fourfold.' When Blake's mind was running on this, he carried symbols further than he ever seems to have lived to build real poetry on them, though how much we have lost through Tatham's burnings of MS. after his death we shall never know.*

Bath, however, who is *Legions in 'Jerusalem,' page* 41, *line* 1, *seems, in right of its springs and its Western position, to belong particularly to Tharmas and Theotormon. Canterbury is certainly Eastern. It may be remembered that Schofield, the ninth who involved his eight previous brethren and stood up as Adam, new-created in Edom (as dust is new created in blood, and contraction in passion), is conjured to say whether he is Bath or Canterbury, in page* 17, *line* 59.

This should mean, is he 'sweet science,' as understood in the last line of 'Vala,'—the healer—or is he 'religion,' in the sense of jealous restraint, not of Christianity and Forgiveness.

Bath also, like science, is 'Physician and Poisoner, Best and Worst' (*page* 41, *line* 1). *It is to that part of the polypus, Albion's mental and moral 'Tree,' that Luvah is nailed* (*page* 65, *line* 8), *which may be because Albion's spectre first assimilated with Luvah, in Albion's mountains* (*of morality*), *and thus the line West and East was drawn, the level horizontal line, the bar of the cross. Bath is mentioned in*

Page 17, *line* 59	*Page* 44, *lines* 44	*Page* 57, *lines* 1
,, 40, ,, 61	,, 45, ,, 1, 37	,, 65, ,, 8, 65
,, 41, ,, 1	,, 46, ,, 1	,, 71, ,, 26
,, 43, ,, 55		

These few notes are enough to serve their present purpose—that of giving the reader a feeling that Blake had an object and a meaning perfectly known to himself even in the use of geographical symbols that are to us so puzzling and annoying that at first they seem to be the merest nonsense and contradiction.

The following table of correspondences will also help in the same direction. It is enlarged from that already given, and will be known by heart by any accustomed reader of Blake. It is only offered to the beginner:—

The Ploughman	The Weaver	The Shepherd	The Blacksmith
Urizen	Luvah	Tharmas	Urthona
Head	*Heart*	*Loins*	*Loins*
Eyes	*Nostrils*	*Tongue*	*Ear*
South	*East*	*West*	*North*
Height and Depth	*Length and Breadth*	*Length and Breadth*	*Depth and Height*
Fire	*Air*	*Water*	*Earth*
To the Zenith	*To the centre*	*To the circumference*	*To the Nadir*
Intellect	*Love*	*Instinct*	*Procreation*
Thought	*Passion*	*Melancholy*	*Fortitude*
Ruled System	*Enthusiasm*	*Doubt*	*Prophetic System*
Will	Accident and Chance	Accident and Chance	Will
Creation	*Redemption*	*Judgment*	*Regeneration*
Male	*Female*	*Jealousy*	*Release*
Desire of love	*Desire of pride*	*Desire of pleasure*	*Self-annihilation*
Envy	*Revenge*	*Cruelty*	*Friendship*
Tyrannous tears	*Deceitful tears*	*Doubtful tears*	*Regenerative tears*
Mid-day clouds	*Morning dew*	*Evening dew*	*Night*

DESIGNS TO 'JERUSALEM'

1 (*on page* 1). *'Los took his globe of fire to search the interior of Albion's bosom'* (*p.* 31, *l.* 2).

2 (*Title-page*). *Jerusalem in various positions as 'all Beulah.' The figures are described when watching over Albion in 'Vala,' Night VIII., ll.* 7 *to* 15.

3 (*on page* 4). *Law, as the veiled figure of Vala or Rahab clutching at man. Liberty, as the naked figure of Jerusalem (without wings) setting him free.*

4 (*on page* 6). *Portrait of Blake as a young man, in the character of Los, disputing with his own Pride and Self-Righteousness as his Spectre.*

5 (*on page* 8). *Feminine desire entering the loins in the form of a Fairy dragging the moon along the valley of Cherubim* (*p.* 63, *l.* 14).

6 (*on page* 9). *The five senses as the five daughters of Zelophahad—Tirzah and her sisters—'sighing to melt Albion's giant beauty on the moony river.'*

6 (*on page* 11). *This has been called Schofield as the mandrake on the Lake of Udan Adan. This has been suggested as the subject, but it has rather the appearance of an involuntary vision of the Feminine viewed as a combination of Air and Water, East and West, which do not meet as in the title-page of 'Heaven and Hell,' but mingle as a Leda-Swan.*

7 (*on page* 11). *Vala, or America, as Oothoon, taking 'her impetuous course o'er Theotormon's reign.'*

8 (*on page* 14). *Masculine and Feminine, as the Sleeper, with a daughter of Beulah watching him within the rainbow, whose three colours are those of the three Zoas, Urizen, Luvah, Tharmas (yellow, red, and blue), while his sleep takes the colour of the fourth, who was not slain—Urthona, black.*

9 (*on page* 5). *Abraham, intellectual passion, fleeing in fires from Chaldea, corporeal sensation, and Reuben, the wandering mind, enrooting himself in his loins—the narrow Canaanite valley.*

10 (*on page* 18). *Purity and Love, as the Lily and Rose, sending forth their spiritual human forms to meet and mingle.*

11 (*on page* 19). *Albion's children, exiled from his breast, pass to and fro before him.* (*First line of same page.*)

12 (*on page* 20). *Energy dragging thoughts at the command of instinct.*

13 (*on page* 21). *Accusation, as Hand, driving natural instinct, as daughters of Albion, with repentance, as scourges, through moral law, as the streets of Babylon.* (*Line* 30 *of the same page.*)

14 (*on page* 22). *The female sending forth love as an angel from her body.*

15 (*on page* 22). *Punishment and Forgiveness weaving rival veils.* (*Last lines of the same page.*)

16 (*on page* 23). *A weary feminine spirit resting from the task of supplying animal forces to man, by managing his digestion.*

17 (*on page* 23). *Urizen in the form of multitudes of prisoners in Urthona's dens,—or Los roofed (by the affections read from the understanding) in Albion's cliffs.*

18 (*on page* 24). *The moon, a ship in the British ocean* (*p.* 56, *l.* 18).

19 (*on page* 25). *The daughters of Albion weeping and weaving his body of vegetation.*

20 (*on page* 26). *Jerusalem perceiving with astonishment that Hand himself, the great accuser and destructive reasoner, is clothed with the flames of desire.*

21 (*on page* 28). *Jerusalem and Vala made one through love and innocence in the Lily of Havilah.*

22 (*on page* 30). *Urthona and Enitharmon about to enter the bosom of Los.* (*Line* 16 *of the same page.*)

23 (*on page* 32). *Jerusalem asking Vala, with tears, what is sin* (*p.* 20, *l.* 21).

24. *Reason, as Urizen in old age, laboriously ploughing the earth.*

24 (*on page* 35). *Pity made from the limit of opaqueness that imagination might, in symbols, put on flesh to redeem intellect,—or Eve, made from Adam, that Christ might be born.*

25 (*on page* 37). *The Divine Saviour receiving the pale limbs of man's eternal individuality in His arms, and reposing them on the Rock of Ages* (*p.* 48, *ll.* 1 *to* 3; *also* '*Vala,*' *Night I., l.* 393). *Between the oak of weeping and the palm of suffering is seen in the background a portion of that mighty wall the Veil of Moral Law, or of Vala, which in process of time became the beautiful Mundane Shell* (*p.* 59, *ll.* 2 *to* 9).

26 (*on page* 37). *The Spectre howling over the body, and in particular the spectre of Los prevented from devouring Enitharmon* (*p.* 18, *l.* 17).

27 (*on page* 39). *Death and despair, as an archer of three bows and a sunset.*

28 (*on page* 41). *Death and despair again expressed in the attitude of a man in his Spectre's power.*

29 (*on page* 42). *The human vine.*

30 (*on page* 44). *Angels pointing out the holiness of the organs of generation, seen as a winged ark. Below, the serpent revealing himself as animated vegetation, the head devouring, while the body is seen passing from flames to leaves.*

31 (*on page* 45). *The net and veil of Vala among the souls of the dead* (*p.* 42, *l.* 81), *seen as veins, twigs, and cords, which grow out of a humanised earth, as the result of rain poured on it by a cloud, whose human or female form floats away after doing its work. It also represents the male, fallen, and become captive of the female, who from childhood spreads nets in every path. The female, as elsewhere, is the blood of man,—the male, his mind. Below, fishes devour one another. In woman's world life lives on death.*

32 (*on page* 46). *The regenerate man served by Nature, as a serpent, now turned into a chariot, drawn by human-headed horses—intellectual powers—goaded by gnomes with pens, and guided by hands which grow from their heads.*

33 (*on page* 47). *The sufferings of the flesh in restraint, as Albion turning from Jerusalem and casting down Vala. He is seated on the rock of despair, by which man is separate from man* (*p.* 28, *ll.* 10 *to* 12), *and treading on a cloud—his own blood* ('*Vala*,' *Night IX.*, *l.* 276). *This Male figure stands also for each Zoa when casting out or down his counterpart.*

34 (*on page* 50). *Hand on Albion's cliffs and his brethren.*

35 (*on page* 51). *Vala, Hyle, and Schofield.*

36 (*on page* 53). *The mixture of love and jealousy called by the female Religion, as Vala, the triple-crowned, being also Rahab, and Babylon, or Mystery, enthroned on the sunflower, type of mental desire in physical organs.*

37 (*on page* 54). *Albion as a rock hurled from eternity.*

38 (*on page* 54). *The sons of Albion as a fourfold head fallen among fallen stars. Above them their own dream: moths; Beulah.*

39 (*on page* 57). *Female forms of cities,—York, London, and Jerusalem. All rise from a network of blood-vessels, as the feminine is in the blood.*

40 *and* 41 (*on page* 58). *Rational Philosophy departing. Urizen 'in baths of living waters'* (*fire*).

42 (*on page* 59). *The females spinning,—or sensuous experience, weaving rational ideas, called the body, in sorrow.*

43 (*on page* 62). *Spectre of Tharmas in torment; image of eternal death humanised.*

44 (*on page* 63). *Mortality triumphant over experience without mind,—or the winding worm and the female, Hyle and Guendolen.*

45 (*on page* 64). *Daughter of Beulah taking care that the sleeper does not fall into the abyss.*

45 (*on page* 64). *The sleeper pretending to be awake, and in the abyss in spite of them, reading the scriptures in a literal sense.*

46 (*on page* 65). *The chain of jealousy.*
47 (*on page* 66). *A daughter of Albion and her victim.*
48 (*on page* 67). *A victim as Orc chained to the rock.*
49 (*on page* 69). *A victim sacrificed on Druid rocks,—his brain cut round with flint, and his senses shrunk from imagination by the cruelties of the female, experience.*
50 (*on page* 70). *Bacon, Newton, and Locke as the triple female going under a Druid arch. The dark moon in the sky.*
51 (*on page* 71). *Spectre and Emanation divided, and both faint and miserable.*
52 (*on page* 72). *The world of Los.*
53 (*on page* 73). *Los at the forge.*
54 (*on page* 74). *Reuben taking root.*
55 (*on page* 75). *War, the Hermaphrodite, as Rahab, the Dragon, and Harlot.*
56 (*on page* 76). *Christ as the Humanity of Luvah bound down on the stems of generation to die a death of six thousand years. The spirit of prophecy worshipping.*
57 (*on page* 78). *A watcher, as Albion on his rock in the first winter. His head, the crested cock, one of the forms of life offered to the Spectre who takes refuge in the human form, finally.*
58 (*on page* 80). *Giving the worm a form of love* (*p.* 82, *l.* 14).
59 (*on page* 81). *Guendolen hiding a falsehood behind her loins, and speaking to her sisters* (*page* 86, *ll.* 82 *and following*).
60 (*on page* 82). *Hyle.*
60 (*on page* 83). *Reuben wandering.*
61 (*on page* 84). *London, blind and age-bent, 'begging through the streets of Babylon' (led by a child), or humanity under morality asking a little food of love, and guided by innocence to where this may be obtained* (*line* 11 *of the same page*).
62 (*on page* 85). *The female as the emanation weaving the vine by which man is adjoined to his fellow man.*
63 (*on page* 87). *Enion, blind and age-bent, seeking Los and Enitharmon in vain. Tharmas old, lamenting her absence* ('*Vala,*' *Night I., line* 181).
64 (*on page* 91). *Man between passion and instinct,—the blood-dropping sun, and the cornfield englobing.*
65 (*on page* 92). *Jerusalem in Babylon, weeping.*
66 (*on page* 93). *The threefold female as three males or Satan accusing the just, and the fiery male as one female in the grave consumed.*
67 (*on page* 94). *The three-fold female as the Satanic Hand, or Bacon, Newton, and Locke, cast down.*
68 (*on page* 94). *England awaking on Albion's bosom* (*line* 20, *same page*).

69 (*on page* 95). *In a single figure this represents Albion arising* (*line* 5, *same page*), *also Urizen arising* ('*Vala*,' *Night IX.*, *l.* 189, *etc.*). *Also Blake casting off the rotten rags of memory by inspiration* ('*Milton*,' *p.* 43, *l.* 4). *Also the renewal of the soul as in Blair's* '*Grave*.'

70 (*on page* 96). *Wisdom and love united, as God and Jerusalem.*

71 (*on page* 97). *The regenerate man.*

72 (*on page* 98). *Outcast forms of lower nature.*

73 (*on page* 99). *Love rescued from nature, or salvation of Vala, who was not* '*left in the gnawing grave*,' *but, like* '*Babylon, come up to Jerusalem*,' *was* '*elevated inwards*.'

74 (*on page* 100). *Los, his work done, has completed his system by which man is to be delivered from systems. It is seen behind him between the happy sun that* '*has found a fresher morning*' *and the free morn that, as Vala, has cast off her veil. The system is seen as a chain whose links are Druid arches, arranged as a huge circle on a mountain, with wings going right and left into valleys.*

DID BLAKE EVER MAKE A MISTAKE?

There is one passage in '*Jerusalem*' *where a verbal slip occurs which, until it is understood, gives some countenance to the indolent and insolent theory, formerly very widely held, that Blake did not know his own meaning.*

In page 72, *after the division of the provinces of Ireland, he says—*

'For Albion in Eternity had Sixteen Gates among his Pillars,
But the Four towards the West were walled up, and the Twelve
That front the Four other Points were turned Four Square
By Los for Jerusalem's sake, and called the Gates of Jerusalem.'

The word 'other' *does not mean that the compass has four cardinal points, of which the West is not one. It means* (*though it is not well expressed, and is abbreviated out of all grammar, as this whole book is out of all fluency*) *that besides the four groups of four that make the sixteen gates among the pillars, there are four other points* (*or groups*) *that are not counted among these sixteen gates of Albion.*

In page 16, *line* 30, *we already have a reference to Los and Jerusalem's gates. We have Albion's position in the last line of page* 31 *and first of page* 32, *and of his points on the seventh of that page. The gates are further explained on page* 38, *line*

55; *page* 39, *lines* 9 *and* 11; *page* 44, *line* 3, *without counting page* 35, *line* 51 *of* '*Milton*.'

East is symbolic of entrance, and West of extrance. One is inwards every way, with contraction leading to opacity—Adam to Satan; and the other is outwards every way leading to expansion, translucence, infinity—or sympathy, spirituality, God. The gates in Wales look every way, as line 32 *of this sixteenth page tells us.*

There are also gates '*of Reuben*,' *besides the single gate of Wales, out of which he can go* '*every way*' *to others of England, Scotland, and Ireland. He has the three eastern counties of England, it will be seen. Ulro—East—where whatever enters is vegetated.*

The story of Reuben is one of the four chief stories scattered through '*Jerusalem*,' *the other three being the experiences of Albion that may be summed up in the warning of the Christian doctrine, that he who would save his life shall lose it; the usurpation of the South by Luvah, and his imprisonment in the furnaces at the hands of Vala,—properly his* '*daughter*' *among other things, though also the mother of Albion's spectre-sons. Relationships change with change of influences.*

The remaining story is that of the fall of the Zoas as a consequence of Luvah's usurpation. They arise with Albion. The stories are all '*one within other*.' *But that of Reuben with his gates and divisions will most bring out Blake's intention in the sentence his faulty grammar has left, apparently a record of absence of intention.*

Reuben's story is the most difficult to collect, it being the most scattered. Reuben is mentioned in '*Jerusalem*'—

Page 11, *lines* 22	*Page* 72, *lines* 3, 21
,, 15, ,, 2, 25	,, 74, ,, 28, 42
,, 16, ,, 35, 44, 51, 53	,, 79, ,, 64
,, 34, ,, 36, 43, 51	,, 81, ,, 10
,, 36, ,, 1, 3, 9, 23, 40	,, 84, ,, 13
,, 63, ,, 12, 23, 44.	,, 85, ,, 4
,, 64, ,, 34	,, 90, ,, 25, 31, 46
,, 68, ,, 47	,, 93, ,, 8
,, 69, ,, 45	

Reuben, we are told, is like a mandrake shooting beneath Jerusalem's walls to undermine her foundations. His county in Wales is the south-central. His gates are those of his brethren,—of all Jerusalem's sons, the twelve tribes. Los raged sixty winters in his divisions: he is the vegetative man. This dates page 36 *of* '*Jerusalem*' *as written in South Molton Street in* 1817, *shortly before Wainwright saw the first completed copy. That the page is later in date than those that*

come next before and after may be seen by comparing the style of writing in the original. In matter also it is one long parenthesis.

For twenty-seven pages there is no more about Reuben, but the concluding portion of the poem refers to him frequently. In the 'divisions' of this vegetative man, with his 'head downwards among the caverns,' which are those of the grave and places of human seed, we are told the quarrels that arise from reasoning, and love, jealousy, and even taxation. All the troubles of 'vegetation.' The divisions have their philosophic and artistic equivalents, as will be seen by comparing the twelve sons of Albion with the sixteen of Jerusalem mentioned on page 74, with their gates and meanings.

Reuben is led finally (page 85) into the space called divine analogy, by which Opacity itself is protected through the tenderness of the vegetative wife of the spirit of prophecy. But this leads to the story of Satan in 'Milton' and in 'Vala.'

Blake adopted the terms gate, and wandering, as he adopted the term 'sons and daughters' and the idea of Reuben from Swedenborg, applying social, philosophic, and artistic meanings beyond those purely theological or dogmatic, that were all that interested Swedenborg, in whose works we are told that the gate of a city denotes what is doctrinal, that leads to truth. A gate denotes the ultimate in which order closes, also the natural mind of man. To go out of the gate of a city denotes to recede from doctrine—with much more.

Wandering, or flight, denotes loss of knowledge as to what is true or good. (Vala also wanders.)

Reuben finally, says Swedenborg, denotes those who separate faith from charity, and cast themselves into falsities. In particular, Reuben denotes faith dwelling in the understanding, by which it is possible to arrive at the goodness of life.

CONCLUSION

The editor, in conclusion, looks forward to the day when the public will endure a fuller and freer interpretation of Blake from other hands, at present unknown, and disclaims completeness and exclusiveness.

FINIS

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